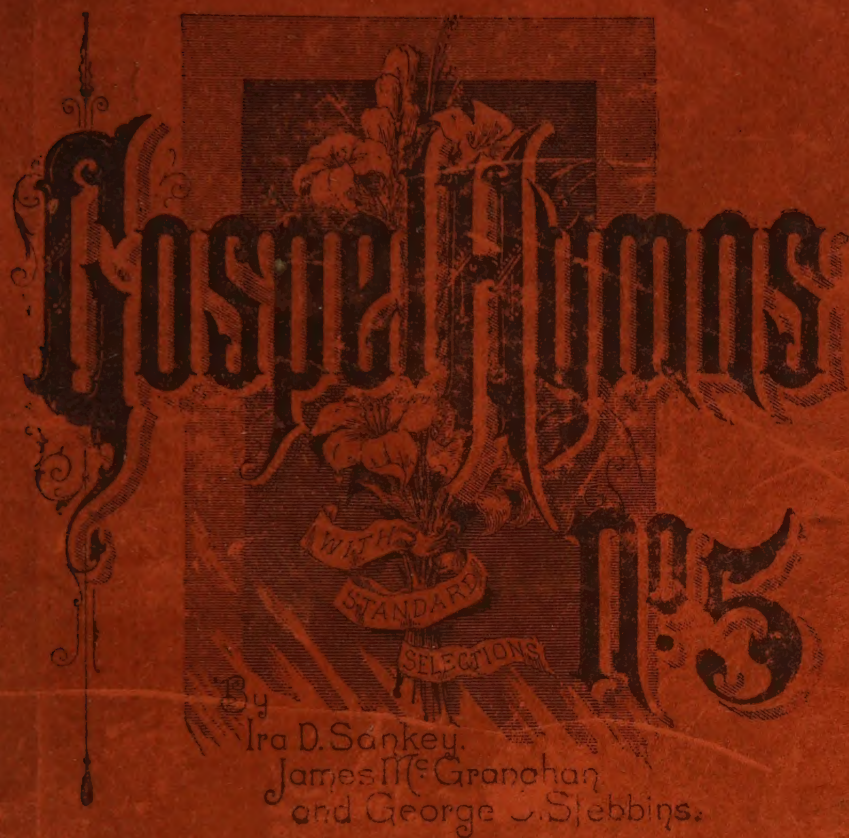


SHAPED NOTE EDITION.



For use in Gospel Meetings  
and other Religious Services

PUBLISHED BY

THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

76 EAST NINTH STREET NEW YORK.  
81 RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

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0

Josiah J. Miller,  
Holtville, Mich.





CHARACTER NOTE EDITION.

# GOSPEL HYMNS

No. 5.

WITH STANDARD SELECTIONS,

BY

IRA D. SANKEY,

JAMES McGRANAHAN, AND GEO. C. STEBBINS.

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# PREFACE.

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This collection, used by Mr. D. L. MOODY, Dr. GEO. F. PENTECOST, Mr. D. W. WHITTLE, and other Christian workers, contains the latest and best pieces of the compilers, and a large number of the most useful and popular Sacred Songs by many of the leading composers of the day. A few Standard Hymns and Tunes by the best English authors will also be found in this volume, which, together with the fine selection from "Gospel Hymns Consolidated," make a book which we hope will give satisfaction to all who use it. *It contains more new pieces than any of the single numbers that have preceded it.*

IRA D. SANKEY.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

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BIGLOW & MAIN.  
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# GOSPEL HYMNS

## No. 5,

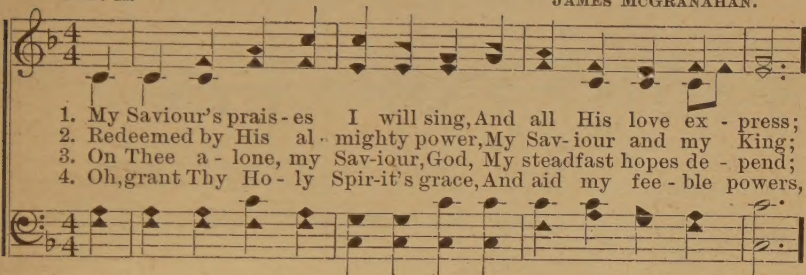
### WITH STANDARD SELECTIONS.

#### No. 1. Every Day Will I Bless Thee.

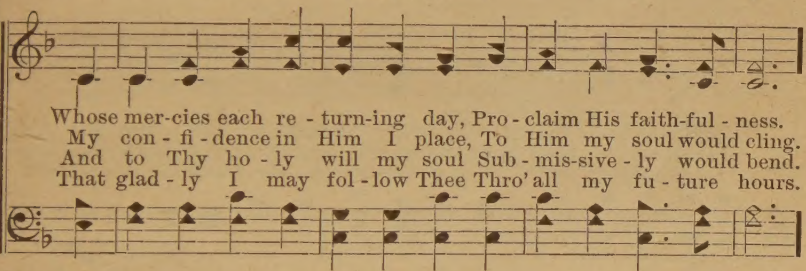
J. E. A.

Ps. 145: 2.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

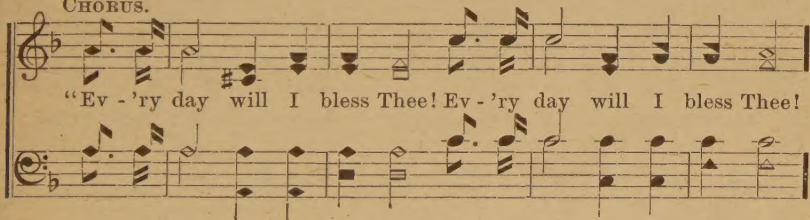


1. My Saviour's prais-es I will sing, And all His love ex-press;  
 2. Redeemed by His almighty power, My Sav-iour and my King;  
 3. On Thee a-lone, my Sav-iour, God, My steadfast hopes de-pend;  
 4. Oh, grant Thy Ho-ly Spir-it's grace, And aid my fee-ble powers,

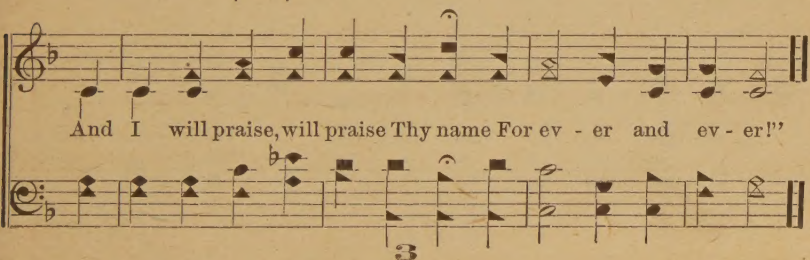


Whose mer-cies each re-turn-ing day, Pro-claim His faith-ful-ness.  
 My con-fi-dence in Him I place, To Him my soul would cling.  
 And to Thy ho-ly will my soul Sub-mis-sive-ly would bend.  
 That glad-ly I may fol-low Thee Thro' all my fu-ture hours.

#### CHORUS.



"Ev-'ry day will I bless Thee! Ev-'ry day will I bless Thee!"



And I will praise, will praise Thy name For ev-er and ev-er!"

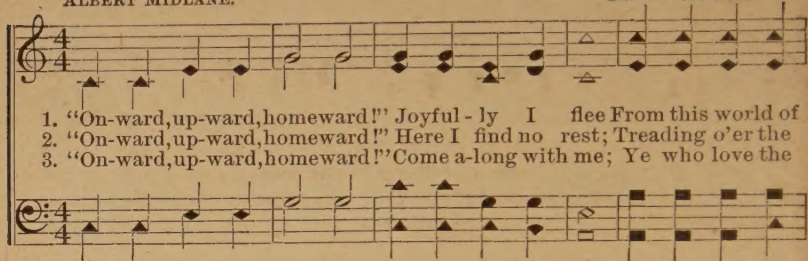


# No. 2. Onward, Upward, Homeward!

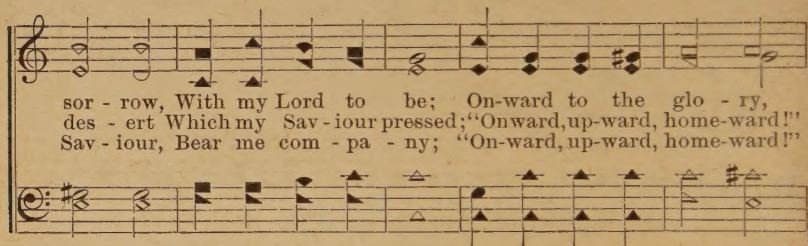
"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3: 16.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

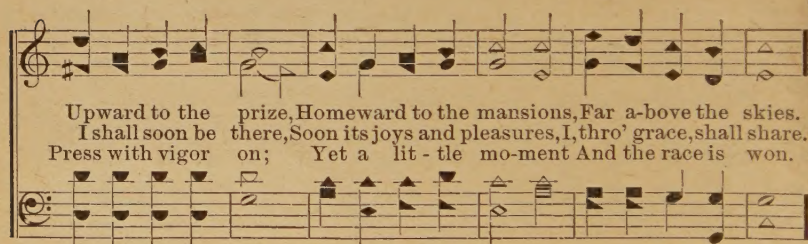
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. "On-ward, up-ward, homeward!" Joyful - ly I flee From this world of  
 2. "On-ward, up-ward, homeward!" Here I find no rest; Treading o'er the  
 3. "On-ward, up-ward, homeward!" Come a-long with me; Ye who love the

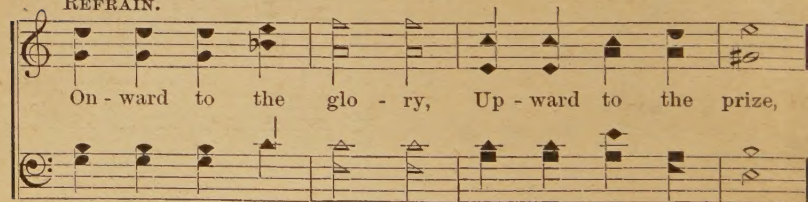


sor - row, With my Lord to be; On-ward to the glo - ry,  
 des - ert Which my Sav - iour pressed; "Onward, up-ward, home-ward!"  
 Sav - iour, Bear me com - pa - ny; "On-ward, up-ward, home-ward!"

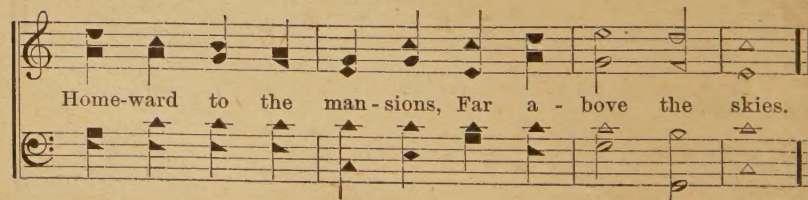


Upward to the prize, Homeward to the mansions, Far a - bove the skies.  
 I shall soon be there, Soon its joys and pleasures, I, thro' grace, shall share.  
 Press with vigor on; Yet a lit - tle mo - ment And the race is won.

## REFRAIN.



On - ward to the glo - ry, Up - ward to the prize,



Home-ward to the man - sions, Far a - bove the skies.

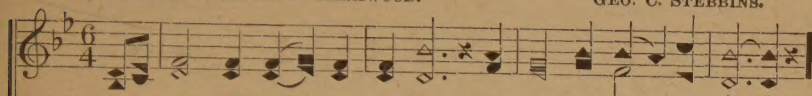


# No. 3. In The Hollow of His Hand.

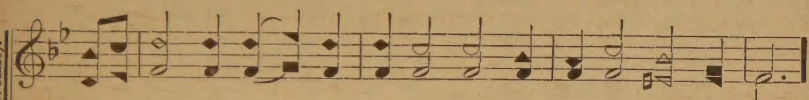
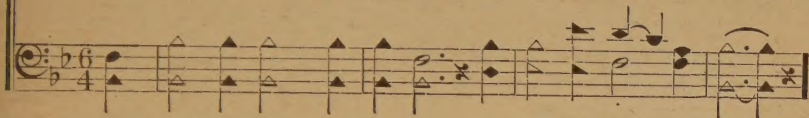
"Neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand."—JOHN 10: 28.

Words arr. from LOUISE J. KIRKWOOD.

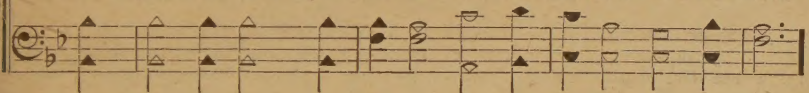
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



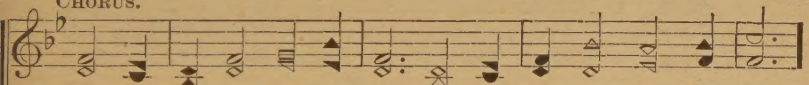
1. Oh, soul toss'd on the bil-lows, a - far from friend-ly land,
2. Tho' rag - ing winds may drive thee, a wreck up - on the strand,
3. When strength is spent in toil-ing, and wea - ri - ly you stand,
4. When by the swell-ing Jor-dan, your feet in sink - ing sand,
5. And when at last we're gathered, with all the ran-somed band,



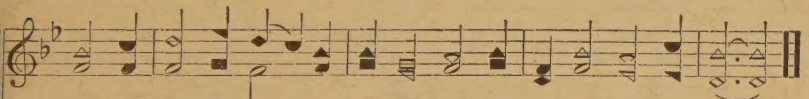
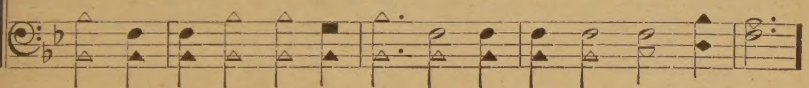
Look up to Him who holds thee in "The Hol-low of His hand."  
Still cling to Him who holds thee in "The Hol-low of His hand."  
Then rest in Him who holds thee in "The Hol-low of His hand."  
Re - mem-ber still He holds thee in "The Hol-low of His hand."  
We'll praise our God who holds us in "The Hol-low of His hand."



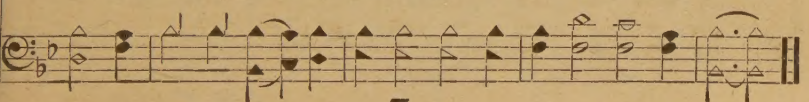
## CHORUS.



In "The hol-low of His hand," In the hol - low of His hand,



O how safe are all who trust Him, In "The hol-low of His hand."

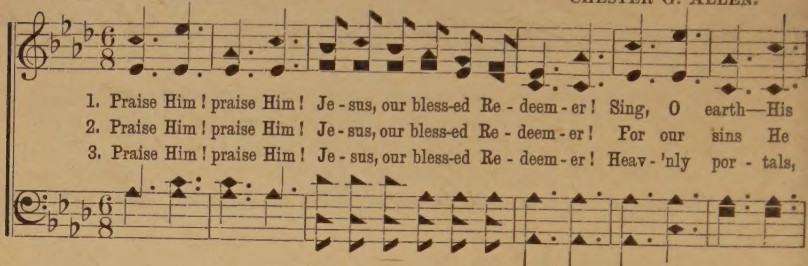


# No. 4. Praise Him! Praise Him!

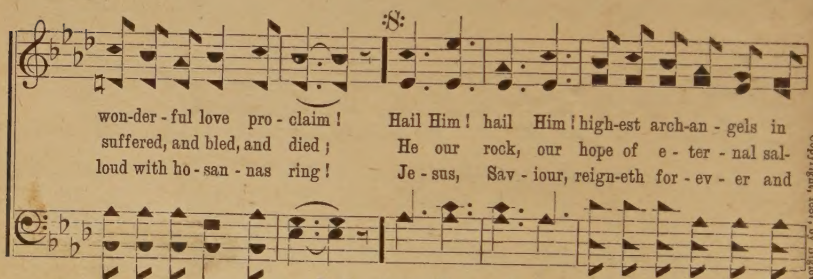
"I will sing praises unto my God."—Ps. 146: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

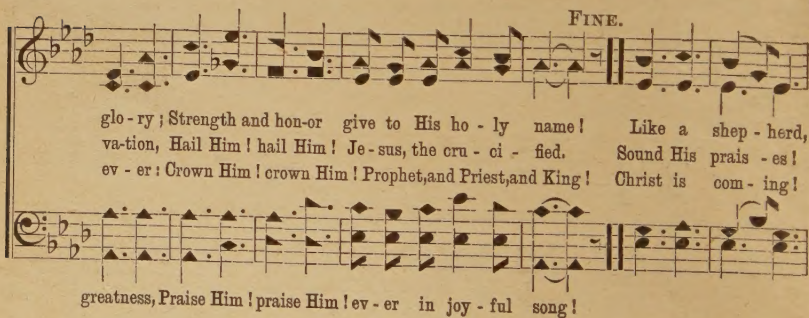


1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, O earth—His  
 2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He  
 3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav-'nly por-tals,



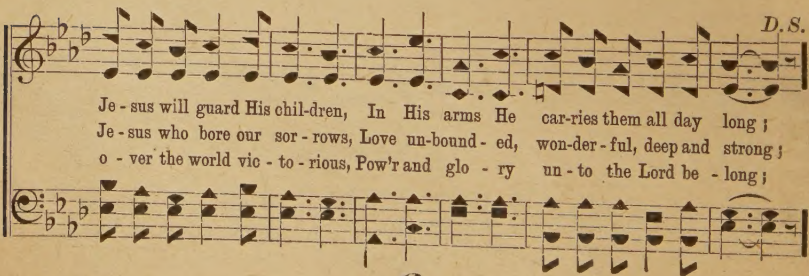
won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in  
 suffered, and bled, and died; He our rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-  
 loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-iour, reign-eth for-ev-er and

*D. S.*—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex-cel-lent



*FINE.*  
 glo-ry; Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd,  
 va-tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus, the cru-ci-fied. Sound His prais-es!  
 ev-er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing!

greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song!



*D. S.*  
 Je-sus will guard His chil-dren, In His arms He car-ries them all day long;  
 Je-sus who bore our sor-rows, Love un-bound-ed, won-der-ful, deep and strong;  
 o-ver the world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long;

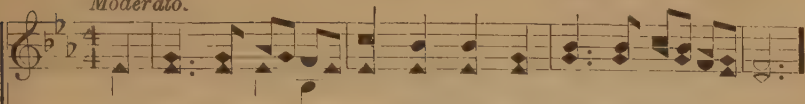
# No. 5. I Know Whom I Have Believed.

EL. NATHAN.

2 TIM. 1: 12.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

*Moderato.*



1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Convinc - ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re - served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon - day fair,



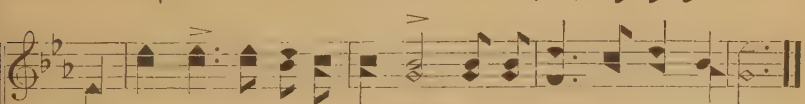
Nor why—un - wor - thy—Christ in love Re - deemed me for His own.  
 Nor how be - liev - ing in His word Wrought peace within my heart.  
 Re - veal - ing Je - sus through the word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.  
 Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.  
 Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."



CHORUS.



But "I know whom I have believ - ed, And am persuaded that He is a - ble



To keep that which I've com - mit - ted un - to Him a - gainst that day."



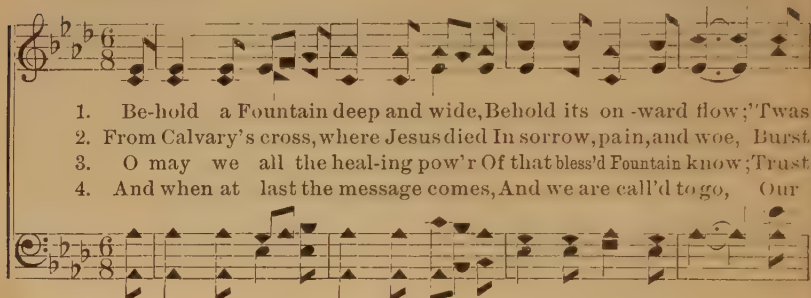


# No. 6. The Cleansing Fountain.

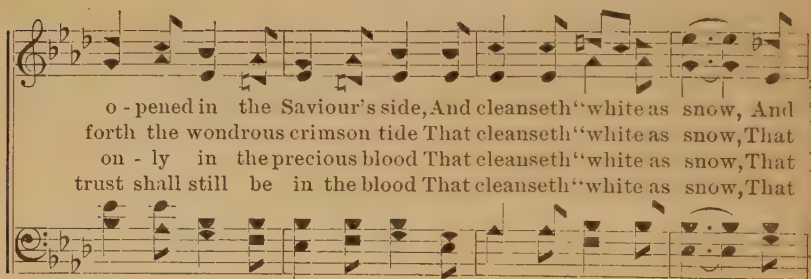
"A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness."—ZECH. 13: 1.

RIAN A. DYKES.

IRA D. SANKEY.

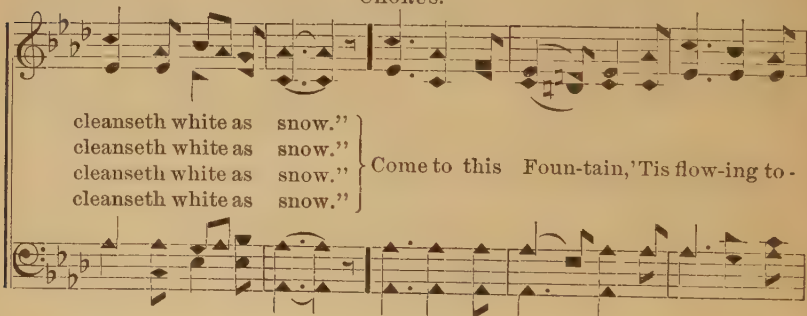


1. Be-hold a Fountain deep and wide, Behold its on-ward flow; 'Twas  
 2. From Calvary's cross, where Jesus died In sorrow, pain, and woe, Burst  
 3. O may we all the heal-ing pow'r Of that bless'd Fountain know; Trust  
 4. And when at last the message comes, And we are call'd to go, Our

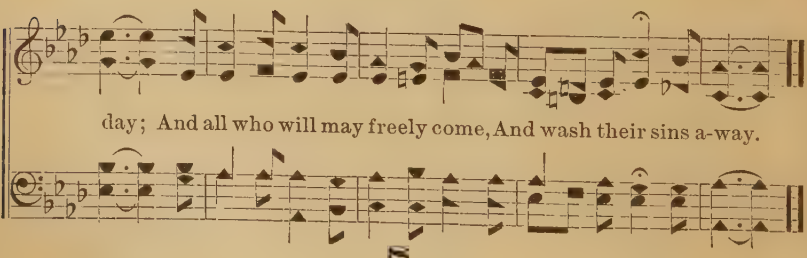


o-pened in the Saviour's side, And cleanseth "white as snow, And  
 forth the wondrous crimson tide That cleanseth "white as snow, That  
 on-ly in the precious blood That cleanseth "white as snow, That  
 trust shall still be in the blood That cleanseth "white as snow, That

## CHORUS.



cleanseth white as snow." }  
 cleanseth white as snow." }  
 cleanseth white as snow." } Come to this Foun-tain, 'Tis flow-ing to -  
 cleanseth white as snow." }



day; And all who will may freely come, And wash their sins a-way.



# No. 7. Come to the Fountain.

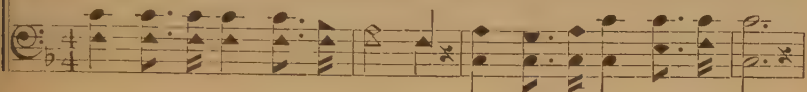
"For with thee is the fountain of life."—Ps. 36: 9.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

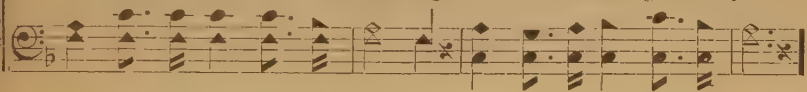
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Come with thy sins to the foun-tain, Come with thy burden of grief;
2. Come as thou art to the foun-tain, Je - sus is wait-ing for thee;
3. These are the words of the Sav-iour; They who re-pent and be-lieve,
4. Come and be heal'd at the foun-tain, List to the peace-speaking voice;



Bu - ry them deep in its wa - ters, There thou wilt find a re - lief.  
 What tho' thy sins are like crim-son, White as the snow they shall be.  
 They who are will-ing to trust Him, Life at His hands shall receive.  
 O - ver a sin - ner re - turn - ing Now let the an - gels re - joice.



## CHORUS.



Haste thee away, why wilt thou stay? Risk not thy soul on a moment's delay;



Je - sus is wait-ing to save thee, Mer - cy is plead-ing to - day.



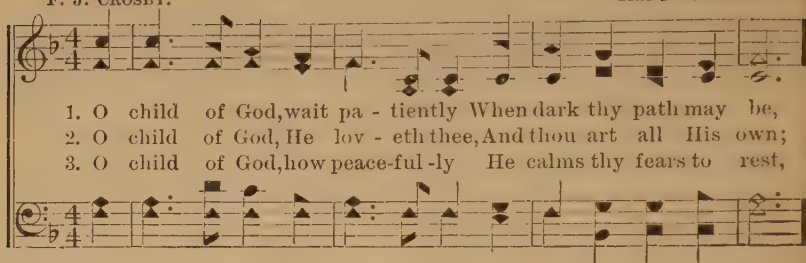
# No. 8.

# O Child of God.

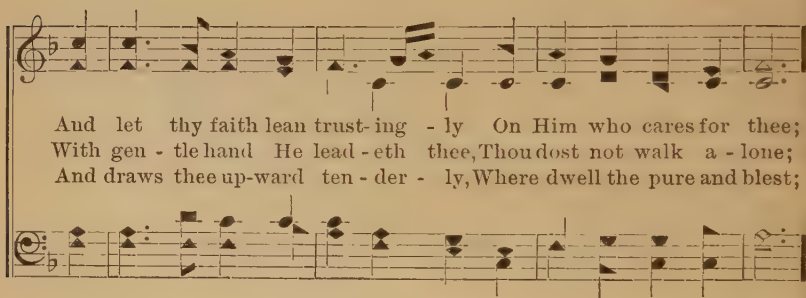
F. J. CROSBY.

"Joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

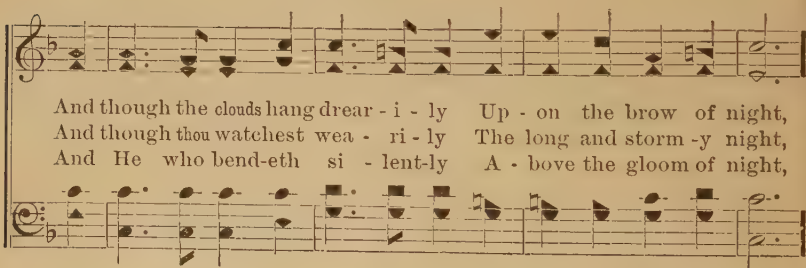
IRA D. SANKEY.



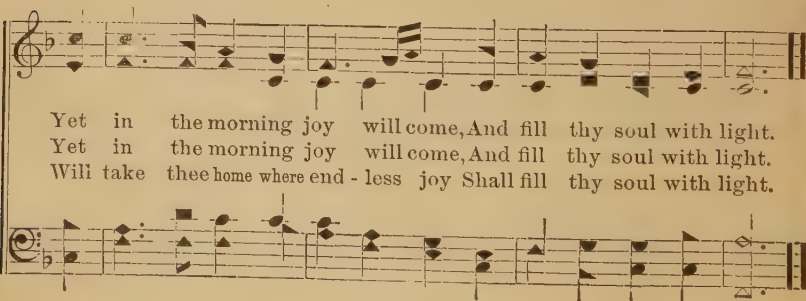
1. O child of God, wait pa - tiently When dark thy path may be,  
 2. O child of God, He lov - eth thee, And thou art all His own;  
 3. O child of God, how peace-ful-ly He calms thy fears to rest,



And let thy faith lean trust - ing - ly On Him who cares for thee;  
 With gen - tle hand He lead - eth thee, Thou dost not walk a - lone;  
 And draws thee up - ward ten - der - ly, Where dwell the pure and blest;



And though the clouds hang drear - i - ly Up - on the brow of night,  
 And though thou watchest wea - ri - ly The long and storm - y night,  
 And He who bend - eth si - lent - ly A - bove the gloom of night,



Yet in the morning joy will come, And fill thy soul with light.  
 Yet in the morning joy will come, And fill thy soul with light.  
 Will take thee home where end - less joy Shall fill thy soul with light.

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## No. 9.


## If God be for Us.

G. M. J.

ROM. 8: 13.

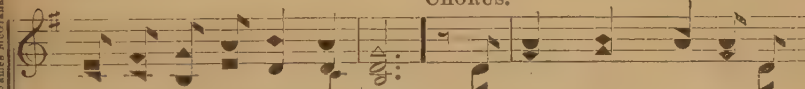
JAMES McGRANAHAN.

- 
1. Re-joice in the Lord, O let His mer-cy cheer, He sun-ders the bands
  2. Be strong in the Lord, re-joic-ing in His might, Be loy-al and true,
  3. Con-fide in His word, His promis-es so sure, In Christ, they are "yea,
  4. A-bide in the Lord, secure in His con-trol, 'Tis life ev-er-last-



that en-thrall; Redeemed by His blood, why should we ev-er fear, Since  
day by day; When e-vils as-sail, be val-iant for the right, And  
and a-men; "Tho' earth pass a-way, they ev-er shall en-dure, 'Tis  
ing be-gun; To pluck from His hand the weakest, trembling soul, It

## CHORUS.




Je-sus is our all in all.  
He will be our strength, our stay.  
writ-ten o'er and o'er a-gain.  
nev-er, nev-er can be done.

If God be for us, if

If God be for us,



God be for us, if God be for us, Who can be against us, who, who,  
if God be for us, who, who,



who Who can be a-against us, a-against us?  
Who can be a-against us?

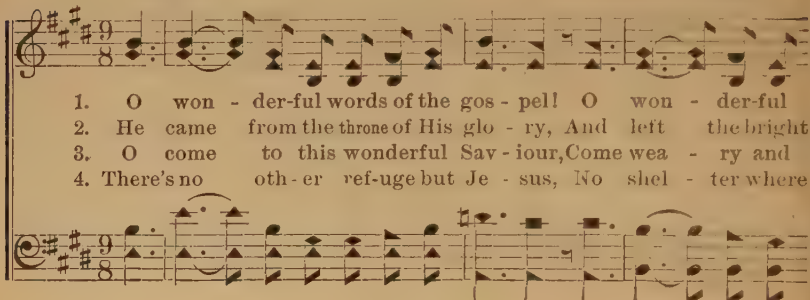
# No. 10.

# Redemption.

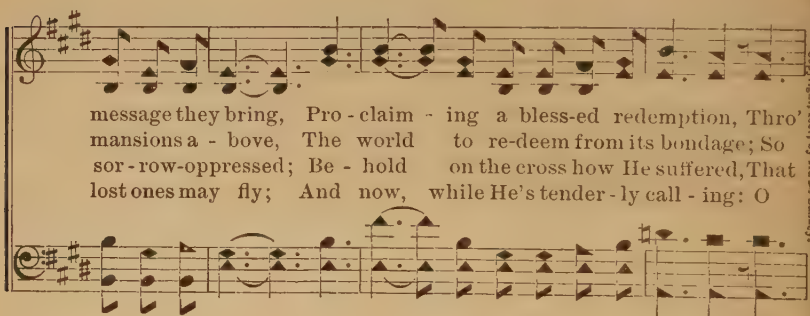
"In whom we have redemption through his blood." — EPH. 1: 7.

F. J. CROSBY.

PETER BILHORN.

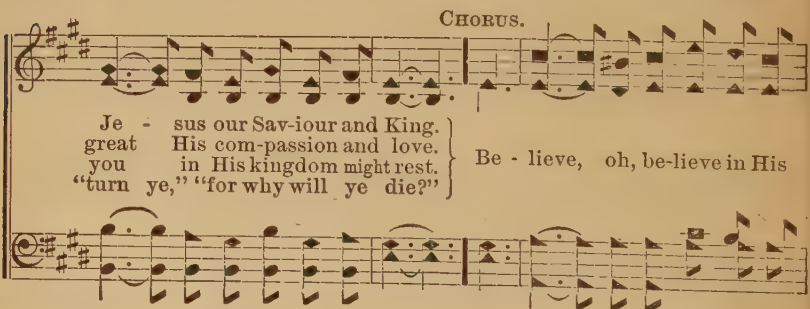


1. O won - der-ful words of the gos - pell! O won - der-ful  
 2. He came from the throne of His glo - ry, And left the bright  
 3. O come to this wonderful Sav - iour, Come wea - ry and  
 4. There's no oth - er ref-uge but Je - sus, No shel - ter where

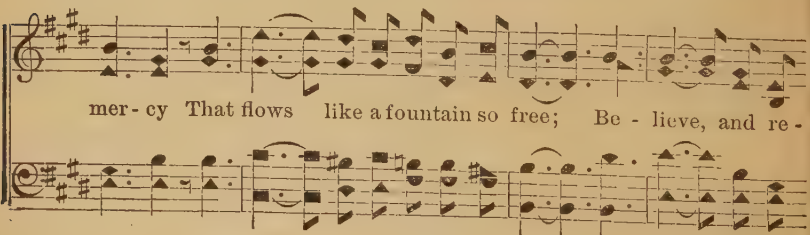


message they bring, Pro - claim - ing a bless-ed redemption, Thro'  
 mansions a - bove, The world to re-deem from its bondage; So  
 sor - row-oppressed; Be - hold on the cross how He suffered, That  
 lost ones may fly; And now, while He's tender - ly call - ing: O

CHORUS.



Je - sus our Sav-iour and King.  
 great His com-compassion and love.  
 you in His kingdom might rest. } Be - lieve, oh, be-lieve in His  
 "turn ye," "for why will ye die?" }

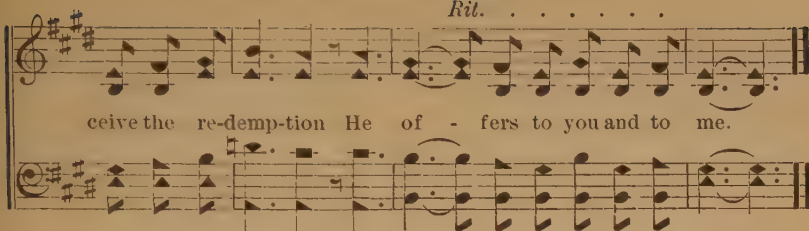


mer - cy That flows like a fountain so free; Be - lieve, and re -



# Redemption. Concluded.

*Rit.* . . . . .



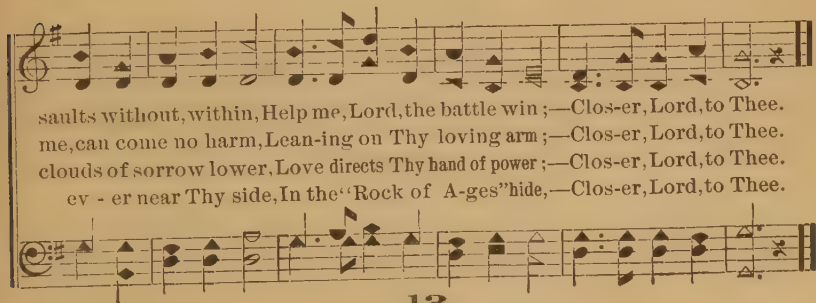
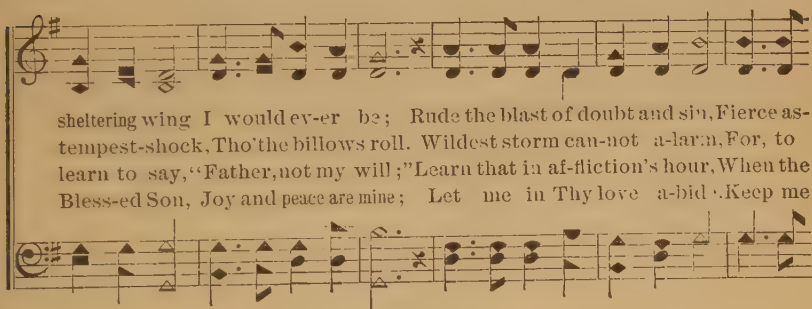
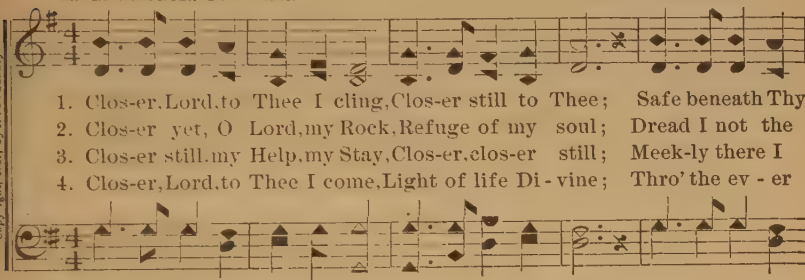
## No. 11. Closer, Lord, to Thee.

"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. 73: 28.

E. G. TAYLOR, D. D. Alt.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

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"He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love."—1 JOHN 4: 8.

RIAN A. DYKES.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. "God is love!"—His word proclaims it, Day by day the truth we prove;  
 2. "God is love!"—Oh, tell it glad - ly, How the Saviour from a - bove  
 3. "God is love!"—Oh, boundless mer - cy— May we all its fulness prove!

Heav'n and earth with joy are tell - ing, Ev - er tell - ing, "God is Love!"  
 Came to seek and save the lost ones, Showing thus the Father's love.  
 Tell - ing those who sit in darkness, "God is Light, and God is Love!"

Copyright, 1897, by Ira D. Sankey.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! tell the sto - ry, Sung by an - gel choirs a - bove;

Sounding forth the mighty chorus—"God is Light, and God is Love!"

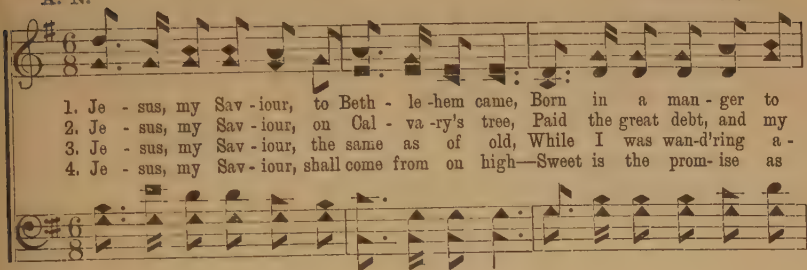
# No. 13.

# Seeking for Me.

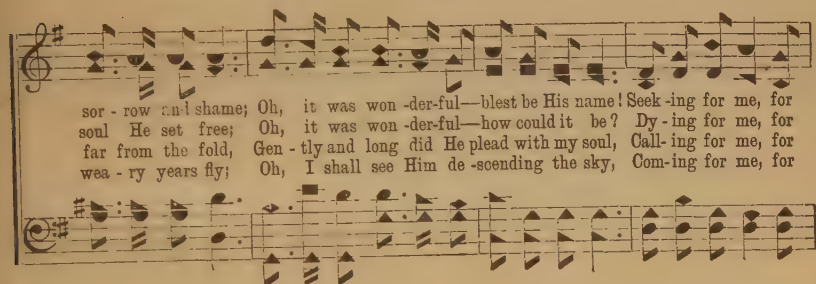
"I will both search My sheep, and seek them out." — EZEK. 34: 11.

A. N.

E. E. HASTY, by per.



1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, to Beth - le - hem came, Born in a man - ger to  
 2. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my  
 3. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, the same as of old, While I was wan-d'ring a -  
 4. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, shall come from on high—Sweet is the prom - ise as

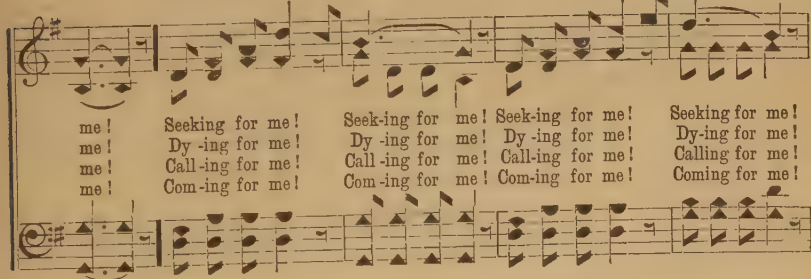


sor - row and shame; Oh, it was won - der - ful—blest be His name! Seek - ing for me, for  
 soul He set free; Oh, it was won - der - ful—how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for  
 far from the fold, Gen - tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for  
 wea - ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him de - scending the sky, Com - ing for me, for

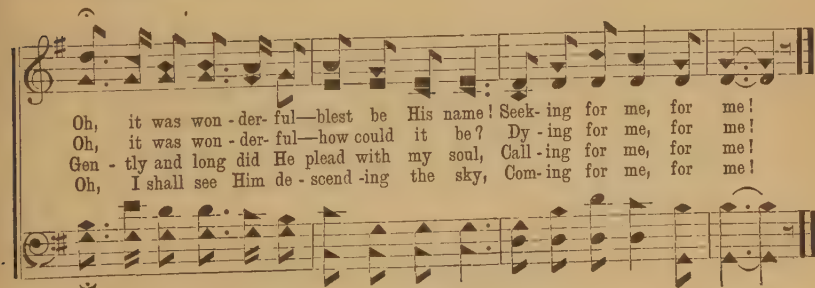
REFRAIN.

For me! . . . .

For me! . . . .



me! Seeking for me! Seek - ing for me! Seek - ing for me! Seeking for me!  
 me! Dy - ing for me! Dy - ing for me! Dy - ing for me! Dy - ing for me!  
 me! Call - ing for me! Call - ing for me! Call - ing for me! Call - ing for me!  
 me! Com - ing for me! Com - ing for me! Com - ing for me! Com - ing for me!



Oh, it was won - der - ful—blest be His name! Seek - ing for me, for me!  
 Oh, it was won - der - ful—how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me!  
 Gen - tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me!  
 Oh, I shall see Him de - scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me!

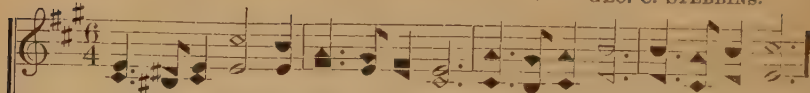
## No. 14.

## Jesus, I Come.

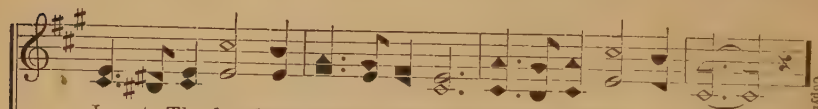
"Deliver me, O my God."—Ps. 71: 4.

W. T. SLEEPER.

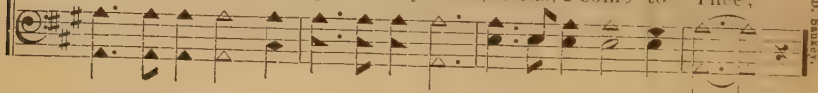
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



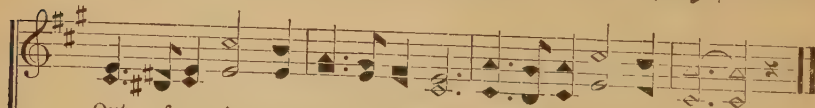
1. Out of my bondage, sorrow and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come:
2. Out of my shameful failure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come:
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come:
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come:



In - to Thy freedom, gladness, and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;  
 In - to the glorious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;  
 In - to Thy bless-ed will to a - bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;  
 In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;



Out of my sickness in - to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,  
 Out of earth's sorrows in - to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,  
 Out of myself to dwell in Thy love, Out of despair in-to raptures a-bove,  
 Out of the depths of ru - in untold, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,



Out of my sin and in - to Thyself, Je - sus, I come to Thee.  
 Out of dis-tress to ju - bilant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.  
 Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.  
 Ev - er Thy glorious face to be-hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee.



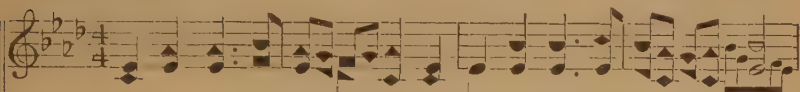


# No. 15. Glory Ever be to Jesus.

"Give unto the Lord glory and strength."—PSA. 96: 7.

RIAN A. DYKES.

IRA D. SANKEY.



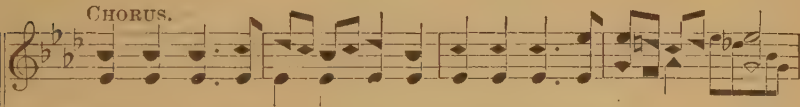
1. Glo-ry ev - er be to Je-sus, God's own well-belov - ed Son;
2. Oh, the wea-ry days of wand'ring Longing, hoping for the light;
3. In His safe and ho - ly keeping, 'Neath the shadow of His wing,



By His grace He hath redeemed us, "It is finished," all is done.  
These at last lie all be-hind us, Je-sus is our strength and might.  
Glad - ly in His love con-fid - ing, May our souls His praises sing.



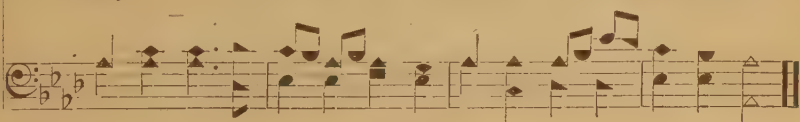
## CHORUS.



Saved by grace thro' faith in Je-sus, Sav'd by His own pre - cious blood,



May we in His love a - bid - ing, Fol-low on to know the Lord.



# No. 16. Jesus Christ our Saviour.

"This is indeed the Christ the Saviour of the world."—JOHN 4: 42.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

CHOIR.

ALL.



1. Who came down from heav'n to earth? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour;
2. Who was lift - ed on the tree? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour;
3. Who hath prom-ised to for-give? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour;
4. Who is now en-throned a - bove? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour;
5. Who a - gain from heav'n shall come? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour;



CHOIR.

ALL.



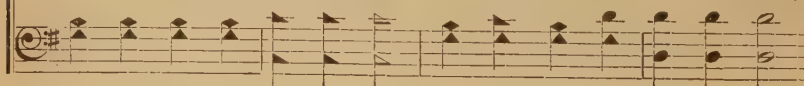
Came a child of low - ly birth? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.  
 There to ran - som you and me? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.  
 Who hath said, "Be - lieve and live?" Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.  
 Whom should we o - bey and love? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.  
 Take to glo - ry all His own? Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.



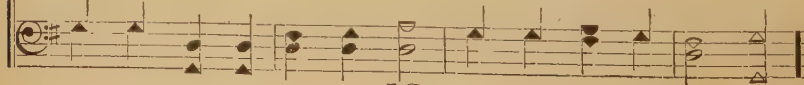
CHORUS.



Sound the cho - rus loud and clear, He hath brought sal - va - tion near;



None so precious, none so dear: Je - sus Christ our Sav - iour.



Copyright, 1898, by James McGranahan.

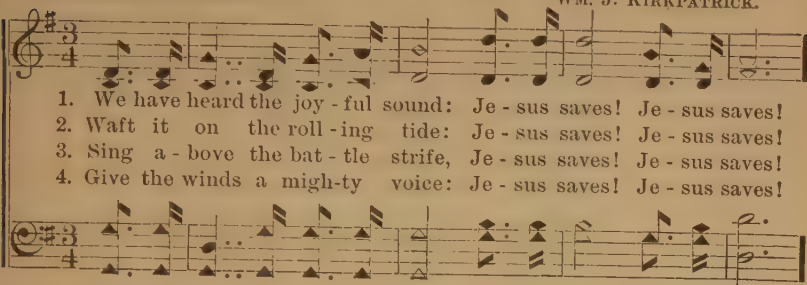
# No. 17.

# Jesus Saves!

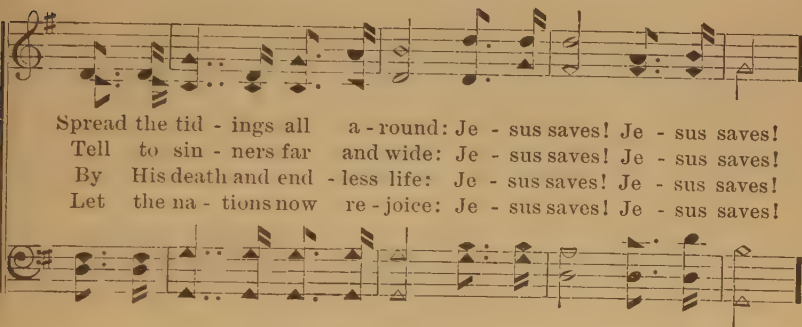
"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—ACTS 16: 31.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

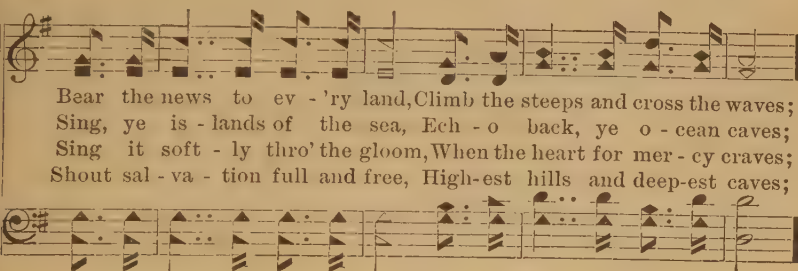
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



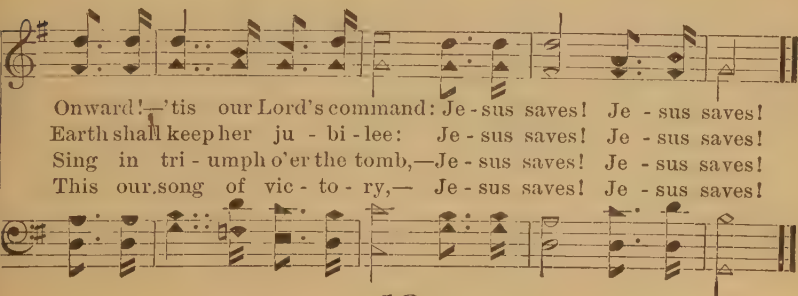
1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 4. Give the winds a migh - ty voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



Spread the tid - ings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 By His death and end - less life: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Let the na - tions now re - joice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!



Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;  
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;  
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;  
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;



Onward! 'tis our Lord's command: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!  
 This our song of vic - to - ry, — Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

# No. 18.

# He is Coming.

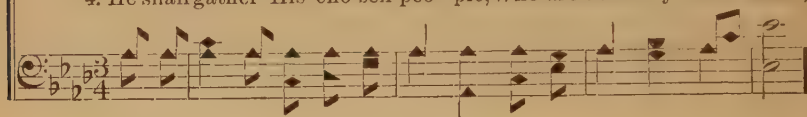
"I will come again."—JOHN 14: 3.

ALICE MONTEITH.

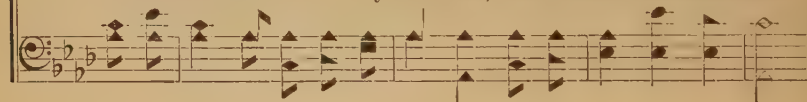
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. He is com-ing, the "Man of Sor-rows," Now ex-alt-ed on high;
2. He is com-ing, our lov-ing Sav-iour, Blessed Lamb that was slain;
3. He is com-ing, our Lord and Mas-ter, Our Re-deem-er and King;
4. He shall gather His cho-sen peo-ple, Who are called by His name;



He is com-ing with loud ho-san-nas, In the clouds of the sky.  
In the glo-ry of God the Fa-ther, On the earth He shall reign.  
We shall see Him in all His beau-ty, And His praise we shall sing.  
And the ransomed of ev-'ry na-tion, For His own He shall claim.



## CHORUS.



Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! He is com-ing a-gain;



And with joy we shall gather round Him, At His com-ing to reign.





# No. 19. Give Me Thine Heart.

"My son, give Me thine heart."—PROVERBS 23: 26.

E. R. LATTI.

A. J. ABBEY, arr.

1. Wher-ev - er we may go, by night or day, A lov-ing voice with-  
 2. Slight not that voice so kind, but glad - ly hear, And choose the Lord to-  
 3. We may have chos-en long from Him to roam, Yet He will wel-come

in doth gen-tly say: My son, from ev'ry way of sin de - part; Be  
 day, while He is near; He will His pard'ning love to thee im- part; Oh,  
 us, if we but come; Oh, may we not delay, but quickly start—While

Sa-tan's slave no more, "Give Me thy heart!" "Give Me thy heart, give  
 hear Him call-ing still, "Give Me thy heart!"  
 Je - sus say-eth still, "Give Me thy heart!"

Me thy heart; O wea - ry, wand'ring child, give Me thy heart."

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# No. 20.

# They that be Wise.

"They that be wise shall shine as the firmament."—DAN. 12: 3.

F. J. CROSBY.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O list to the voice of the Proph-et of old, Pro-  
 2. Tho' rug - ged the path where our du - ty may lead, O!  
 3. The gran-deur of wealth, and the tem - ples of fame, Where  
 4. Then let us go forth to the work yet to do, With

claim-ing in language di - vine, The won-der-ful, won-der-ful  
 why should we ev - er re - pine? When faith-ful and true, is the  
 beau - ty and splen-dor com - bine, Will per - ish, for-got-ten, and  
 zeal that shall nev - er de - cline, Be strong in the Lord, and the

mes-sage of truth That "they that be wise shall shine."  
 prom-ise to all That "they that be wise shall shine."  
 crum-ble to dust, But "they that be wise shall shine."  
 prom-ise be - lieve That "they that be wise shall shine."

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They shall shine as bright as the stars, In the firm - a - ment jeweled with light ;

*Rit.*  
 And they that turn many to righteousness As the stars for-ev - er bright.

# No. 21. Believe, and Keep on Believing.

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life."—Jno. 3: 36.

Arr. from W. L. by EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



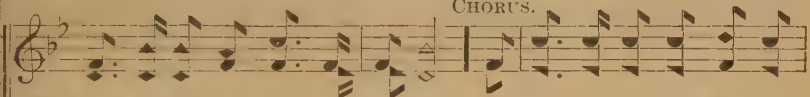
1. I believed in God's wonderful mercy and grace. Believed in the smile of His
2. I believed in the work of my cru-ci-fied Lord, Believed in redemption a -
3. I believed in the heart that was opened for me, Believed in the love flowing
4. I believed in Himself, as the true Living One, Believed in His presence on



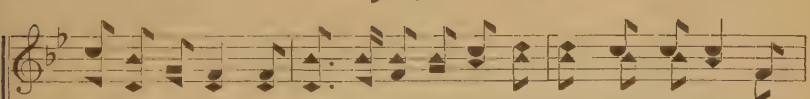
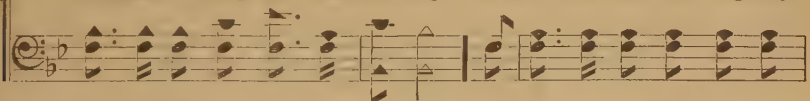
rec-onciled face. Believed in His message of par-don and peace; I be -  
 lone thro' His blood, Believed in my Saviour by trust-ing His word; I be -  
 bless-ed and free. Believed that my sins were all nailed to the tree; I be -  
 high on the throne. Believed in His coming in glo - ry full soon; I be -



## CHORUS.



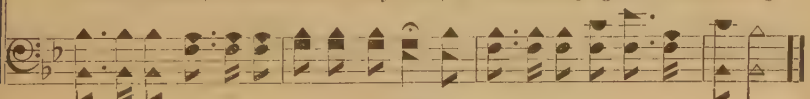
lieved, and I keep on be-liev-ing. Be-lieve! and the feel-ing may



come or may go, Be-lieve in the word, that was writ-ten to show That



all who believe, their salvation may know; be-lieve, and keep right on be-liev-ing.



# No. 22.

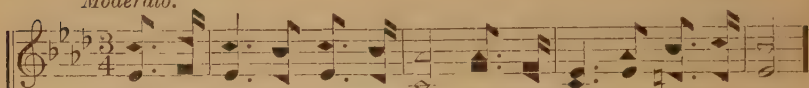
# Meet me There!

"Where I am there ye may be also."—JOHN 14: 3.

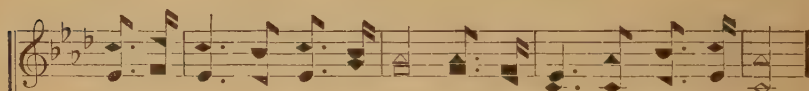
E. G. TAYLOR.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

*Moderato.*



1. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! In the heav'nly world so fair,
2. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! Far be-yond this world of care;
3. Meet me there! Oh, meet me there! No be-reavements we shall bear;



Where our Lord has en - tered in, And there comes no taint of sin;  
When this troub-led life shall cease, Meet me where is per - fect peace;  
There no sigh-ings for the dead, There no fare - well tear is shed;



With our friends of long a - go, Clad in rai - ment white as snow,  
Where our sor - rows we lay down For the king-dom and the crown,  
We shall, safe from all a - larms, Clasp our lov'd ones in our arms,



Such as all the ransom'd wear,—Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!  
Je - sus doth a home pre-pare,—Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!  
And in Je - sus' glo - ry share,—Meet me there! Yes, meet me there!



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# No. 23. Joy Cometh in the Morning!

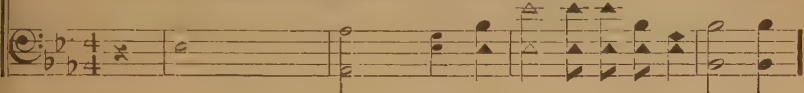
"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." — Ps. 30: 5.

M. M. WIENLAND.

E. S. LORENZ, (Arr.)



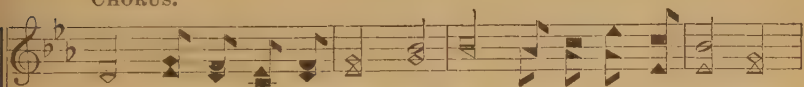
1. Oh, wea-ry pilgrim, lift your head : For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
2. Ye trembling saints, dismiss your fears : For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
3. Let ev-'ry burden'd soul look up : For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
4. Our God shall wipe all tears a-way : For joy cometh in the morn-ing!



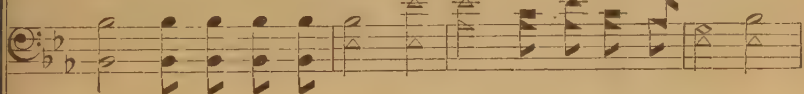
For God in His own Word hath said That joy cometh in the morning!  
 Oh, weeping mourner, dry your tears : For joy cometh in the morning!  
 And ev-'ry trembling sinner hope : For joy cometh in the morning!  
 Sor-row and sighing flee a-way : For joy cometh in the morning!



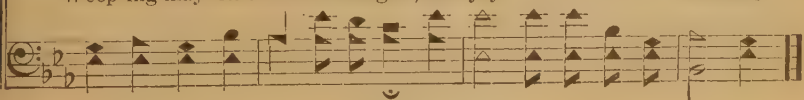
## CHORUS.



Joy com-eth in the morn-ing! Joy com-eth in the morn-ing!



Weep-ing may en-dure for a night; But joy com-eth in the morn-ing!



# No. 24. Be Ye also Ready.

GEO. R. CLARK.

MATT. 24: 44.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Are you read-y, are you read-y for the coming of the Lord? Are you
2. Are you waiting, are you waiting for the coming of the King? Have you
3. Have you risen, have you ris-en from the heavy midnight sleep? Have you



liv-ing as He bids you in His word? Are you walking in the light? Is your  
bundles of the golden grain to bring? Can you lay at Je-sus' feet A - ny  
risen from your slumber long and deep? Are your garments wash'd from sin? Are you



hope of heaven bright? Could you welcome Him to-night? Are you read-y?  
gather'd sheaves of wheat, There your blessed Lord to greet? Are you read-y?  
cleans'd and pure within? Are you read-y for the King? Are you read-y?



## CHORUS.



There-fore be ye al - so read - y, (therefore) be ye al - so



# Be Ye also Ready. — Concluded.

read-y,

read-y, therefore be ye al - so, be ye al - so read-y, for in  
such an hour, such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.

## No. 25. Praise the Saviour.

T. KELLY.

HEB. 13: 15.

GERMAN MELODY.

1. Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him; Who can tell how much we owe Him?  
2. Je - sus is the name that charms us; He for con-flict fits and arms us;  
3. Trust in Him, ye saints, for ev - er; He is faith-ful, changing nev - er;  
4. Keep us, Lord, oh, keep us cleav-ing To Thy-self, and still be - liev-ing,  
5. Then we shall be where we would be, Then we shall be what we should be;

Glad - ly let us ren-der to Him. All we are and have.  
Noth - ing moves and nothing harms us, When we trust in Him.  
Nei - ther force nor guile can sev - er Those He loves from Him.  
Till the hour of our re - ceiv-ing Promised joys in heaven.  
Things which are not now, nor could be, Then shall be our own.

# No. 26. Shine on, O Star!

"The bright and morning Star."—REV. 22: 16.

VICTORIA STUART.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Shine on, O Star of beau - ty, Thou Christ enthroned a - bove;  
 2. Shine on, O Star of glo - ry, We lift our eyes to Thee;  
 3. Shine on, O Star un-chang-ing, And guide our pil-grim way,  
 4. And when, with Thy re-deem'd ones, We reach the heav'nly shore,

Re-lect-ing in Thy brightness, Our Fa-ther's look of love.  
 Be-yond the clouds that gath-er, Thy ra-diant light we see.  
 Un-til we see the dawn-ing Of heav'n's e-ter-nal day.  
 May we with Thee in glo-ry Shine on for-ev-er-more.

Copyright, 1888 by Ira D. Sankey.

CHORUS. shine on, . . . Star . . .

Shine on, shine on, shine on, Thou bright and beautiful Star, shine on;

Shine on, shine on, shine on;

shine on, . . . beau-ti-ful Star. . . rit.

Shine on, shine on, shine on, Thou bright and beautiful Star, shine on.

Shine on, shine on, rit.



# No. 27. Go Ye Into all the World.

G. M. J.

MATT. 28: 18. MARK 16: 15.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Far far a-way in heathen darkness dwelling, Millions of souls for
2. See o'er the world the o-pen doors in-vit-ing, Sol-diers of Christ, a-
3. Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call-ing, "Why will ye die?" re-
4. God speed the day when those of ev-ry nation "Glo-ry to God" tri-



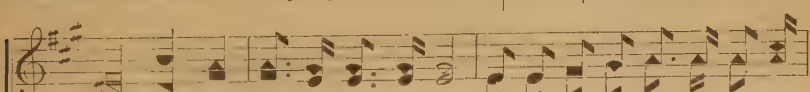
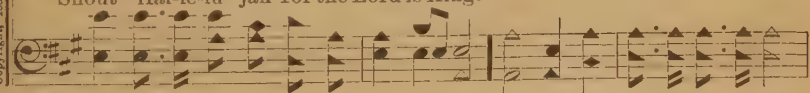
ev-er may be lost; Who, who will go sal-va-tion's sto-ry tell-ing,  
rise and en-ter in! Breth-ren, awake! our forc-es all u-nit-ing,  
ech-o in His Name; Je-sus hath died to save from death appall-ing,  
umphant-ly shall sing; Ransomed, redeemed, re-joicing in sal-va-tion,



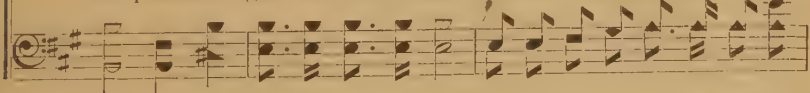
## CHORUS.



Looking to Je-sus, heeding not the cost?  
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin.  
Life and salvation therefore go proclaim.  
Shout "Hal-le-lu-jah for the Lord is King." } "All power is given unto me,



All power is giv-en un-to me, Go ye in-to all the world and



preach the gos-pel, and lo, I am with you al-way."



# No. 28. I know I love Thee better, Lord.

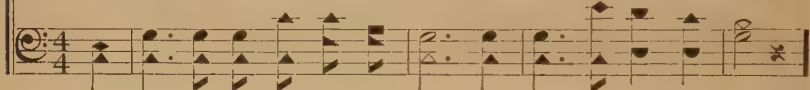
"Behold, the half was not told."—1 KINGS 10: 7.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

R. E. HUDSON, by per.



1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth - ly joy:
2. I know that Thou art near-er still Than a - ny earth - ly throng;
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then may I well be glad!
4. O Sav-iour, precious Saviour, mine! What will Thy pres-ence be,



For Thou hast giv-en me the peace Which noth-ing can de-stroy.  
And sweet-er is the thought of Thee Than a - ny love - ly song.  
With-out the se-cret of Thy love I could not but be sad.  
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?



## CHORUS.



The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free!  
yet been told,



The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me!  
yet been told, cleanseth me!



# No. 29.

# O Precious Word.

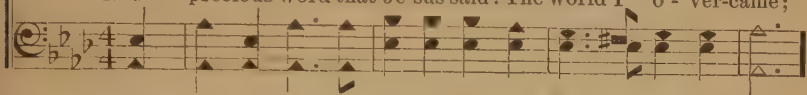
"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

IRA D. SANKEY.



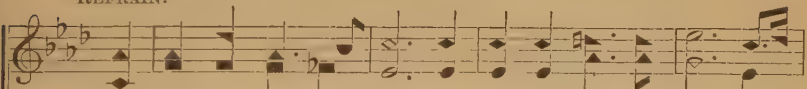
1. O precious word that Je-sus said! The soul that comes to Me,
2. O precious word that Je-sus said! Be-hold, I am the Door;
3. O precious word that Je-sus said! Come, weary souls oppressed,
4. O precious word that Je-sus said! The world I o-ver-came;



I will in no wise cast him out, Who-ev-er he may be.  
And all who en-ter in by Me Have life for-ev-er more.  
Come take My yoke and learn of Me, And I will give you rest.  
And they who fol-low where I lead Shall con-quer in My name.



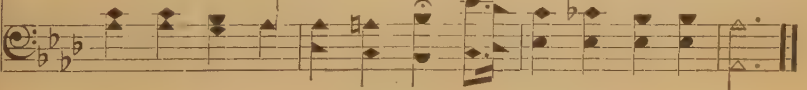
## REFRAIN.



Who-ev-er he may be, Who-ev-er he may be, I  
Have life for-ev-er-more, Have life for-ev-er-more, And  
And I will give you rest, And I will give you rest, Come  
Shall con-quer in My Name, Shall con-quer in My Name, And



will in no wise cast him out, Who-ev-er he may be.  
all who en-ter in by Me Have life for-ev-er-more.  
take my yoke and learn of Me, And I will give you rest.  
they who fol-low where I lead Shall con-quer in My Name.

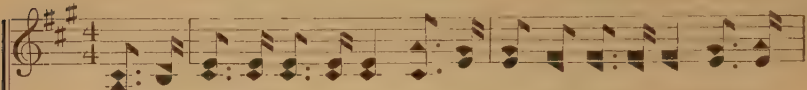


# No. 30. O the Crown, the Glory-Crown.

"When the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that  
fadeth not away.—1 PETER 5: 4.

G. M. J.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Wea-ry glean-er in the field, poor or plen-ty be the yield. La-bor
2. Je-sus now has gone a-bove to complete His work of love, His re-
3. O how light will seem the grief, and the toilsome way how brief. When a



on for the Master, noth-ing fear-ing. There's a prom-ise of re-ward,  
turn day by day is sure-ly near-ing, When His own He will re-ceive,  
crown in the glo-ry we are wear-ing, O the rapt-ure who can tell,



at the com-ing of the Lord, Unto all them that love His ap-pear-ing.  
and a wel-come He will give, Unto all them that love His ap-pear-ing.  
as for ever there we dwell, With redeem'd ones that lov'd His ap-pear-ing.



## CHORUS.



O the crown . . . the glo-ry-crown, O the  
The glo-ry-crown, the glo-ry-crown,

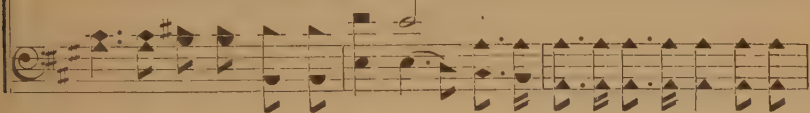




# O the Crown. - Concluded.



day the hap-py day is near-ing, When the crown of rich reward shall be



giv-en by the Lord, Un-to all them that love His ap-pear-ing.

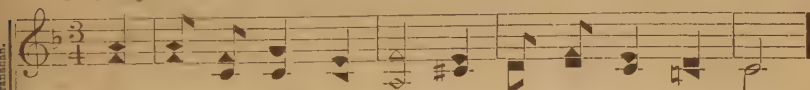


## No. 31. We lift our Songs to Thee.

"Ye are not your own."—1 COR. 6: 19.

N. J. SQUIRES.

H. H. McGRANAHAN.



1. We lift our songs to Thee, Our Sav-iour and our guide;
2. We lift our pray'rs to Thee, Who on-ly hear-eth pray'r;
3. We lift our faith to Thee, In-creased by grace di-vine;
4. We lift our all to Thee, For all things, Lord, are Thine;



O make us from our bur-dens free, And keep us near Thy side.  
They who on earth do thus a-gree, Shall find Thy bless-ing there.  
Help us, O Lord, Thy footsteps see, And on Thy help re-cline.  
Take us, and all we have, and see Thy like-ness in us shine.




# No. 32. I know that my Redeemer Lives.

"I know that my Redeemer lives."—JOB 19: 25.


REV. H. A. MERRILL, alt.

Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And has pre-  
 2. I'm trust - ing Je - sus Christ for all, I know His  
 3. I'm now en - rap - tur'd with the thought, I stand and  
 4. I know that Je - sus soon will come, I know the


D.C.—For I am on - ly wait - ing here To hear the



pard a place for me. And crowns of vic - to - ry He gives  
 blood now speaks for me; I'm list - ning for the wel - come call.  
 won - der at His love— That He from heav'n to earth was brought.  
 time will not be long, Till I shall reach my heav'nly home,

summons: "child, come home," For I am on - ly wait - ing here


FINE. CHORUS.



To those who would His chil - dren be,  
 To say: "The Mas - ter wait - eth thee!" } Then ask me not to  
 To die, that I may live a - bove.  
 And join the ev - er - last - ing song.

To hear the summons: "child, come home!"

D.C.



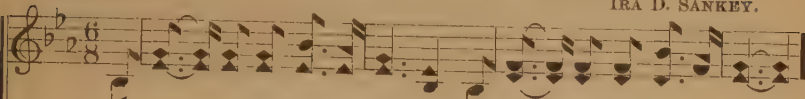
lin - ger long A - mid the gay and thoughtless throng,

# No. 33. Not far from the Kingdom.

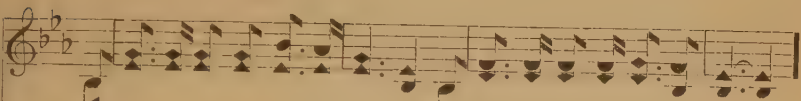
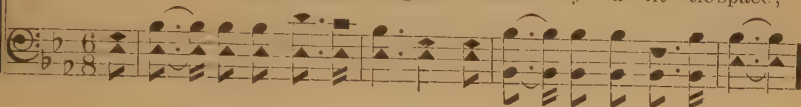
"Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God."—MARK 12: 34.

Words arr.

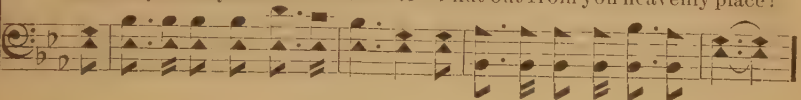
IRA D. SANKEY.



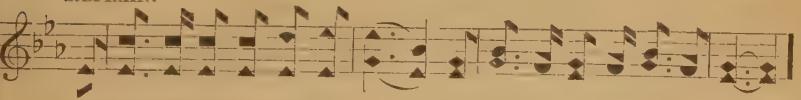
1. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, Yet in the shadow of sin;
2. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, Where voices whisper and wait;
3. A-way in the dark and the dan-ger, Far out in the night and the cold;
4. Not far, not far from the Kingdom, 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle space;



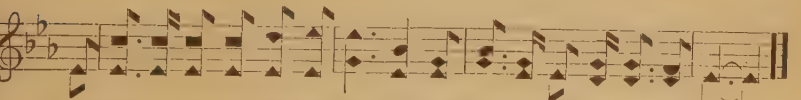
How ma-ny are com-ing and going!—How few there are enter-ing in!  
 Too tim-id to en-ter in bold-ly, So lin-ger still outside the gate.  
 There Je-sus is wait-ing to lead you So ten-der-ly in-to His fold.  
 But oh, you may still be for ev - er Shut out from you heavenly place!



## REFRAIN.



How few there are en-ter-ing in! How few there are enter-ing in!



How ma-ny are coming and going!—How few there are enter-ing in!

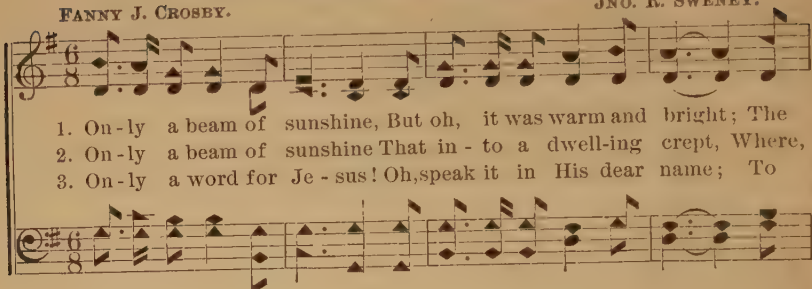


# No. 34. Only a Beam of Sunshine.

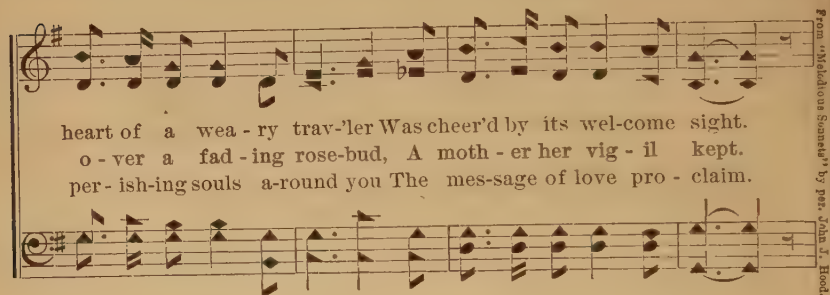
"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—ROM. 12: 10.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

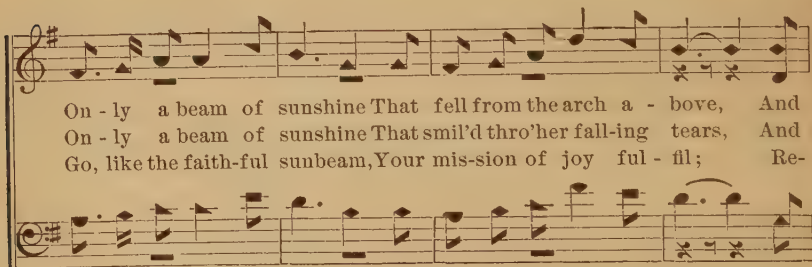


1. On - ly a beam of sunshine, But oh, it was warm and bright; The  
 2. On - ly a beam of sunshine That in - to a dwell - ing crept, Where,  
 3. On - ly a word for Je - sus! Oh, speak it in His dear name; To

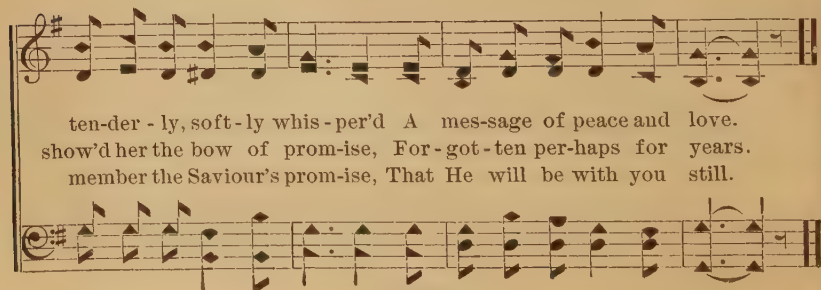


heart of a wea - ry trav - ler Was cheer'd by its wel - come sight.  
 o - ver a fad - ing rose - bud, A moth - er her vig - il kept.  
 per - ish - ing souls a - round you The mes - sage of love pro - claim.

From "Meditations on the Song of Songs" by Rev. John T. Hood.



On - ly a beam of sunshine That fell from the arch a - bove, And  
 On - ly a beam of sunshine That smil'd thro' her fall - ing tears, And  
 Go, like the faith - ful sunbeam, Your mis - sion of joy ful - fil; Re -

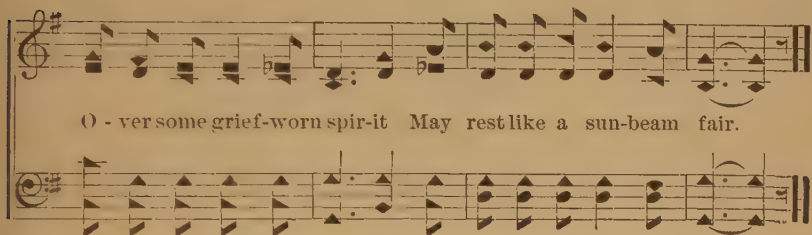
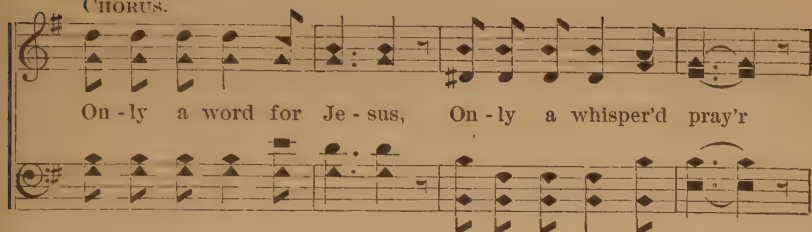


ten - der - ly, soft - ly whis - per'd A mes - sage of peace and love.  
 show'd her the bow of prom - ise, For - got - ten per - haps for years.  
 member the Saviour's prom - ise, That He will be with you still.



# Only a Beam of Sunshine. - Concluded.

CHORUS.



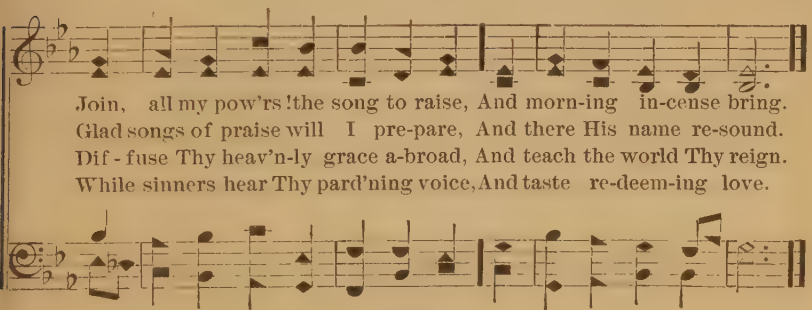
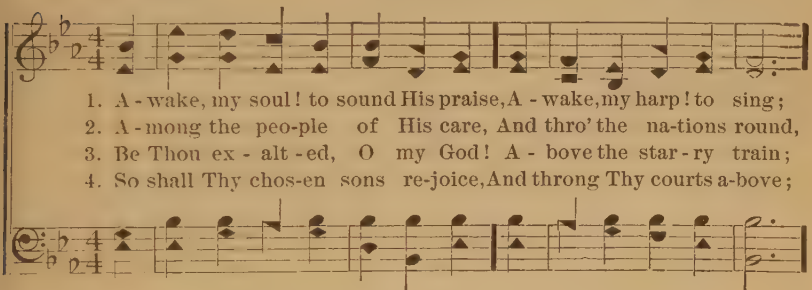
No. 35.

## Awake, my Soul.

(ST. PETER. C. M.)

JOEL BARLOW.

A. R. REINAGLE.



# No. 36.

# The Child of a King!

"Heirs of the kingdom."—JAMES 2: 5.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

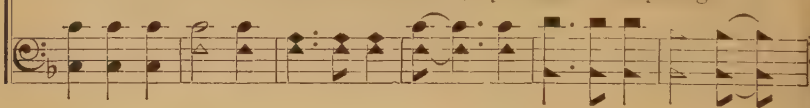
JOHN B. SUMNER, arr.



1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men. Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for



world in His hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His  
 poor-est of them; But now He is reigning for ev-er on high, And will  
 a-lien by birth! But I've been a-dopted, my name's written down,—An  
 me-o-ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing: All



## CHORUS.



cof-fers are full,—He has rich-es un-told.  
 give me a home in heaven by and by.  
 heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown!  
 glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King!

I'm the child of a King! The



child of a King! With Je-sus my Sav-iour, I'm the child of a King!



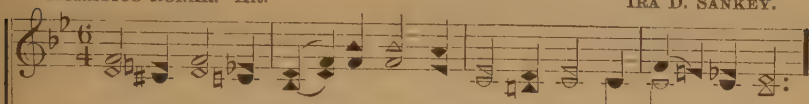
# No. 37.

# Songs of Gladness.

"In thy presence is fulness of joy: at thy right hand there are pleasures  
forever more."—Ps. 16: 11.

HORATIUS BONAR. Alt.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Songs of gladness, nev - er sad-ness, Sing the ransomed ones in heaven;
2. Ev - er sunshine, nev - er shadow, Calm, mild, clear ce - les - tial day;
3. Ev - er gazing, lov - ing, praising, With the an - gel hosts a - bove;
4. Nev - er sigh-ing, nev - er sinning; No distrust, nor doubt, nor fears;



Anthem swelling ev - er tell-ing Of the joy of souls for-given.  
Ev - er sum-mer in its brightness, Nev - er win - ter or de-cay.  
One e - ter - nal Hal - le - lu - jah, One e - ter - nal song of love.  
Thro' the long un-end - ing a - ges, Thro' the long e - ter - nal years.



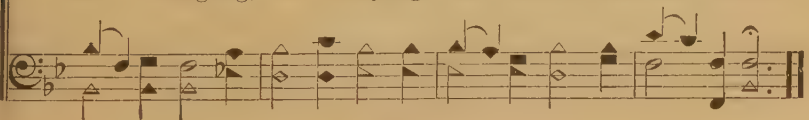
## REFRAIN.



Sweet-est mu - sic ev - er swelling Thro' the courts of heaven a - bove;



Ev - er sing-ing, ev - er say-ing, God is Life, and God is Love!



# No. 38.

# Blessed Assurance.

"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN. 6: 47.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1. Blessed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O, what a fore - taste of
2. Perfect sub - mis - sion, perfect de - light, Visions of rapt - ure now
3. Perfect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sa - viour am



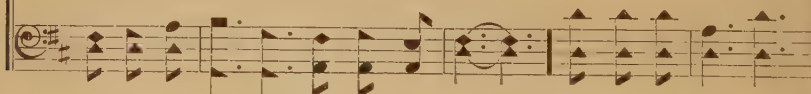
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God,  
burst on my sight. An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove  
hap - py and blest. Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,



## CHORUS.



Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His blood. This is my sto - ry,  
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whispers of love.  
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.



this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my



sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long





# No. 39.

# At the Cross.

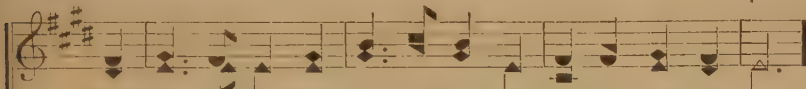
"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—ISA. 45: 22.

I. WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON, by per.



1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;



Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?  
A - maz - ing pi - ty, grace unknown, And love be - yond de-gree!  
Here, Lord. I give my - self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!



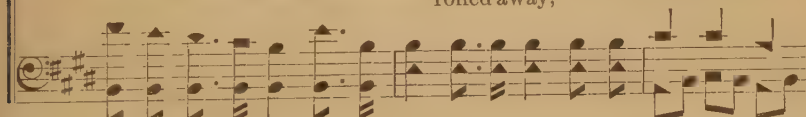
## CHORUS.



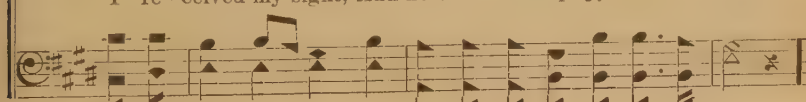
At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the



bur-den of my heart rolled a-way, It was there by faith  
rolled away,



I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

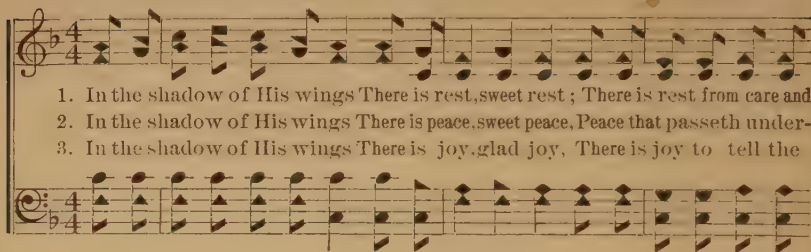


# No. 40. In the Shadow of His Wings.

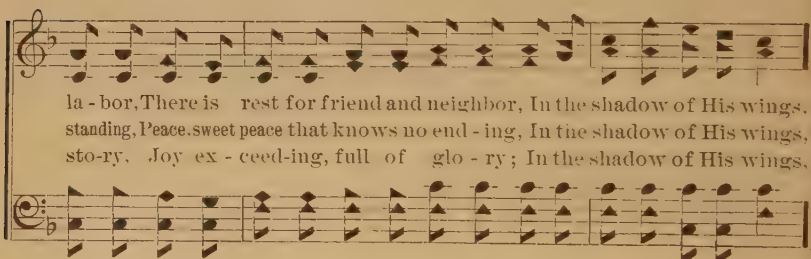
"Hide me under the shadow of thy wings."—Ps. 17: 8.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

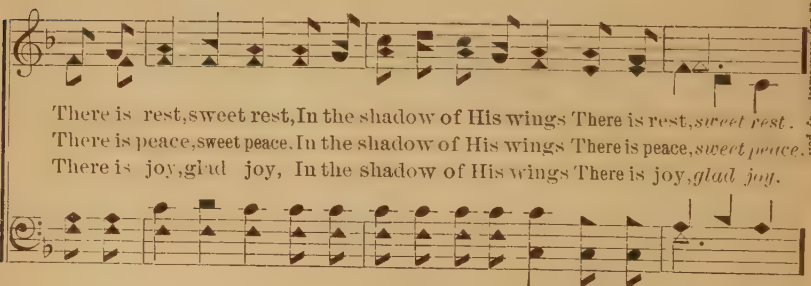
E. O. EXCELL.



1. In the shadow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest ; There is rest from care and  
 2. In the shadow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that passeth under-  
 3. In the shadow of His wings There is joy, glad joy, There is joy to tell the

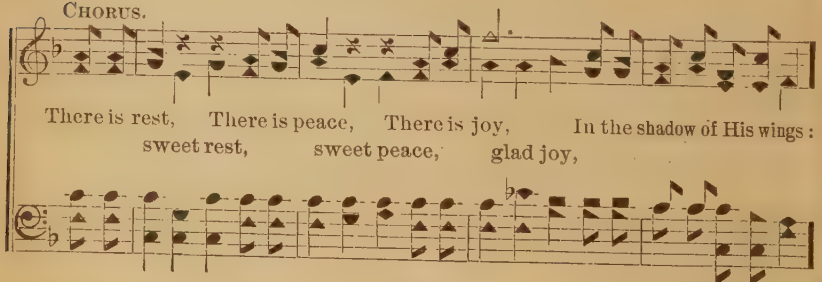


la - bor, There is rest for friend and neighbor, In the shadow of His wings,  
 standing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no end - ing, In the shadow of His wings,  
 sto - ry. Joy ex - ceed - ing, full of glo - ry ; In the shadow of His wings,



There is rest, sweet rest, In the shadow of His wings There is rest, sweet rest.  
 There is peace, sweet peace, In the shadow of His wings There is peace, sweet peace.  
 There is joy, glad joy, In the shadow of His wings There is joy, glad joy.

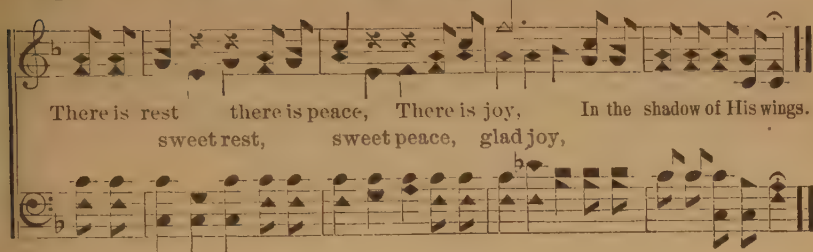
## CHORUS.



There is rest, There is peace, There is joy, In the shadow of His wings :  
 sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,

From "Sacred Echoes and Songs of My Redeemer," by per.

# In the Shadow of His Wings.—Concluded.



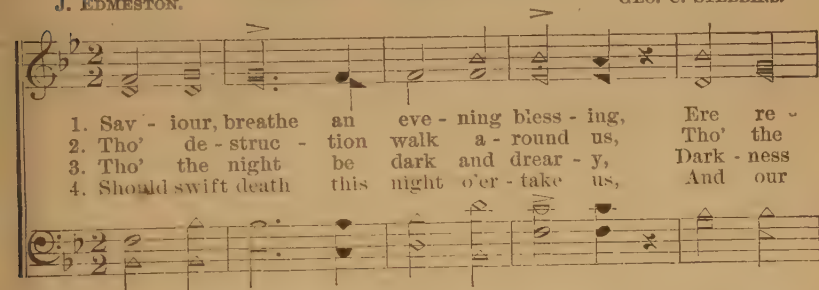
There is rest there is peace, There is joy, In the shadow of His wings.  
sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,

## No. 41. Evening Prayer.

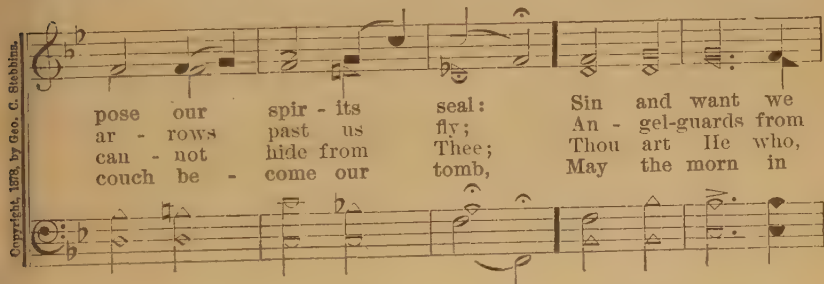
"Bless me—O my Father,"—GEN. 27: 38.

J. EDMESTON.

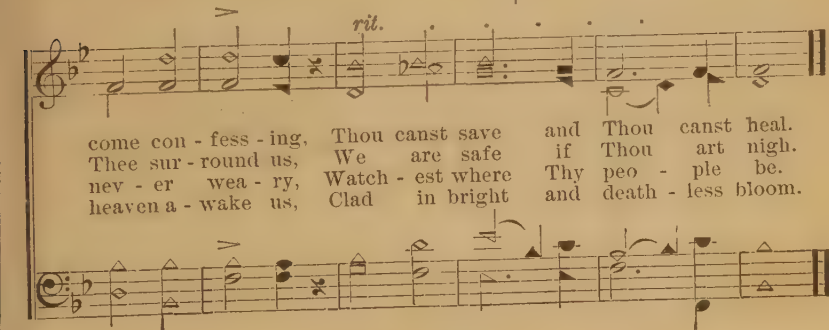
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Sav - iour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re -  
2. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the  
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness  
4. Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And our



pose our spir - its seal: Sin and want we  
ar - rows past us fly; An - gel-guards from  
can - not hide from Thee; Thou art He who,  
couch be - come our tomb, May the morn in



come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.  
Thee sur - round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.  
nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be.  
heaven a - wake us, Clad in bright and death - less bloom.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—JOHN 11: 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STERRINS.



1. Je-sus is ten-der - ly calling thee home—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;



Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Farther and farther a - way?  
 Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.  
 Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no long-er de - lay.  
 They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a - rise and a - way.



## REFRAIN.



Call - ing to - day, . . call - ing to - day; . .  
 Call-ing, call-ing to - day, to-day; Call-ing, call-ing to - day, to-day;



Je - sus is call - ing, is ten-der-ly calling to - day.  
 Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to day,





# No. 43.

# Shall you? Shall I?

LUKE 13: 24.

G. M. J.  
(Subject from M. E. I.)

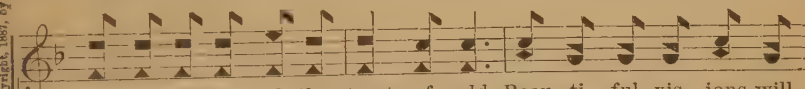
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



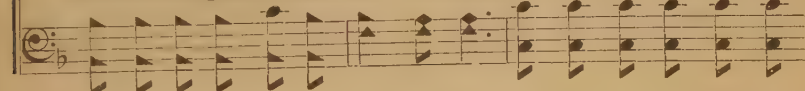
1. Some one will en - ter the pear - ly gate By and by, by and by,
2. Some one will glad - ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
4. Some one will sing the tri - umphant song By and by, by and by,



Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I?  
 Faith - ful, approved, shall re - ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I?  
 Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I?  
 Join in the praise with the blood - bought throng, Shall you? shall I?



Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vis - ions will  
 Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of  
 Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain - ly will strive when the  
 Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Loved ones of earth who have



there behold, Feast on the pleasures so long foretold : Shall you? shall I?  
 earth be free, Hap - py with Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty : Shall you? shall I?  
 door is barred, Some one will fail of the saint's reward : Shall you? shall I?  
 gone be - fore, Safe in the glo - ry for ev - er more : Shall you? shall I?



# No. 44. Oh, Wondrous Name!

"Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God."—ISAIAH. 9: 6.

VICTORIA FRANCES.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Oh, wondrous Name, by prophets heard Long years be-fore His birth;
2. Oh, glo-rious Name the angels praise, And ransomed saints a - dore,—
3. Oh, pre-cious Name, ex - alt - ed high, To Him all pow'r is given:



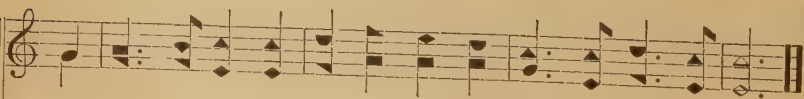
They saw Him com-ing from a - far, The Prince of Peace on earth.  
The Name a - bove all oth - er names, Our ref - uge ev - er - more.  
Thro' Him we tri-umph o - ver sin, By Him we en - ter heaven.



CHORUS.



The Won - der - ful! The Coun - sel - lor! The Great and Might - y Lord!



The ev - er - last - ing Prince of Peace! The King, the Son of God!



Copyright, 1888, by Ira D. Sankey.

# No. 45. The Love that gave Jesus to Die.

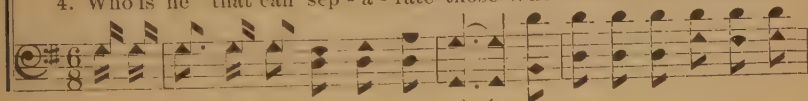
EL. NATHAN.

JNO. 3: 16.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



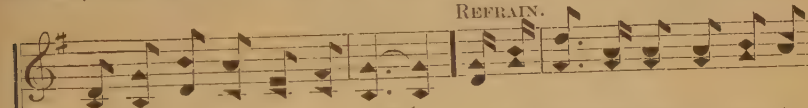
1. Let us sing of the love of the Lord, As now to the cross we draw
2. O how great was the love that was shown To us—we can nev-er tell
3. Now this love un-to all God com-mends. Not one would His mercy pass
4. Who is he that can sep-a-rate those Whom God doth in love jus-ti-



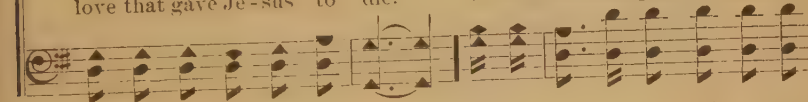
nigh: Let us sing to the praise of the God of all grace, For the  
why—Not to an-gels, but *men*; let us praise Him a-gain For the  
by: "Who-so-ev-er shall call," there is par-don for all In the  
fy: What-so-ev-er we need He in-cludes in the deed, In the



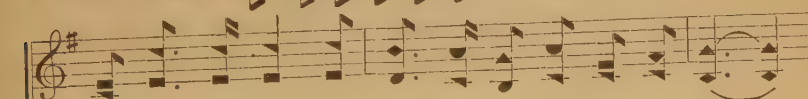
## REFRAIN.



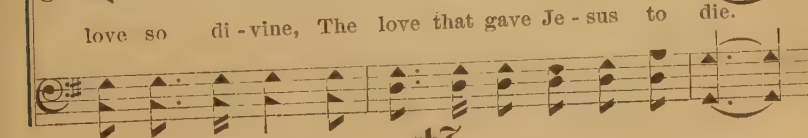
love that gave Je-sus to die. O the love that gave Je-sus to



die. The love that gave Je-sus to die; Praise God, it is mine, this



love so di-vine, The love that gave Je-sus to die.

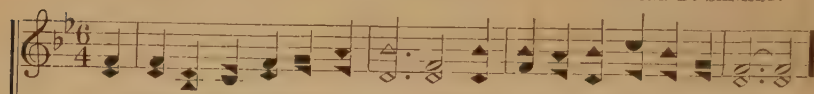


# No. 46. O Brother, Life's Journey Beginning.

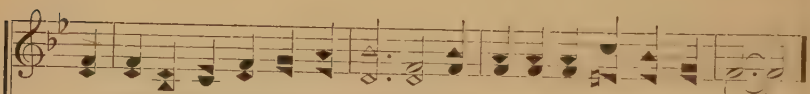
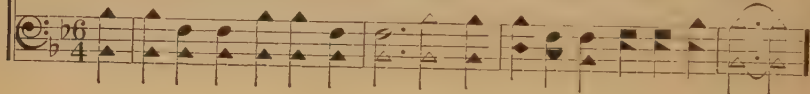
"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you."—JAMES 4: 7.

RIAN J. STERLING.

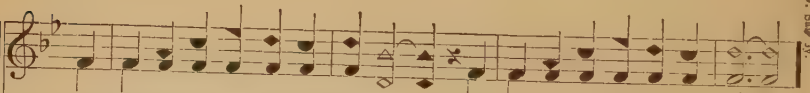
IRA. D. SANKEY.



1. O brother, life's journey beginning, With courage and firmness a-rise ;
2. O brother, yield not to the tempter, No mat-ter what others may do ;
3. O brother, the Sav-iour is call-ing ; Be-ware of the danger of sin ;



Look well to the course thou art choosing. Be earnest, be watchful, and wise ;  
Stand firm in the strength of the Master, Be loy-al, be faithful and true ;  
Re - sist not the voice of the Spir - it, That whispers so gent-ly with-in ;



Re-mem-ber, two paths are before thee, And both thy attention in - vite ;  
Each tri - al will make you the stronger, If you, in the name of the Lord,  
God calls you to en-ter His serv-ice,— To live for Him here, day by day,



But one leadeth on to de-struc-tion,— The other to joy and de - light.  
Fight manful-ly un-der your Leader, O-beying the voice of His word.  
And share by and by in the glo - ry That never shall vanish a - way.



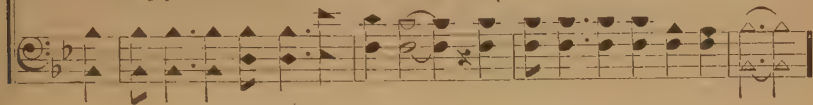


# O Brother.—Concluded.

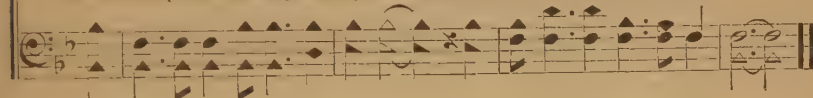
CHORUS.



God help you to fol-low His ban-ner, And serve Him wherever you go;



And when you are tempted, my brother, God give you the grace to say "No."

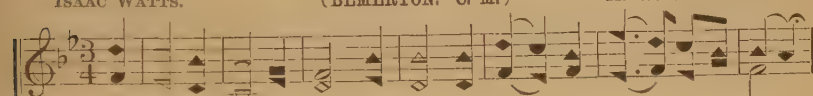


## No. 47. O God, our Help.

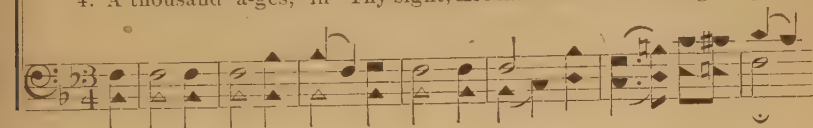
ISAAC WATTS.

(BEMERTON, C. M.)

H. W. GREATOREX.



1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un-der the shadow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. Be-fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
4. A thousand a-ges, in Thy sight, Are like an eve - ning gone;



Our shel-ter from the storm-y blast, And our e - ter - nal home: —  
Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de-fence is sure.  
From ev - er - last-ing Thou art God, To end-less years the same.  
Short as the watch that ends the night, Be-fore the ris - ing sun.



# No. 48.

# Fear Not!

"I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward."—GEN. 15: 1.

E. G. TAYLOR.

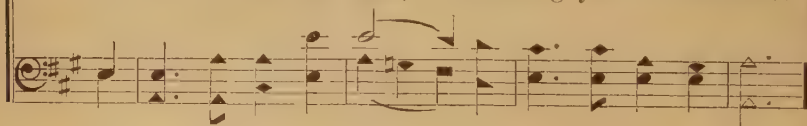
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Fear not! God is thy shield, And He thy great re - ward;
2. Fear not! for God has heard The cry of thy dis - tress;
3. Fear not! be not dis-mayed! He ev - er - more will be
4. Fear not! ye lit - tle flock; Your Shep-herd soon will come,



His might has won the field: . . Thy strength is in the Lord!  
 The wa - ter of His word . . Thy faint - ing soul shall bless.  
 With thee, to give His aid, . . And He will strengthen thee.  
 Give wa - ter from the rock, . . And bring you to His home!



## REFRAIN.



Fear not! 'tis God's own voice That speaks to thee this word;



Lift up your head: re - joice . . In Je - sus Christ thy Lord!



Copyright, 1893, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

# No. 49. There shall be Showers of Blessing.

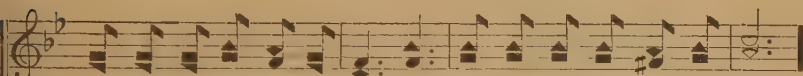
EL. NATHAN.

EZEK. 34: 26.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. "There shall be showers of blessing:" This is the promise of love;
2. "There shall be showers of blessing"—Precious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be showers of blessing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be showers of blessing;" Oh, that to-day they might fall,

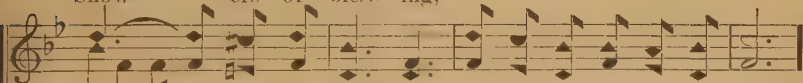


There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing. Sent from the Sav-iour a-bove.  
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bundance of rain.  
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word.  
Now as to God we're confess-ing, Now as to Je-sus we call!

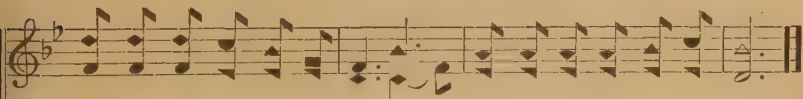
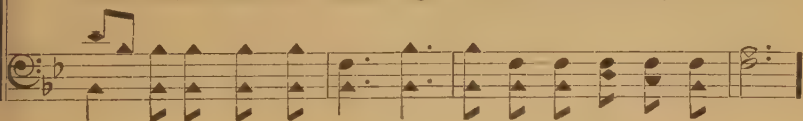


## CHORUS.

Show - - - ers of bless - ing,



Show-ers, showers of bless - ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;



Mercy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

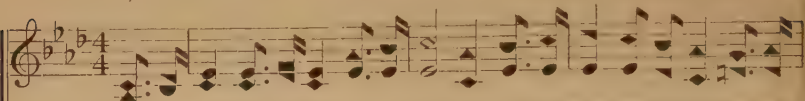


# No. 50. Numberless as the Sands.

"The number shall be as the sand of the sea."—HOSEA. 1: 10.

F. A. B., arr.

F. A. BLACKMER, arr.



1. When we gath-er at last o-ver Jordan, And the ransom'd in glo-ry we
2. When we see all the saved of the ages, Who from sorrow and trials are
3. When we stand by the beautiful riv-er, 'Neath the shade of the life-giving
4. When at last we behold our Redeemer, And His glory transcendent we



see, As the numberless sands of the sea-shore—What a won-der-ful  
free, Meeting there with a heav-en-ly greet-ing—What a won-der-ful  
tree, Gaz-ing o-ver the fair land of prom-ise—What a won-der-ful  
see, While as King of all kingdoms He reign-eth—What a won-der-ful



## CHORUS.



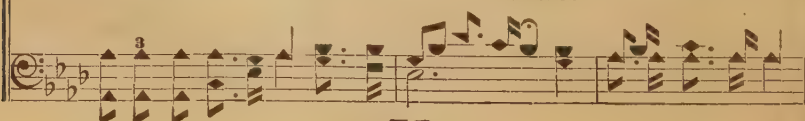
sight that will be!  
sight that will be!  
sight that will be!  
sight that will be!

Numberless as the sands of the sea-shore!



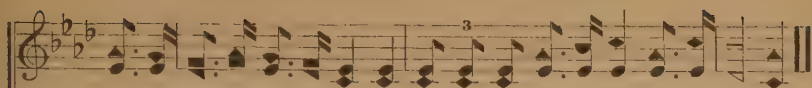
Numberless as the sands of the shore!

Oh, what a sight 'twill be,  
of the shore!





# Numberless. — Concluded.



When the ransom'd host we see, As num - ber-less as the sands of the sea-shore.



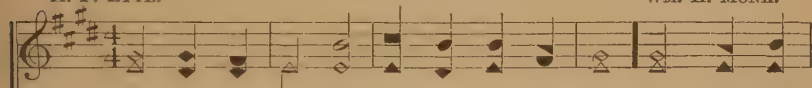
## No. 51.

## Abide with Me.

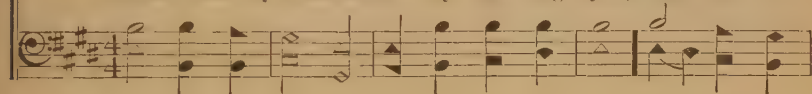
"Abide with us, for it is toward evening."—LUKE 24: 29.

H. F. LYTE.

WM. H. MONK.



1. A - bid with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The darkness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the



deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bid! When oth - er help - ers  
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in  
grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my  
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks and



fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bid with me!  
all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bid with me!  
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bid with me!  
earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bid with me!



# No. 52. Rejoice in the Lord Always.

PHIL. 4: 4.

WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. O praise the Lord with heart and voice, With God's own word your doubts destroy,
2. My life is hid with Thine, O Lord, And sheltered from the world's alarm;
3. For nothing anxious I shall be, But trusting Thee in ev'ry thing,
4. The joys that mem'ry turns to pain, I leave for joys that never end;



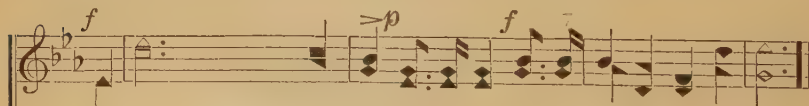
Let those that trust in Thee re-joyce. Yea, let them shout for joy.  
Why should I sink be - neath my load, When lean-ing on Thine arm.  
With thanks for ev - 'ry gift from Thee, My troub-les all take wing.  
My loss I count my rich - est gain. For Christ His joy doth send.



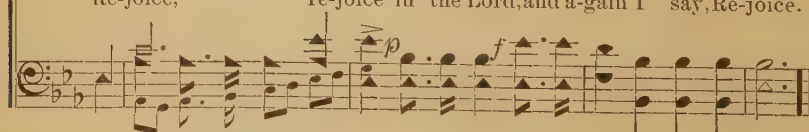
Copyright, 1897, by James McGranahan.



Re - joice, re - joice in the Lord, re-joyce in the Lord al - way;



Re-joyce, re-joyce in the Lord, and a-gain I say, Re-joyce.



Re-joyce in the Lord, re-joyce in the Lord,

# No. 53. O Land of the Blessed!

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom."—MATT. 25: 34.

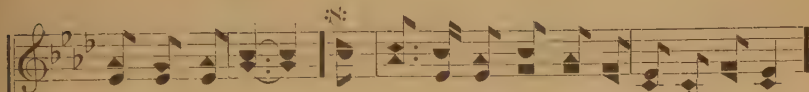
EMILY H. MILLER.

IRA D. SANKEY.

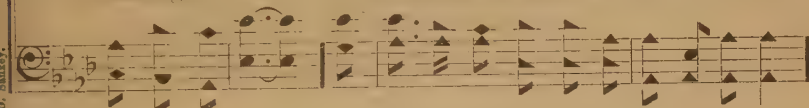
*Moderato.*



1. O Land of the bless-ed! thy shad-ow-less skies Sometimes in my



dream-ing I see; I hear the glad songs that the glori-fied sing,



*D.S.*—I catch but a glimpse of thy glo-ry and light,



Steal o-ver E-ter-ni-ty's sea; Though dark are the



And whisper: "Would God I were there!"

*D.S.*



shadows that gath-er between, I know that thy morning is fair; . .



- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 O Land of the blessed! thy hills of delight<br/>         Sometimes to my vision unfold;<br/>         Thy mansions celestial, thy palaces bright,<br/>         Thy bulwarks of jasper and gold;<br/>         Dear voices are chanting thy chorus of praise.<br/>         Their forms in thy sunlight are fair;<br/>         I look from the valley of shadows below.<br/>         And whisper: "Would God I were there!"</p> | <p>3 Dear home of my Father, thou City of peace.<br/>         No shadow of changing can mar;<br/>         How glad are the souls that have tasted thy joy!<br/>         How blest thine inhabitants are!<br/>         When weary of toiling, I think of the day—<br/>         Who knows if its dawning be near?—<br/>         When He who doth love me shall call me away<br/>         From all that hath burdened me here?</p> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

# No. 54.

# Nearer the Cross.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."— GALATIANS 6: 14.

F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.



1. "Nearer the cross!" my heart can say, I am coming near-er; Near-er the
2. Near-er the Christian's mer - cy seat, I am coming near-er; Feasting my
3. Near-er in pray'r my hope aspires, I am coming near-er; Deep-er the



cross from day to day, I am com-ing near - er; Nearer the cross where  
soul on man - na sweet, I am com-ing near - er; Stronger in faith, more  
love my soul de - sires, I am com-ing near - er; Near - er the end of



Je - sus died, Near-er the fountain's crimson tide, Near-er my Sav-iour's  
clear I see Je-sus who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I  
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Nearer the crown I



wounded side, I am com-ing near - er, I am com-ing near - er.  
still would be: Still I'm com-ing near - er, Still I'm com-ing near - er.  
soon shall wear: I am com-ing near - er, I am com-ing near - er.





# No. 55. A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

"My God is the Rock of my refuge,"—Ps. 94: 22.

Words arr.

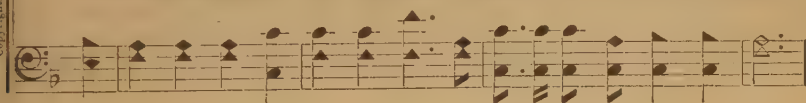
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
2. A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
3. The rag-ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
4. O Rock di-vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;



Se-cure what-ev - er ill be-tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
No fears a-larm, no foes affright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
We'll never leave our safe re-treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.  
Be Thou our help-er ev - er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.



## CHORUS.



Oh, Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A wea-ry land, a wea-ry land; Oh,



Je-sus is a Rock in a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm.



# No. 56.

# Mighty to Save.

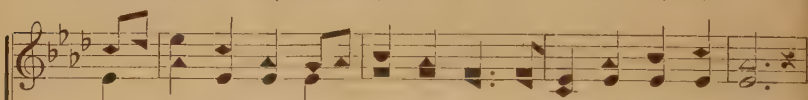
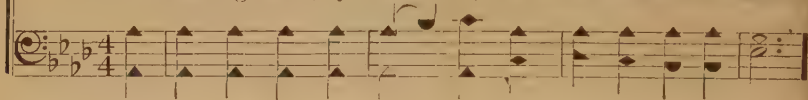
"I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."—ISAIAH 63: 1.

R. W. TODD.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



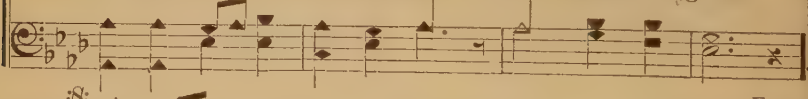
1. Oh, who is this that com - eth From E-dom's crimson plain,
2. Oh, why is Thine ap - par - el So ver - y deep - ly dyed?—
3. O bleed - ing Lamb, my Sav - iour, How couldst Thou bear this shame?



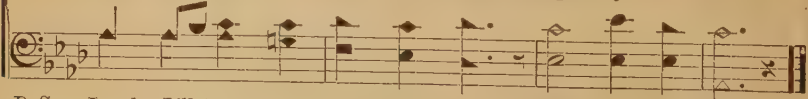
With wounded side, with garments dyed? Oh, tell me now Thy name.  
Like them that tread the wine-press red? Oh, why this crimson tide?  
With mer - cy fraught, Thine arm has brought Salva - tion in Thy name!



"I that saw Thy soul's dis - tress, A ran - som gave;  
"I the wine-press trod a - lone, 'Neath sor - row's wave;  
"I the vic - to - ry have won, Con - quered the grave;



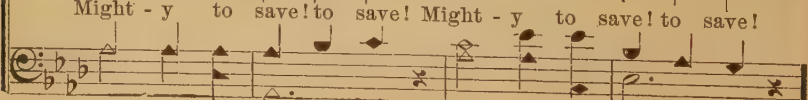
I that speak in right - eous - ness, Might - y to save!"  
Of the peo - ple there was none Might - y to save!"  
Now the year of joy has come, Might - y to save!"



D.S.— Lord, I'll trust Thy won-d'rous love, "Might - y to save!"  
CHORUS.



Might - y to save! to save! Might - y to save! to save!



# No. 57.

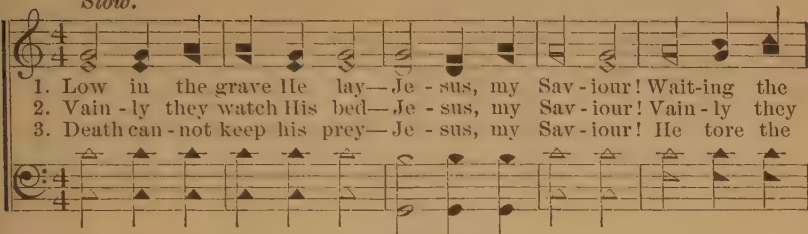
# Christ Arose!

"He is not here, but is risen."—LUKE 24: 6.

R. L.

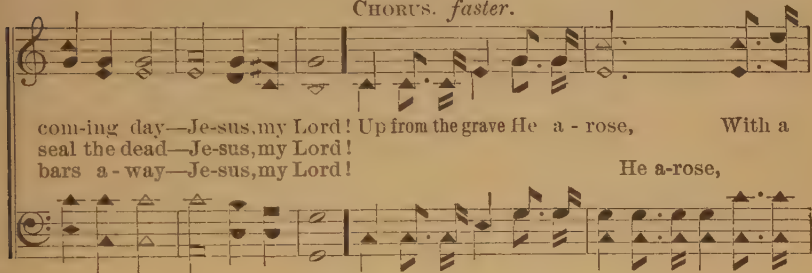
ROBERT LOWRY.

*Slow.*

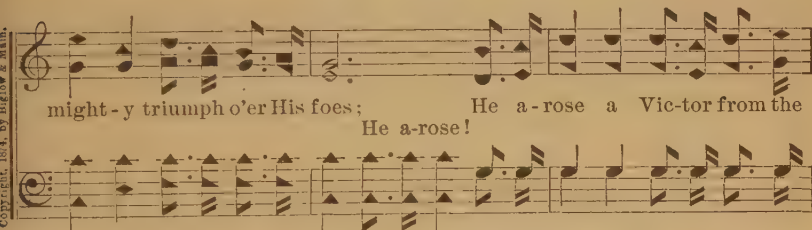


1. Low in the grave He lay—Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait - ing the  
 2. Vain - ly they watch His bed—Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain - ly they  
 3. Death can - not keep his prey—Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He tore the

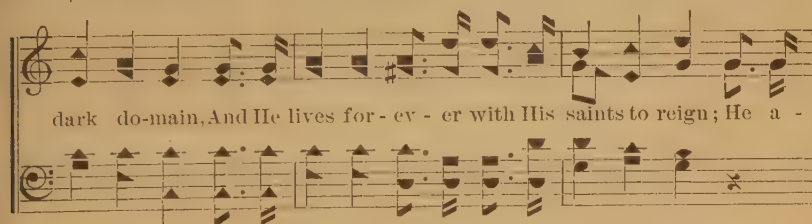
*CHORUS. faster.*



com - ing day—Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, With a  
 seal the dead—Je - sus, my Lord!  
 bars a - way—Je - sus, my Lord! He a - rose,



might - y triumph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic - tor from the  
 He a - rose!



dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign; He a -



rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!  
 He a - rose! He a - rose!


# No. 58.

# Softly and Tenderly.



W. L. T.  
*Slow.*

"Come unto me."—MATH. 11: 28.

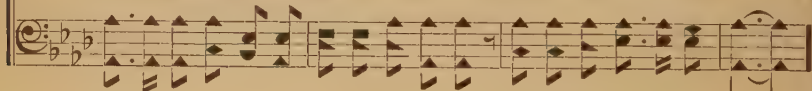
WILL L. THOMPSON.




1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;  
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me?  
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;  
4. Oh, for the won-der-ful love He has promis'd, Promis'd for you and for me;

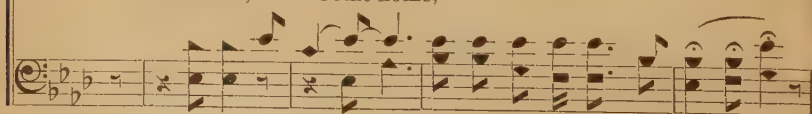

See on the por-tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.  
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?  
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death-beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.  
Tho' we have sinn'd He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.




## CHORUS.



Come home, Come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home;  
Come home, Come home,

Earnest-ly, tender-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!





# No. 59.

# Whoever Will.

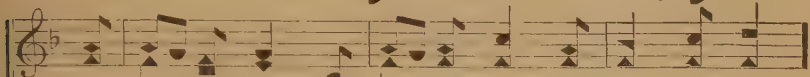
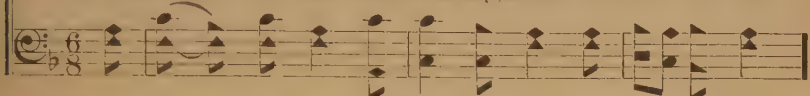
"Whoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—REV. 22: 17.

A. MONTIETH.

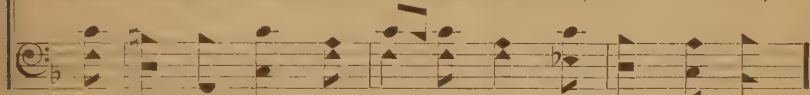
IRA D. SANKEY.



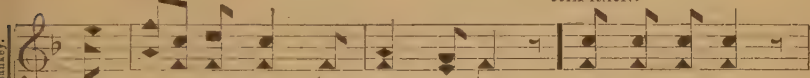
1. O wan - d'ring souls, why will you roam A - way from God,
2. Be - hold His hands ex - tend - ed now, The dews of night
3. In sim - ple faith His word be - lieve, And His a - bun -
4. The "Spir - it and the Bride say, Come!" And find in Him



a - way from home; The Sav-iour calls, O hear Him say,  
are on His brow; He knocks, He calls, He wait - eth still;  
dant grace re - ceive; No love like His the heart can fill,  
sweet rest, and home; Let Him that hear - eth, ech - o still,



## REFRAIN.



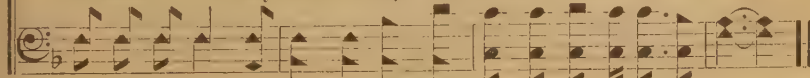
Who - ev - er will may come to - day.  
Oh, come to Him, who - ev - er will. } Who - ev - er will,  
Oh, come to Him, who - ev - er will.  
The bless - ed who - so - ev - er will.



who - ev - er will, Who - ev - er will may come to - day;



Who - ev - er will may come to - day, And drink of the wa - ter of life.

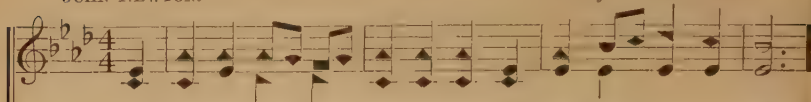


# No. 60. The Prodigal's Return.

"I will arise, and go to my Father." — LUKE 15: 18.

JOHN NEWTON.

Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.



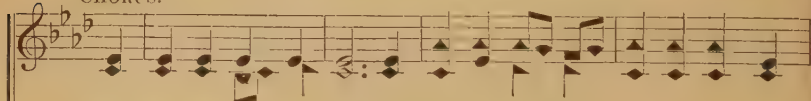
1. Af - flictions, tho' they seem se-vere. In mer-cy oft are sent;
2. "What have I gained by sin," he said, "But hun-ger, shame, and fear?"
3. "I'll go and tell him all I've done. Fall down be-fore his face;
4. His fa-ther saw him coming back; He saw, he ran, he smiled,



They stopp'd the prod-i-gal's ca-reer. And caused him to re-pent.  
My fa-ther's house a-bounds in bread. While I am starv-ing here!  
Un-worth-y to be called his son, I'll seek a servant's place."  
And threw his arms a-round the neck of his re-bell-i-ous child!



## CHORUS.



"I'll not die here for bread, I'll not die here for bread," he cries; "Nor



starve in for-ign lands; My fa-ther's house has large sup-plies, And



bounteous are his hands."



5 "O father, I have sinned — forgive!"

"Enough," the father said;

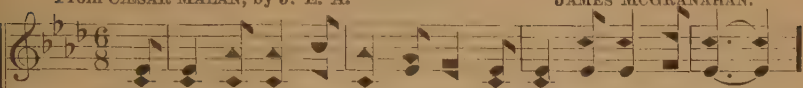
"Rejoice, my house; my son's alive  
For whom I mourned as dead!"

6 'Tis thus the Lord His love reveals,  
To call poor sinners home;  
More than a father's love He feels,  
And welcomes all that come.

# No. 61. Casting all your Care upon Him.

From CÆSAR MALAN, by J. E. A. 1 PET. 5: 7.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. How sweet, my Saviour, to re- pose On Thine almighty pow'r!
2. It is Thy will that I should cast My ev - 'ry care on Thee;
3. That I should trust Thy loving care, And look to Thee a - lone,
4. Why should my heart then be distress By dread of fu - ture ill?



To feel Thy strength uphold - ing me, Thro' ev - 'ry try - ing hour!  
To Thee re - fer each ris - ing grief, Each new per - plex - i - ty;  
To calm each troubled thought to rest, In prayer be - fore Thy throne.  
Or why should un - be - liev - ing fear My trembling spir - it fill?

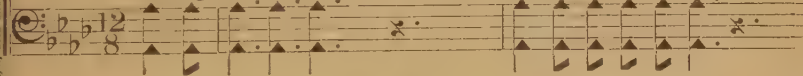


## CHORUS.



Cast - ing all . . . your care up - on Him, . . . . . Casting

Cast - ing all your care, all your care up - on Him,



all . . your care upon Him, . . . . . Casting all . . . . . your care upon  
all your care, all your care upon Him, your care,



Him, . . . . . for He car - eth, He car - eth for you."

All your care up - on Him,



"The harvest truly is plenteous; but the laborers are few."—MATT. 9: 37.

C. R. BLACKALL.

W. H. DOANE.

*Spirited.*

1. In the har-vest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe,  
 2. Crowd the gar-ner well with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad,  
 3. In the glean-er's path may be rich re-ward, Tho'the time seems long,  
 4. Lo! the Har-vest Home in the realms a - bove Shall be gained by each

and the reap-ers few; And the Master's voice bids the work-ers true  
 and the heart be light; Fill the pre-cious hours, ere the shades of night  
 and the la - bor hard; For the Mas-ter's joy, with His cho - sen shared,  
 who has toiled and strove, When the Master's voice, in its tones of love,

CHORUS.

Heed the call that he gives to-day. La-bor on! la-bor  
 Take the place of the gold-en day.  
 Drives the gloom from the darkest day.  
 Calls a-way to e-ter-nal day. La-bor on!

on! Keep the bright re-ward in view; For the Mas-ter has  
 la-bor on!

said, He will strength re-new; La-bor on till the close of day!



# No. 63. Glory to God the Father.

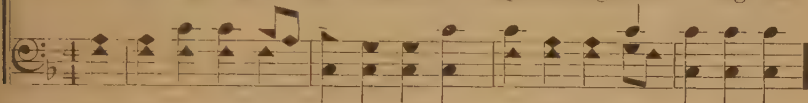
"Every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the Glory of God the Father."—PHIL. 2: 11.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



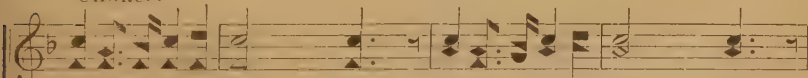
1. "For God so loved!" Oh, wondrous theme! Oh! wondrous key to wondrous scheme!
2. In love God gave, in love Christ came, That man might know the Father's name,
3. As man He tar-ried here be-low The pow'r and love of God to show;
4. Up - on the cross His life He gave, His peo-ple from their sins to save;
5. By God ex - alt-ed from the dead, He reigns on high the liv-ing head



A Sav - iour sent to sin - ful men— Glo - ry to God the Fa - ther!  
 And in the Son sal - va - tion claim— Glo - ry to God the Fa - ther!  
 To help and heal all hu - man woe— Glo - ry to God the Fa - ther!  
 For them de - scend - ed to the grave— Glo - ry to God the Fa - ther!  
 Of ev - ry soul for whom He bled— Glo - ry to God the Fa - ther!



## CHORUS.



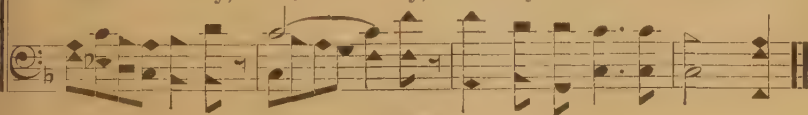
Glo - ry to God the Fa - - ther! Glo - ry to God the Fa - - ther!



Glo - ry, Glo - ry, *Glo - ry to the Father!* Glo - ry, Glo - ry, *Glo - ry to the Father!*



Glo - - - ry, Glo - - - ry, Glo - ry to God the Fa - ther!

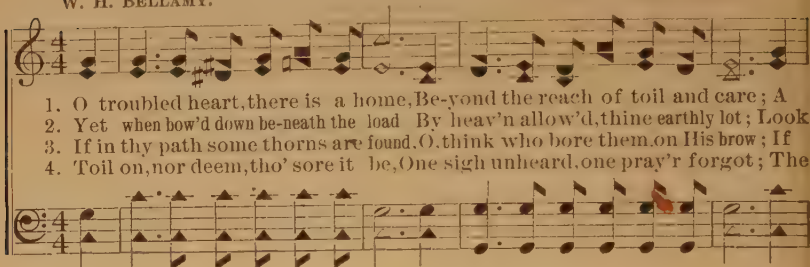


# No. 64. Wait, and Murmur Not.

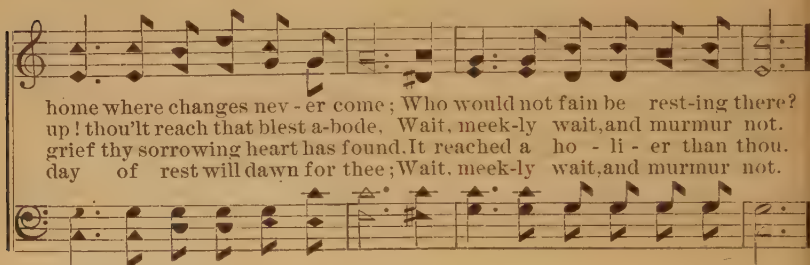
"It is good that a man hope and quietly wait."—SAM. 3: 26.

W. H. BELLAMY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

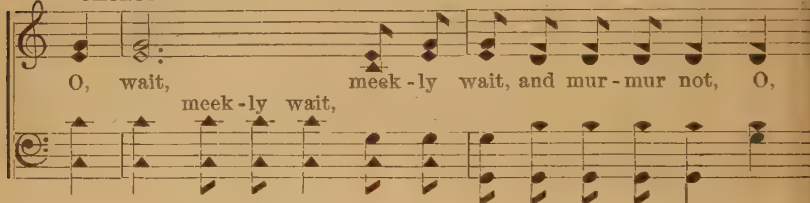


1. O troubled heart, there is a home, Be-yond the reach of toil and care; A  
 2. Yet when bow'd down be-neath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot; Look  
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them, on His brow; If  
 4. 'Till on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot; The

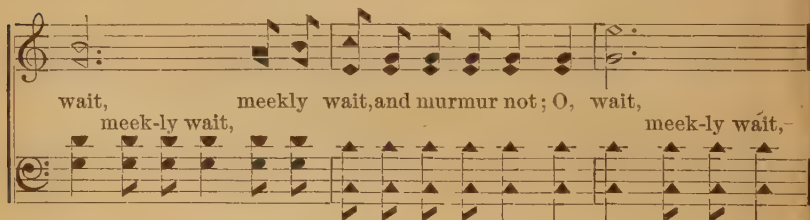


home where changes nev - er come; Who would not fain be rest-ing there?  
 up! thou'lt reach that blest a-bode. Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.  
 grief thy sorrowing heart has found. It reached a ho - li - er than thou.  
 day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek-ly wait, and murmur not.

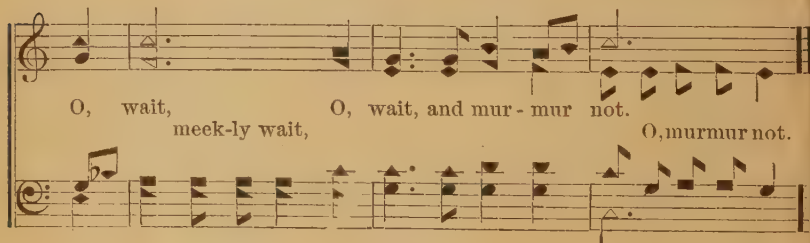
## CHORUS.



O, wait, meek-ly wait, meek-ly wait, and mur-mur not, O,



wait, meek-ly wait, meekly wait, and murmur not; O, wait, meek-ly wait,



O, wait, meek-ly wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not. O, murmur not.

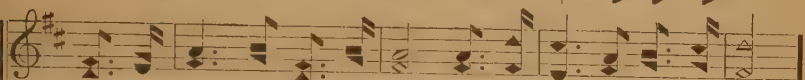
# No. 65. Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—MATT. 9: 12.  
 Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceiv - e: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, 'Tis be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me 'with all my sin;



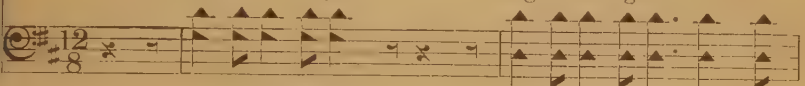
Who the heav'n - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.  
 He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.  
 He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.  
 Purg'd from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.



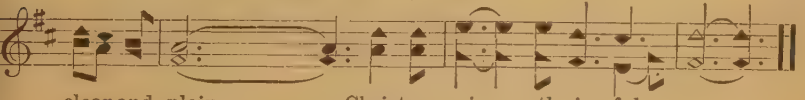
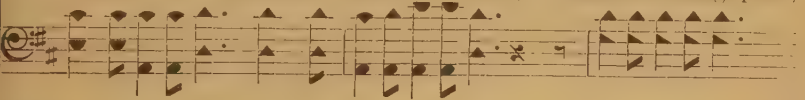
## REFRAIN.



Sing it o'er . . . . and o'er a - gain: . . . . Christ re -  
 Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain:



ceiv - eth sin - ful men; . . . Make the mes - sage  
 ceiv - eth sinful men, Christ receiveth sinful men; Make the message plain,



clear and plain: . . . . Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.  
 Make the message plain:



## No. 66.

## Let the Saviour in!

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him."—REV. 3: 20.

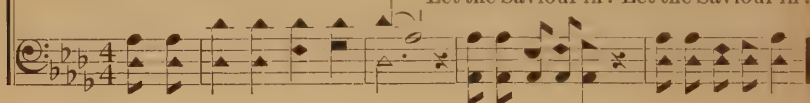
J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELL, by per.



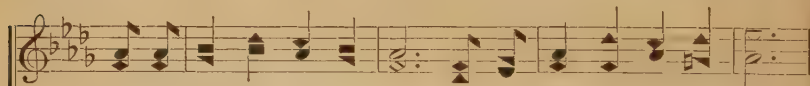
- |                                    |     |         |
|------------------------------------|-----|---------|
| 1. There's a Stranger at the door; | Let | Him in! |
| 2. O - pen now to Him your heart;  | Let | Him in! |
| 3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice? | Let | Him in! |
| 4. Now ad-mit the heav'nly Guest;  | Let | Him in! |

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!

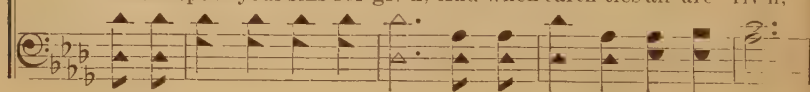


- |                                    |     |         |
|------------------------------------|-----|---------|
| He has been there oft be - fore;   | Let | Him in! |
| If you wait He will de - part;     | Let | Him in! |
| Now, oh, now make Him your choice; | Let | Him in! |
| He will make for you a feast;      | Let | Him in! |

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!



Let Him in ere He is gone; Let Him in, the Ho-ly One,  
 Let Him in; He is your Friend; And your soul He will de-fend,  
 He is stand-ing at the door; Joy to you He will re-store,  
 He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,



- |                                    |     |         |
|------------------------------------|-----|---------|
| Je - sus Christ, the Father's Son; | Let | Him in! |
| He will keep you to the end;       | Let | Him in! |
| And His name you will a-dore;      | Let | Him in! |
| He will take you home to heav'n;   | Let | Him in! |

Let the Saviour in! Let the Saviour in!





# No. 67. I Looked to Jesus.

"I looked to Him, He looked on me, and we were one for ever."—C. H. SPURGEON.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

*Moderato.*



1. I looked to Je - sus in my sin, My woe and want con-fess-ing;
2. I looked to Je - sus on the cross, For me I saw Him dy-ing;
3. I looked to Je - sus there on high, From death upraised to glo - ry;
4. He looked on me; O look of love! My heart by it was bro-ken;
5. Now one with Christ, I find my peace In Him to be a - bid-ing,



Un-done and lost. I came to Him, I sought and found a bless-ing.  
God's word be-lieved that all my sins Were there up-on Him ly-ing.  
I trust-ed in His power to save, Be-lieved the old, old sto-ry.  
And, with that look of love, He gave The Ho - ly Spir-it's to - ken.  
And in His love for all my need, In child-like faith con - fid-ing.

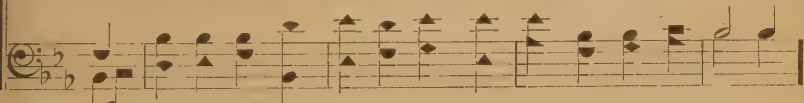


## CHORUS.

I looked to Him,



"I looked to Him, to Him I looked," 'Tis true, His "Who-so - ev - er."



He looked on me,



"He looked on me, on me He looked, And we were one for - ev - er."



# No. 68.

# I Will!

"I will trust, and not be afraid."—ISAIAH. 12: 2.

(Suggested by the responses of the young men of Limerick to Mr. Moody's question, "Will you trust Christ?" at the Meetings in that City, October, 1883.)

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Once more, my soul, thy Saviour thro' the Word, Is offered full and free;
2. By grace I will Thy mer-cy now receive, Thy love my heart hath won;
3. Thou knowest, Lord, how ver-y weak I am, And how I fear to stray;
4. And now, O Lord, give all with us to - day The grace to join our song;
5. To all who came, when Thou wast here below, And said, "O Lord, wilt Thou?"



And now, O Lord, I must, I must de-cide; Shall I ac-cept of Thee?  
On Thee, O Christ, I will, I will believe, And trust in Thee a - lone!  
For strength to serve I look to Thee a-lone—The strength Thou must supply!  
And from the heart to glad-ly with us say: "I WILL to Christ be-long!"  
To them "I will!" was ev - er Thy re - ply; We rest up - on it now.



CHORUS, *with promptness and spirit.*

I will! I will!

I will be Thine!



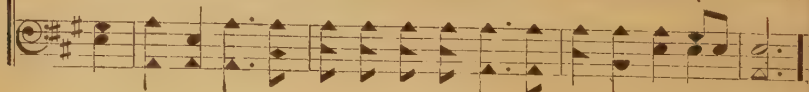
I will! I will! I will, God helping me, I will, I will be Thine!



I will be Thine!



Thy precious blood was shed to purchase me—I will be wholly Thine!



# No. 69. Take Me as I Am.

"He that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

IRA D. SANKEY.

*Moderato.*



1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry ; Un-less Thou help me I must die ;
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt ; But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
3. No pre - par - a - tion can I make, My best resolves I on-ly break ;
4. Be-hold me, Sav-iour, at Thy feet, Deal with me as Thou see-st meet ;



Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.  
 And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, And take me as I am.  
 Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.  
 Thy work be-gin, Thy work complete, And take me as I am.



CHORUS.



And take me as I am, . And take me as I am.



My on - ly plea—Christ died for me ! Oh, take me as I am.



# No. 70. Souls of Men, why will ye Scatter?

"We all like sheep have gone astray."—ISA. 53: 6.

F. W. FABER.

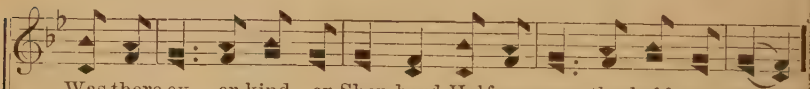
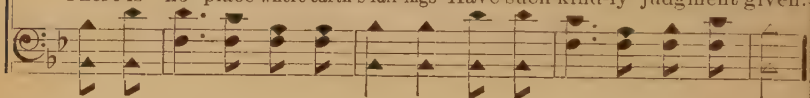
WM. B. BRADBURY.



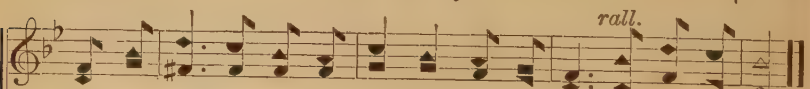
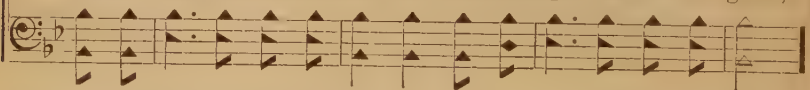
1. Souls of men, why will ye scat-ter Like a crowd of frighten'd sheep?
2. It is God! His love *looks* mighty, But *is* might-ier than it seems:
3. There is no place where earth's sorrows Are more felt than up in heav'n;



Fool-ish hearts! why will ye wan-der From a love so true and deep?  
'Tis our Fa-ther, and His fondness Goes far out beyond our dreams.  
There is no place where earth's fail-ings Have such kind-ly judgment given.



Was there ev - er kind - er Shep-herd, Half so gen - tle, half so sweet,  
There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wideness of the sea;  
There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more gra-ces for the good;



As the Sav-iour who would have us Come and gather round His feet?  
There's a kindness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.  
There is mer-cy with the Saviour; There is heal-ing in His blood.



4 But we make His love too narrow,  
By false limits of our own;  
And we magnify His strictness  
With a zeal He will not own.  
There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.

5 If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word;  
And our lives would all be sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.  
For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

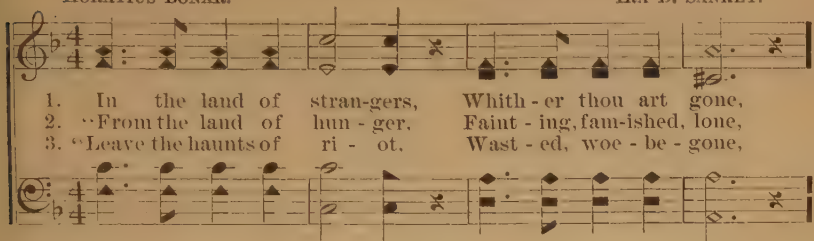


# No. 71. Welcome! Wanderer, Welcome!

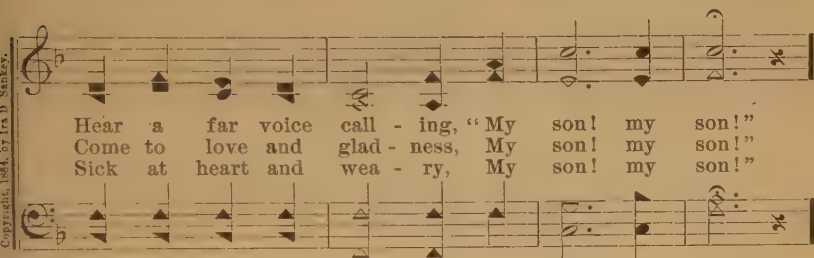
"This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."—LUKE 15: 24.

HORATIUS BONAR.

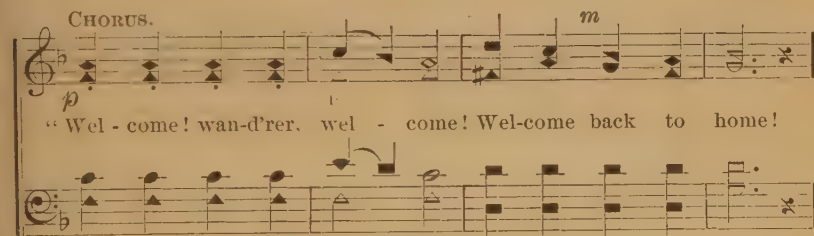
IRA D. SANKEY.



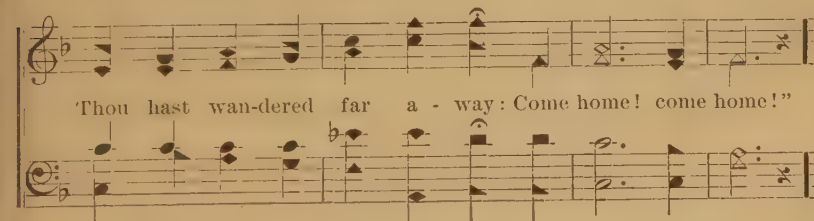
1. In the land of stran-gers, Whith-er thou art gone,  
 2. From the land of hun-ger, Faint-ing, fam-ish-ed, lone,  
 3. Leave the haunts of ri-ot, Wast-ed, woe-be-gone,



Hear a far voice call-ing, "My son! my son!"  
 Come to love and glad-ness, My son! my son!"  
 Sick at heart and wea-ry, My son! my son!"



CHORUS.  
 "Wel-come! wan-d'r'er, wel-come! Wel-come back to home!"



'Thou hast wan-dered far a-way: Come home! come home!"

4 "See the door still open.  
 Thou art still my own;  
 Eyes of love are on thee,  
 My son! my son!"

6 "See the well-spread table,  
 Unforgotten one!  
 Here is rest and plenty,  
 My son! my son!"

5 "Far off' thou hast wandered;  
 Will thou farther roam?  
 Come, and all is pardoned,  
 My son! my son!"

7 "Thou art friendless, homeless,  
 Hopeless, and undone;  
 Mine is love unchanging,  
 My son! my son!"

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISA. 35: 10.

F. J. CROSBY.

IRA D. SANKEY.



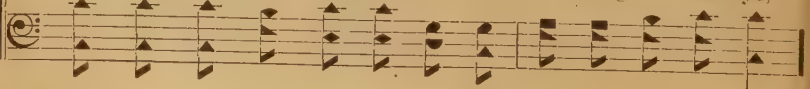
1. On that bright and golden morning, when the Son of man shall come,
2. When the blest who sleep in Je - sus, at His bid-ding shall a - rise
3. When our eyes be-hold the cit - y, with its ma - ny mansions bright
4. O the King is sure - ly com-ing, and the time is drawing nigh,



And the ra-diance of His glo - ry we shall see; When from  
From the si-lence of the grave, and from the sea, And with  
And its riv - er, calm and rest-ful, flow-ing free; When the  
When the bless-ed day of prom-ise we shall see; Then the



ev - 'ry clime and na - tion He shall call His peo - ple home,  
bod - ies all ce - les - tial they shall meet Him in the skies,  
friends that death has part - ed shall in bliss a - gain u - nite,  
chang-ing "in a mo - ment," "in the twink - ling of an eye,"



What a gath'-ring of the ran - somed that will be.  
What a gath'-ring and re - joic - ing there will be.  
What a gath'-ring and a greet - ing there will be.  
And for - ev - er in His pres - ence we shall be.



# What a Gathering! — Concluded.

## CHORUS.

What a gath' - - - ring, what a

What a gath' - ring, what a gath' - ring,

gath' - - - ring, What a gath' - ring of the

gath'-ring, what a gath'-ring,

ran-somed in the sum - mer land of love; What a

gath' - - - ring, what a gath' - - - ring,

gath' - ring, what a gath'-ring,

Of the ran-somed in that hap - py home a - bove.

# No. 73. Come, Great Deliverer, Come.

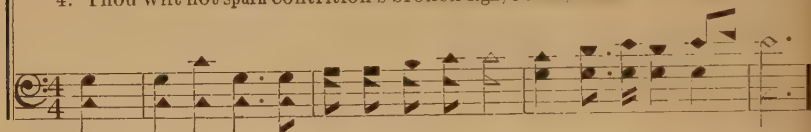
"Thou art my help and my deliverer."—Ps. 40: 17.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. O hear my cry, be gracious now to me, Come, Great Deliverer, come;
2. I have no place, no shelter from the night, Come, Great Deliverer, come;
3. My path is lone, and weary are my feet, Come, Great Deliverer, come;
4. Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh, Come, Great Deliverer, come;



My soul bowed down is longing now for Thee, Come, Great Deliverer, come.  
One look from Thee would give me life and light, Come, Great Deliverer, come.  
Mine eyes look up Thy loving smile to meet, Come, Great Deliverer, come.  
Re - gard my prayer, and hear my humble cry, Come, Great Deliverer, come.



## REFRAIN.



I've wandered far away o'er mountains cold, I've wandered far away from home;



O take me now, and bring me to Thy fold, Come, Great Deliverer, come.





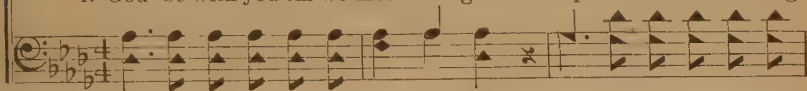
"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—ROMANS 16: 20.

J. E. RANKIN.

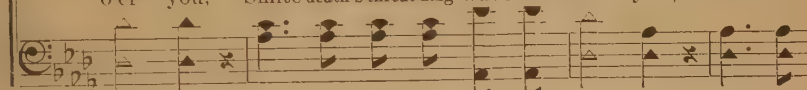
W. G. TOMER.



1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!— By His counsels guide, up -
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—'Neath His wings pro-tect-ing
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—When life's perils thick con-
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—Keep love's banner floating



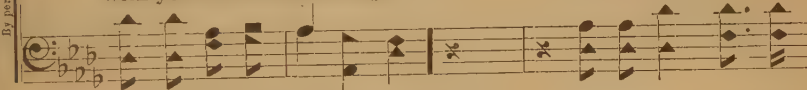
hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be  
hide you, Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you; God be  
found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you; God be  
o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you; God be



CHORUS.



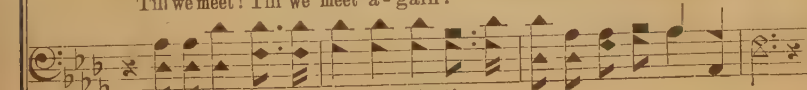
with you till we meet a - gain! Till we meet! . . . Till we  
with you till we meet a - gain!  
with you till we meet a - gain!  
with you till we meet a - gain! Till we meet! till we



meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we  
meet a - gain! Till we meet!



meet! . . . Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!  
Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!



# No. 75. Through the Valley and the Shadow.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley and the shadow."—Psa. 23: 4.

RIAN A. DYKES.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. I must walk thro' the val-ley and the shad-ow, But I'll
2. When I walk thro' the val-ley and the shad-ow, All the
3. Tho' I walk thro' the val-ley and the shad-ow, Yet the
4. I shall walk thro' the val-ley and the shad-ow, I shall

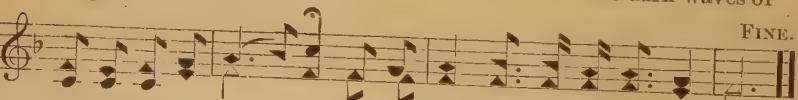


jour-ney in a lov-ing Saviour's care; He hath said He will  
wea-ry days of toil-ing will be o'er; For the strong arms of  
glo-ry of the dawn-ing I shall see; I shall join in the  
fol-low where my Lord has gone be-fore; Thro' the mists of the

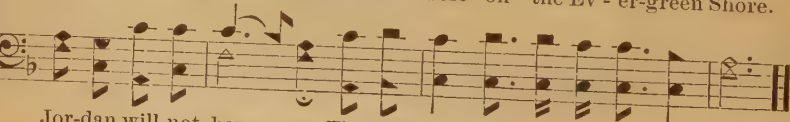


*D.S.*—But the dark waves of

FINE.



nev-er, nev-er leave me, With His Staff He will comfort me there.  
Je-sus will en-fold me, And with Him I shall sor-row no more.  
an-thems o-ver Jor-dan, Where the loved ones are waiting for me.  
val-ley He will lead me, Till I rest on the Ev-er-green Shore.



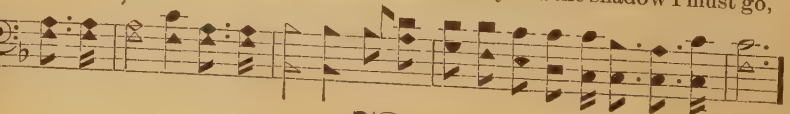
Jor-dan will not harm me, There is peace in the val-ley, I know.

CHORUS.



*D.S.*


Thro' the val-ley, thro' the val-ley, thro' the valley and the shadow I must go,



"He is our Peace."—EPH. 2: 14.

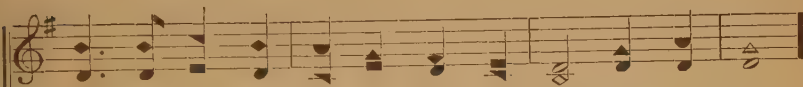
J. DENHAM SMITH.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.




1. God's al-might-y arms are round me, Peace, peace is mine;  
 2. While I hear life's rug-ged bil-lows, Peace, peace is mine;  
 3. Ev-ry tri-al draws Him near-er, Peace, peace is mine;  
 4. Wel-come ev-ry ris-ing sun-light, Peace, peace is mine;


Copyright, 1887, by James McGranahan.



Judg-ment scenes need not con-found me, Peace, peace is mine.  
 Why sus-pend my harp on wil-lows? Peace, peace is mine.  
 All His strokes but make Him dear-er, Peace, peace is mine.  
 Near-er home each roll-ing mid-night, Peace, peace is mine.



Je-sus came Himself and sought me! Sold to Death, He found and bought me!  
 I may sing with Christ beside me, 'Tho' a thousand ills be-tide me;  
 Bless I then the hand that smiteth Gen-tly, and to heal de-light-eth;  
 Death and hell can-not ap-pal me; Safe in Christ what-e'er be-fall me;



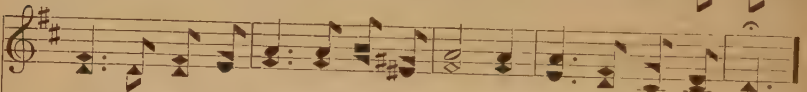
Then my bless-ed free-dom taught me, Peace, peace is mine.  
 Safe-ly He hath sworn to guide me, Peace, peace is mine.  
 'Tis a-against my sins He fight-eth, Peace, peace is mine.  
 Calm-ly wait I till He call me, Peace, peace is mine.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. "Look un - to Me, and be ye saved," O hear the blest com-
2. "Look un - to Me," up - on the cross, O wea - ry burdened
3. "Look un - to Me," thy ris - en Lord, In dark temp - ta - tion's
4. "Look un - to Me," and not *with - in*. No help is *there* for



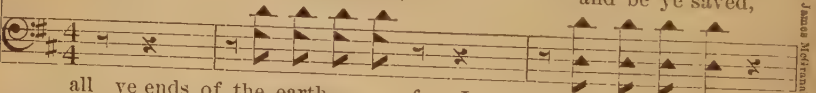
mand, Sal - va - tion full! sal - va - tion free! Pro - claim thro' ev - 'ry land.  
soul, 'Twas there on Me thy sins were laid, Be - lieve and be made whole.  
hour, The need - ful grace I'll free - ly give, To keep from Sa - tan's pow'r.  
thee; For par - don, peace, and all thy need, Look on - ly un - to Me.



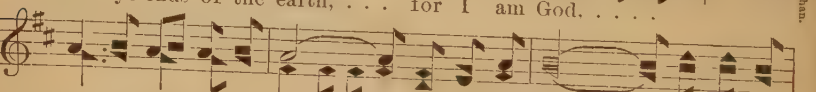
## CHORUS.



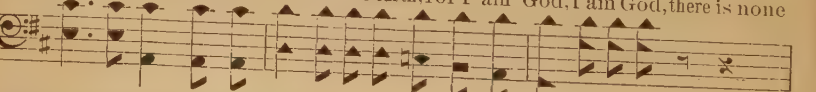
"Look un - to Me, . . . and be ye saved,  
"Look un - to Me, and be ye saved,



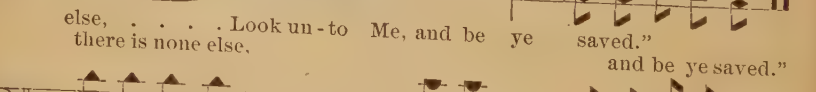
all ye ends of the earth, . . . for I am God, . . .



all ye ends, all ye ends of the earth, for I am God, I am God, there is none



else, . . . Look un - to Me, and be ye saved."  
there is none else, and be ye saved."





# No. 78. My Mother's Prayer.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed."—PROV. 21: 28.

T. C. O'KANE.

SOLO. *Moderato.*



1. As I wandered 'round the homestead, Many a dear fa-mil-iar spot
2. Tho' the house was held by strangers, All remained the same within;
3. Quick I drew it from the rub-bish. Cov-ered o'er with dust so long:



Bro't with-in my rec-ol-lec-tion Scenes I'd seem-ing-ly for-got;  
Just as when a child I ram-bled Up and down, and out and in;  
When, be-hold, I heard in fan-cy Strains of one fa-mil-iar song,



There, the orchard—meadow, yonder—Here, the deep, old fashioned well,  
To the gar-ret dark as-cending—Once a source of child-ish dread—  
Oft-en sung by my dear mother To me in that trundle bed;



With its old moss-cov-ered buck-et, Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.  
Peer-ing thro' the mist-y cobwebs, Lo! I saw my trun-dle bed.  
[Omit. . . . .]

*2nd ending. Slow. p*



"Hush, my dear, lie still and slum-ber! Ho-ly an-gels guard thy bed!"



4 While I listen to the music  
Stealing on in gentle strain,  
I am carried back to childhood—  
I am now a child again:  
'Tis the hour of my retiring,  
At the dusky eventide;  
Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling,  
As of yore, by mother's side.

5 Hands are on my head so loving,  
As they were in childhood's days;  
I, with weary tones, am trying,  
To repeat the words she says;  
'Tis a prayer in language simple  
As a mother's lips can frame:  
\* "Father, Thou who art in heaven,  
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name."

6 Prayer is over: to my pillow  
With a "good-night!" kiss I creep,  
Scarcely waking while I whisper,  
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"  
Then my mother, o'er me bending,  
Prays in earnest words, but mild:  
\* "Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,  
Bless, oh, bless, my precious child!"

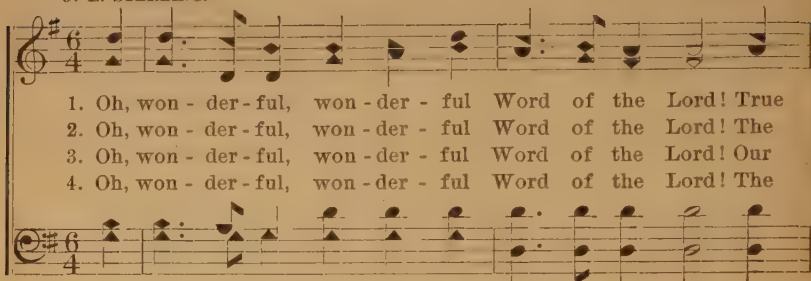
7 Yet I am but only dreaming:  
Ne'er I'll be a child again;  
Many years has that dear mother  
In the quiet churchyard lain;  
But the mem'ry of her counsels  
O'er my path a light has shed,  
Daily calling me to heaven,  
Even from my trundle bed.

# No. 79. Oh, Wonderful Word!

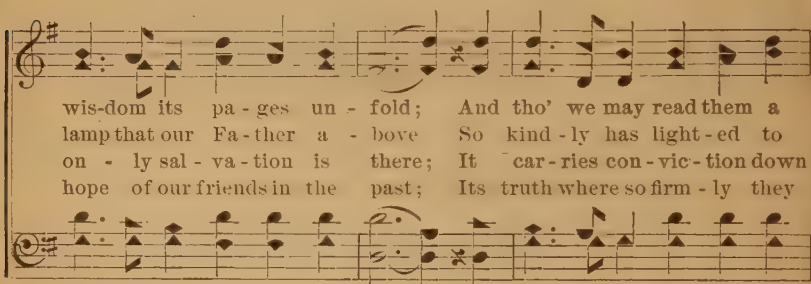
"The Word of the Lord endureth for ever."—1 PETER 1: 25.

J. L. STERLING.

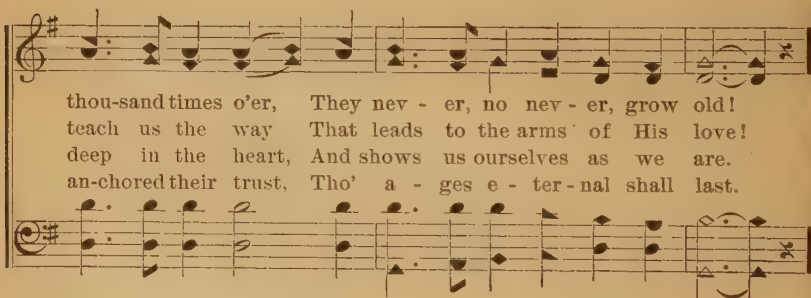
IRA D. SANKEY.



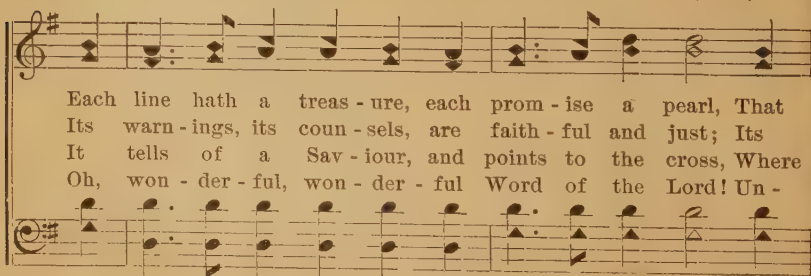
1. Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful Word of the Lord! True  
 2. Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful Word of the Lord! The  
 3. Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful Word of the Lord! Our  
 4. Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful Word of the Lord! The



wis - dom its pa - ges un - fold; And tho' we may read them a  
 lamp that our Fa - ther a - bove So kind - ly has light - ed to  
 on - ly sal - va - tion is there; It car - ries con - vic - tion down  
 hope of our friends in the past; Its truth where so firm - ly they



thou - sand times o'er, They nev - er, no nev - er, grow old!  
 teach us the way That leads to the arms of His love!  
 deep in the heart, And shows us ourselves as we are.  
 an - chored their trust, Tho' a - ges e - ter - nal shall last.



Each line hath a treas - ure, each prom - ise a pearl, That  
 Its warn - ings, its coun - sels, are faith - ful and just; Its  
 It tells of a Sav - iour, and points to the cross, Where  
 Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful Word of the Lord! Un -

Copyright, 1886, by Ira D. Sankey.

# Oh, Wonderful Word.—Concluded.

all if they will may se - cure ; And we know that when time and the  
 judg-ments are per-fect and pure ; And we know that when time and the  
 par - don we now may se - cure ; For we know that when time and the  
 changing, a - bid-ing and sure ; For we know that when time and the

world pass a - way, God's Word shall for - ev - er en - dure.

## No. 80. The Sweetest Name.

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus ; for He shall save His people  
 from their sins."—MATT. 1: 21.

GEO. W. BETHUNE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven  
 { The name, be-fore His wond'rous birth, To Christ the Saviour (*Omit*) giv - en.  
 2. { And when He hung up - on the tree, They wrote this name a - bove Him  
 { That all might see the rea-son we For-ev - ermore must (*Omit*) love Him.

D.C. For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet, as (*Omit*) " Je-sus ! "

REFRAIN.

D.C.

We love to sing of Christ our King, And hail Him bless-ed Je - sus !

3 So now, upon His Father's throne — 4 O Jesus! by that matchless Name  
 Almighty to release us Thy grace shall fail us never,  
 From sin and pain — He ever reigns, To-day as yesterday the same,  
 The Prince and Saviour, Jesus. Thou art the same for ever!

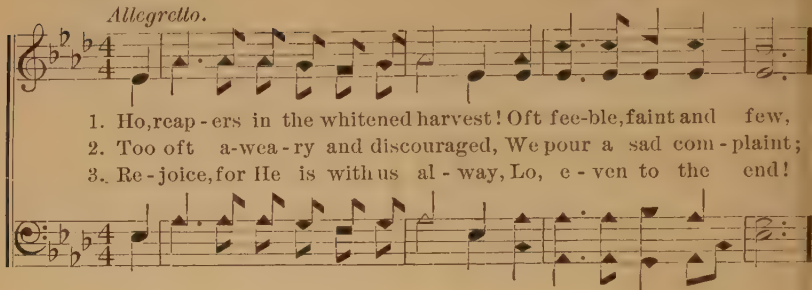
# No. 81. They that Wait upon the Lord.

ISA. 40: 31.

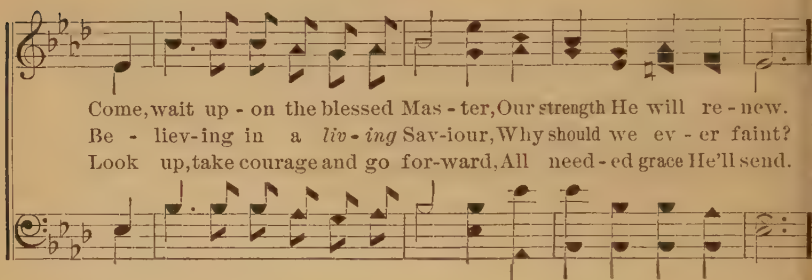
G. M. J.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

*Allegretto.*

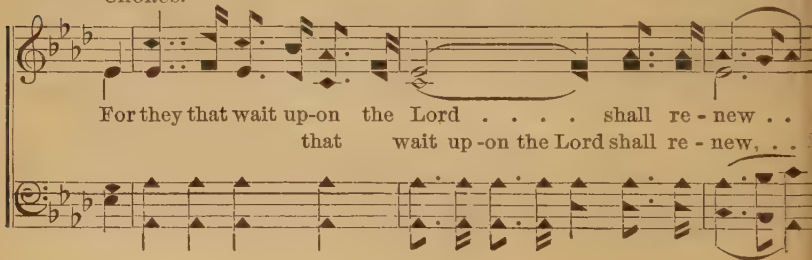


1. Ho, reap - ers in the whitened harvest! Oft fee - ble, faint and few,  
 2. Too oft a - wea - ry and discouraged, We pour a sad com - plaint;  
 3. Re - joice, for He is with us al - way, Lo, e - ven to the end!

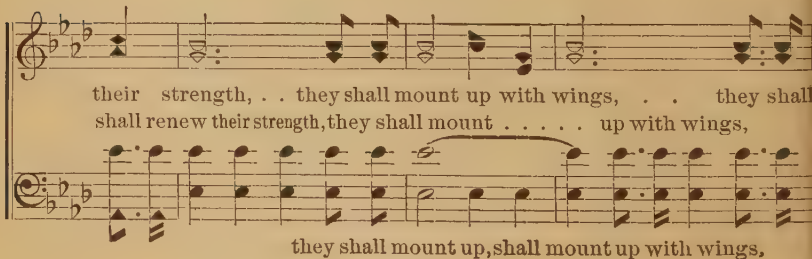


Come, wait up - on the blessed Mas - ter, Our strength He will re - new.  
 Be - liev - ing in a *liv - ing* Sav - iour, Why should we ev - er faint?  
 Look up, take courage and go for - ward, All need - ed grace He'll send.

CHORUS.



For they that wait up - on the Lord . . . . shall re - new . .  
 that wait up - on the Lord shall re - new, . .



their strength, . . they shall mount up with wings, . . they shall  
 shall renew their strength, they shall mount . . . . up with wings,  
 they shall mount up, shall mount up with wings,

# They that Wait.—Concluded.

*rit. a tempo.*

mount up with wings as ea-gles; They shall run . . . and not be  
they shall run and

wea - - ry, they shall walk and not faint; They shall  
not be wea-ry, They shall walk, shall walk and not faint;

run. . . . and not be wea - - ry, they shall walk and not  
they shall run and not be wea-ry, they shall walk, shall

faint; They shall run and not be wea - ry, shall walk and not faint.  
walk and not faint;



# No. 82. Pardon, Peace, and Power.

JER. 33: 8. PS. 29: 11. ACTS 1: 8.

EL. NATHAN.

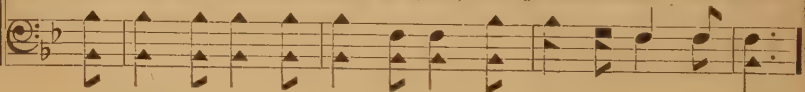
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Would we be joy - ful in the Lord? Then count the rich - es o'er,
2. For ev - 'ry sin, by grace di - vine A *par - don* free be - stowed;
3. Of grace to break the pow'r of sin, He gives a full sup - ply;
4. The *power* to win a soul to God, The Spir - it, too, in - parts;
5. These blessings we by faith receive, By sin - ple child-like trust;



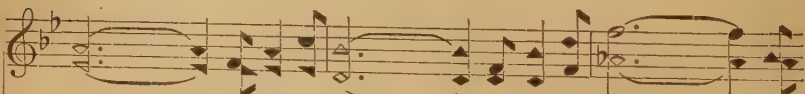
Re - vealed to faith with - in His Word, And note the boundless store.  
And with the *par - don* *peace* is mine, The peace in Je - sus' blood.  
The Ho - ly Ghost, the heart within, From sin doth *pu - ri - fy*.  
And He, the gift of Christ our Lord, Dwells *now* in all our hearts.  
*In Christ*, 'tis God's de - light to *give*; He promised, and He must.



## CHORUS.



There is *par - - - don*, *peace*, and *pow'r*, . . . And *pu - ri -*  
*pardon*, *peace*, and *pow'r*, *pardon*, *peace*, and *pow'r*,



ty, . . . and *Par - a - dise*; . . . With all of these . . . in  
And *puri - ty*, and *Paradise*; With all of these in



# Pardon. — Concluded.

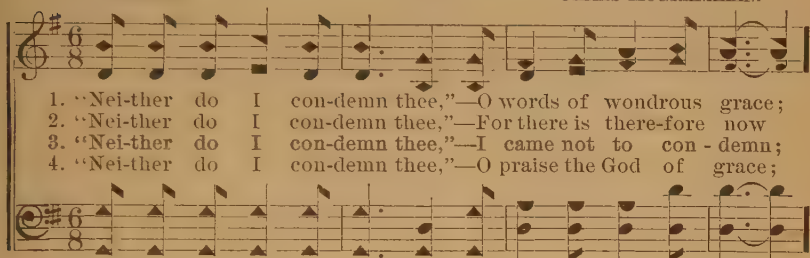


Christ for me, . . . . . Let joy - ful songs of praise to Him a - rise!  
in Christ for me,

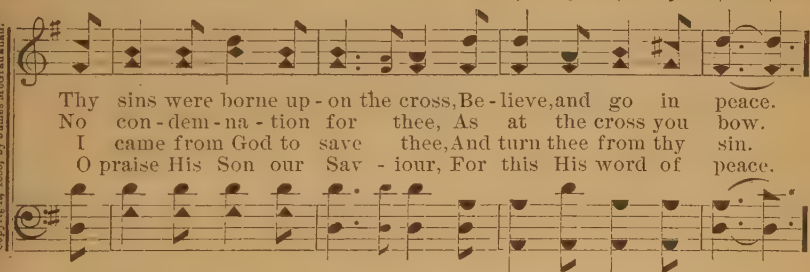
## No. 83. "Neither do I Condemn Thee."

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

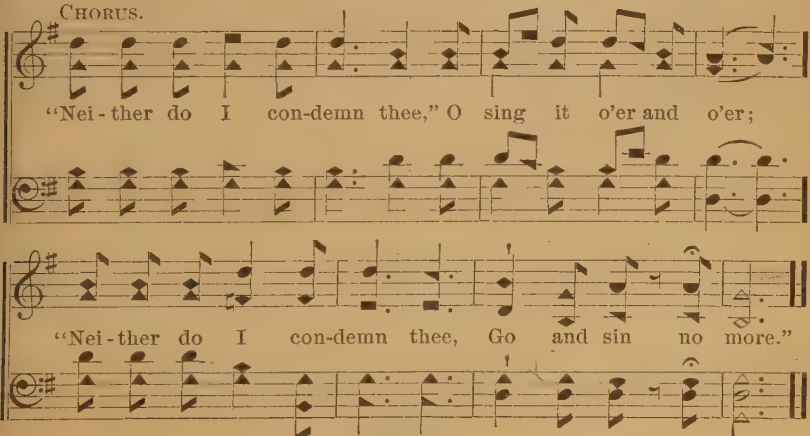


1. "Nei-ther do I con-demn thee,"—O words of wondrous grace;  
2. "Nei-ther do I con-demn thee,"—For there is there-fore now  
3. "Nei-ther do I con-demn thee,"—I came not to con - demn;  
4. "Nei-ther do I con-demn thee,"—O praise the God of grace;



Thy sins were borne up - on the cross, Be - lieve, and go in peace.  
No con - dem - na - tion for thee, As at the cross you bow.  
I came from God to save thee, And turn thee from thy sin.  
O praise His Son our Sav - iour, For this His word of peace.

### CHORUS.



"Nei-ther do I con-demn thee," O sing it o'er and o'er;  
"Nei-ther do I con-demn thee, Go and sin no more."

# No. 84. Though your Sins be as Scarlet.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—ISAIAH 1: 18.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1

2

1. Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;  
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! to God!  
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red . . . . . like crim-son, They shall be as wool!"  
He is of great . . . . . compas-sion, And of won-drous love;  
"Look un-to Me, . . . . . ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;  
Tho' they be red,

DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,  
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,  
He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for-give your transgressions,

*p* ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."  
Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! Oh, re-turn ye un-to God!  
And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

# No. 85. Rejoice, Rejoice, Believer.

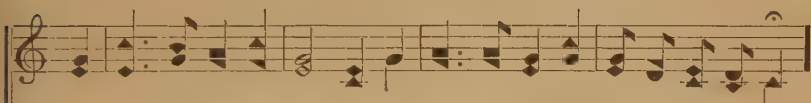
"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—PHIL. 4: 4.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. Rejoice, re-joyce, be-liev - er, And let thy joy and glo-ry ev - er be,
2. Rejoice in thy Re-deem-er, Thou hast a place that nothing can remove;
3. Rejoice, re-joyce, be-liev - er, A home on high is waiting now for thee;
4. Rejoice, re-joyce, be-liev - er, Press on to join the happy, happy throng;



In Him, the Great De-liv-'rer, Who gave Himself a sac - ri-fice for thee.  
He bids thee dwell in safe - ty, And rest beneath the sha-dow of His love.  
And there, in all His beau - ty, The King of saints with wonder thou shalt see.  
Where soon thy Lord will call thee To realms of joy and ev - er-last - ing song.



## CHORUS.



Re-joyce, be-liev - er, Re - joyce . . . and sing Of  
O rejoice, O rejoice,



Him who lives for - ev - er, Thy great High Priest and King.



"Whosoever calleth on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—JOEL 2: 32; ACTS 2: 21;

ROM. 10: 13.

JULIA STERLING.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Oh, hear the joy - ful mes - sage, 'Tis sound - ing far and wide;  
 2. Ye souls that long in dark - ness The path of sin have trod,  
 3. Ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Op - pressed with toil and care,

Good news of full sal - va - tion, Thro' Him, the Cru - ci - fied;  
 Be - hold, the light of mer - cy! Be - hold the Lamb of God;  
 He waits to bid you wel - come, And all your bur - dens bear;

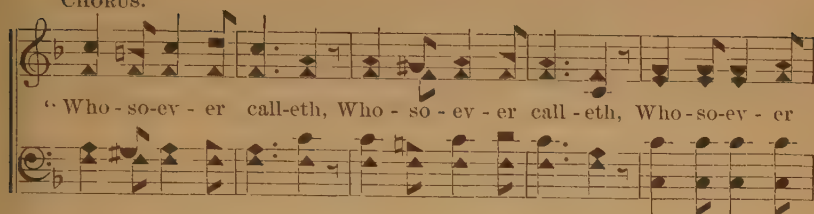
God's Word is Truth E - ter - nal; Its prom - ise all may claim,  
 With all your heart be - lieve Him, And now the prom - ise claim,  
 A pre - cious gift He of - fers, A gift that all may claim,

Who look by faith to Je - sus, And call up - on His name.  
 That none shall ev - er per - ish, Who call up - on His name.  
 Who look to Him be - liev - ing, And call up - on His name.

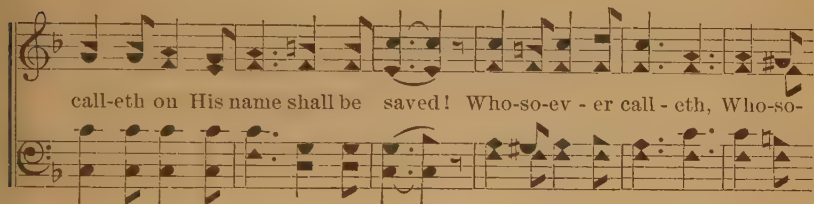


# Whosoever Calleth.— Concluded.

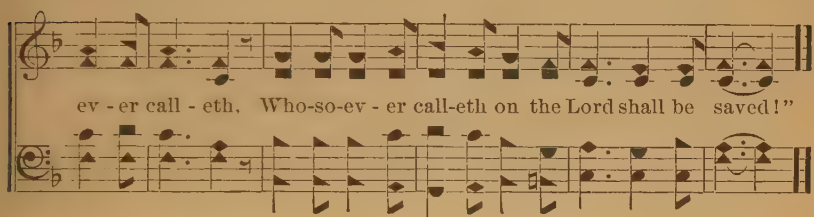
CHORUS.



Who - so - ev - er call - eth, Who - so - ev - er call - eth, Who - so - ev - er



call - eth on His name shall be saved! Who - so - ev - er call - eth, Who - so -

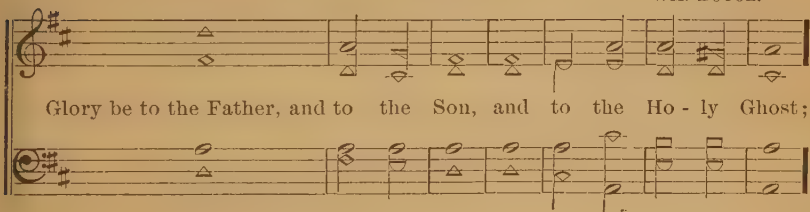


ev - er call - eth, Who - so - ev - er call - eth on the Lord shall be saved!"

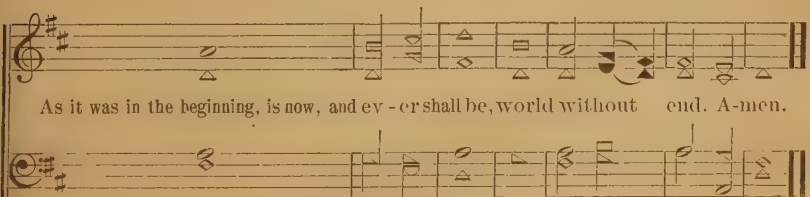
No. 87.

## Gloria Patri.

WM. BOYCE.



Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;



As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men.

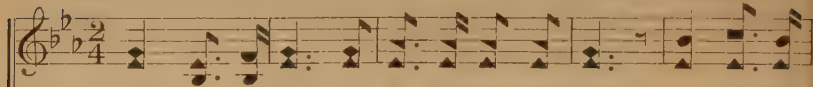
# No. 88.

# Come unto Me.

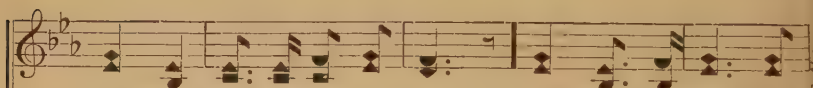
"Come unto me all ye that labor, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

NATH. NORTON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. "Come un - to Me," It is the Saviour's voice, The Lord of
2. Wea - ry with life's long struggle full of pain, O doubt-ing
3. Oh, dy - ing man, with guilt and sin dis-mayed, With conscience
4. Rest, peace, and life, the flow'rs of deathless bloom, The Saviour



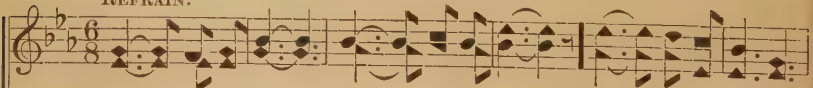
life, who bids thy heart re-joice; O wea - ry heart, with  
soul, thy Sav-iour calls a - gain; Thy doubts shall van - ish  
wak-ened, of thy God a - fraid; Twixt hopes and fears—oh,  
give us, not be-yond the tomb— But here, and now, on



heav - y cares oppress'd; "Come un to Me," and I will give you rest.  
and thy sorrows cease, "Come un-to Me," and I will give you peace.  
end the anxious strife, "Come un-to Me," and I will give you life.  
earth, some glimpse is giv'n Of joys which wait us thro' the gates of heav'n.



## REFRAIN.

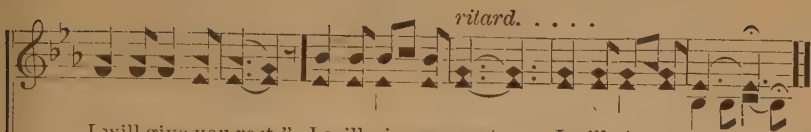


"Come un-to me," "come un-to me," "Come un-to me, and



"Come un - to me," oh, "come un - to me," "Come un - to me,

# Come unto Me.—Concluded.



I will give you rest," I will give you rest, I will give you rest.  
will give you rest, will give you rest.



## No. 89. Safe Home in Port.

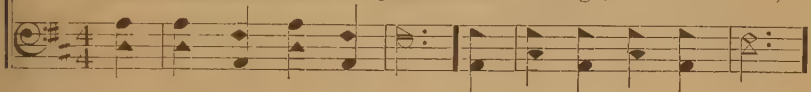
"So he bringeth them to their desired haven."—Ps. 107: 30.

Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

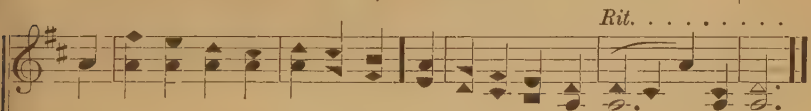
A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cord-age, shat-tered deck,



Torn sails, pro - vis - ions short, And on - ly not a wreck:



But, oh! the joy, up - on the shore, To tell our voyage per - - - ils o'er.



2 The prize, the prize secure!  
The wrestler nearly fell;  
Bare all he could endure,  
And bare not always well:  
But he may smile at troubles gone  
Who sets the victor garland on!

3 No more the foe can harm!  
No more of leaguered camp,  
And cry of night alarm,

And need of ready lamp:—  
And yet how nearly had he failed—  
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

4 The exile is at home!  
Oh, nights and days of tears!  
Oh, longings not to roam!  
Oh, sins and doubts and fears!  
What matters now grief's darkest day,  
When God has wiped all tears away!

# No. 90.

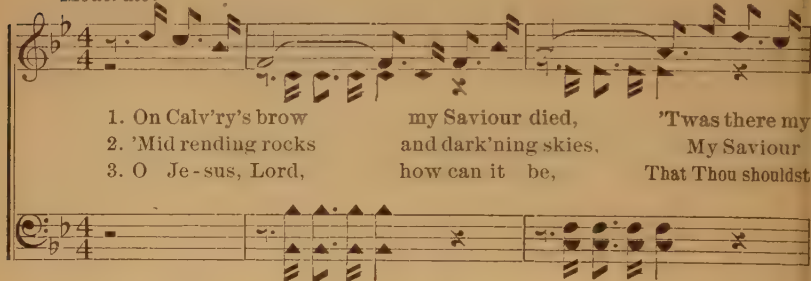
# Calvary.

"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."—LUKE 23: 33.

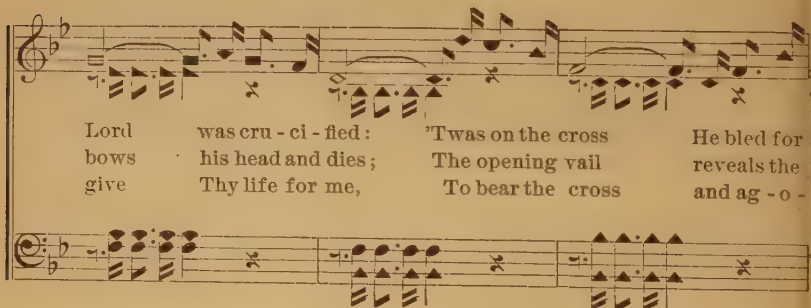
W. M'K. DARWOOD.

JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.

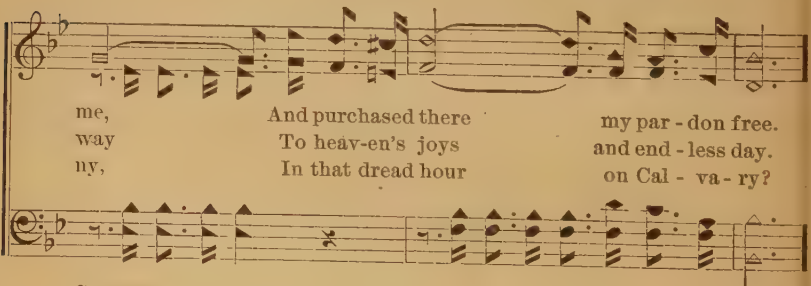
*Moderato.*



1. On Calv'ry's brow my Saviour died, 'Twas there my  
2. 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies, My Saviour  
3. O Je-sus, Lord, how can it be, That Thou shouldst

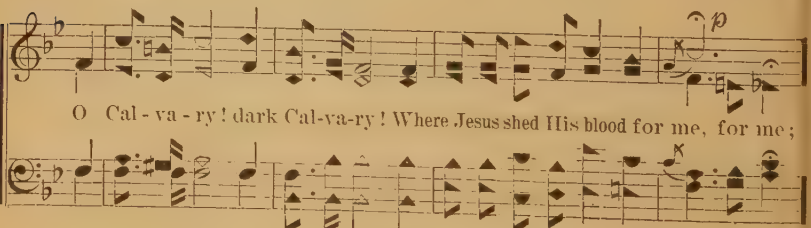


Lord was cru - ci - fled : 'Twas on the cross He bled for  
bows his head and dies ; The opening vail reveals the  
give Thy life for me, To bear the cross and ag - o -



me, And purchased there my par - don free.  
way To heav-en's joys and end - less day.  
ny, In that dread hour on Cal - va - ry?

CHORUS.



O Cal - va - ry ! dark Cal - va - ry ! Where Jesus shed His blood for me, for me ;

# Calvary.—Concluded.

O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va - ry! 'Twas there my Saviour died for me.

## No. 91. Hold Thou my Hand.

"I the Lord have called thee.....and will hold thine hand."—ISAIAH 42: 6.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

*Moderato.*

1. Hold Thou my hand; so weak I am, and help-less, I dare not  
 2. Hold Thou my hand, and clos-er, clos-er draw me To Thy dear  
 3. Hold Thou my hand: the way is dark be-fore me With-out the  
 4. Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the mar-gin Of that lone

take one step without Thy aid; Hold Thou my hand; for then, O loving  
 self—my hope, my joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand, lest hap-ly I should  
 sun-light of Thy face di-vine; But when by faith I catch its ra-diant  
 riv-er Thou didst cross for me, A heavenly light may flash along its

Sav-our, No dread of ill shall make my soul a-fraid.  
 wan-der, And, miss-ing Thee, my trembling feet should fall.  
 glo-ry, What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!  
 wa-ters, And ev-'ry wave like crys-tal bright shall be.

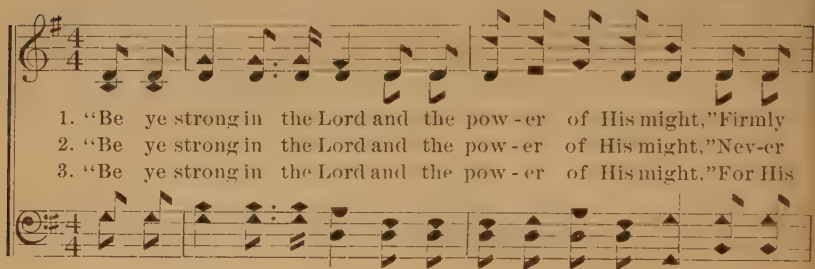


# No. 92. Be ye Strong in the Lord.

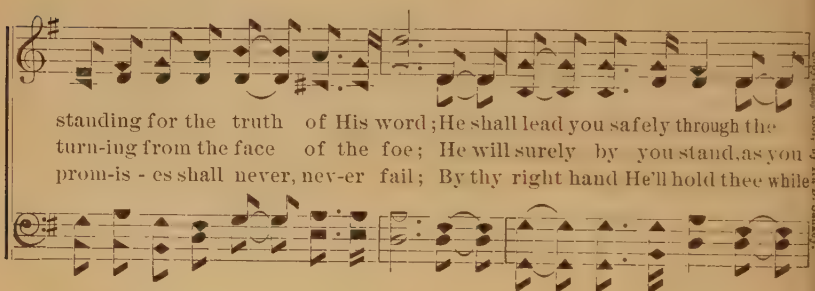
"Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."— EPH. 6: 10.

EL. NATHAN.

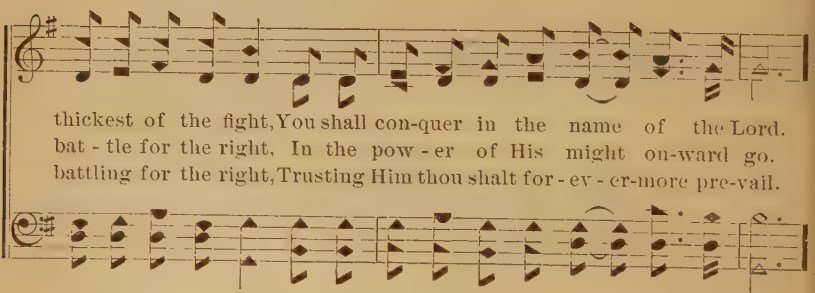
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow-er of His might," Firmly  
 2. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow-er of His might," Nev-er  
 3. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the pow-er of His might," For His

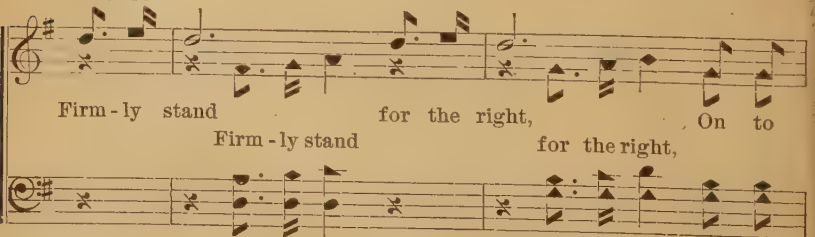


standing for the truth of His word; He shall lead you safely through the  
 turn-ing from the face of the foe; He will surely by you stand, as you  
 prom-is-es shall never, nev-er fail; By thy right hand He'll hold thee while



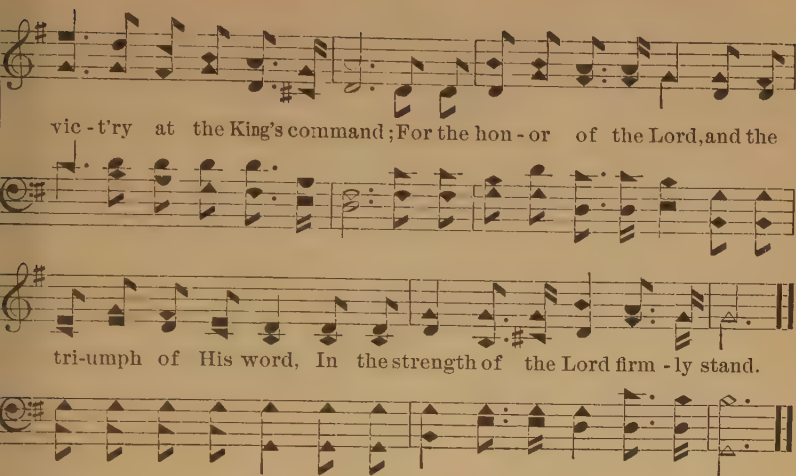
thickest of the fight, You shall con-quer in the name of the Lord.  
 bat-tle for the right, In the pow-er of His might on-ward go.  
 battling for the right, Trusting Him thou shalt for-ev-er-more pre-vail.

## CHORUS.



Firm-ly stand for the right, On to  
 Firm-ly stand for the right,

# Be ye Strong in the Lord.—Concluded.



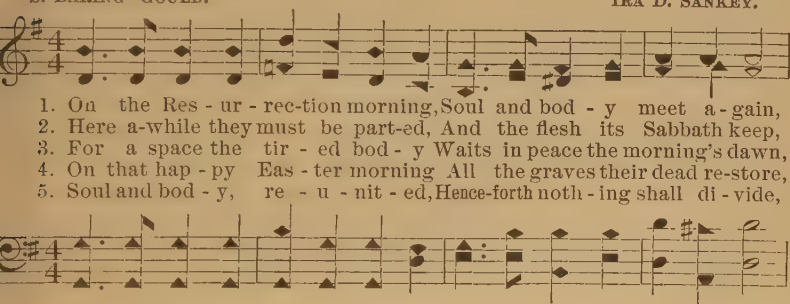
vic - t'ry at the King's command ; For the hon - or of the Lord, and the  
tri-umph of His word, In the strength of the Lord firm - ly stand.

## No. 93. Resurrection Morn.

"The dead in Christ shall rise first."—1 THESS. 4: 16.

S. BARING-GOULD.

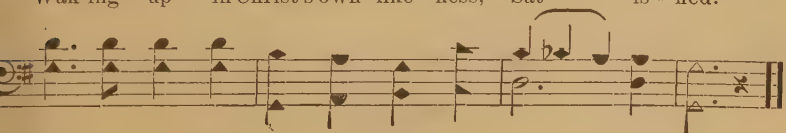
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. On the Res - ur - rec - tion morning, Soul and bod - y meet a - gain,  
2. Here a - while they must be part - ed, And the flesh its Sabbath keep,  
3. For a space the tir - ed bod - y Waits in peace the morning's dawn,  
4. On that hap - py Eas - ter morning All the graves their dead re - store,  
5. Soul and bod - y, re - u - nit - ed, Hence - forth noth - ing shall di - vide,



No more sor - row, no more weep - ing,	No . . more pain.
Wait - ing in a ho - ly still - ness,	Wrapped in sleep.
When there breaks the last and bright - est	East - er morn.
Fa - ther, moth - er, sis - ter, broth - er,	Meet . . once more.
Wak - ing up in Christ's own like - ness,	Sat - is - fied.



# No. 94. Beloved, now are we.

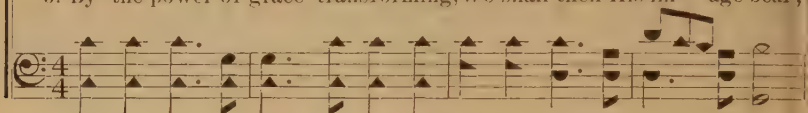
EL. NATHAN.

1 JNO. 3: 2.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



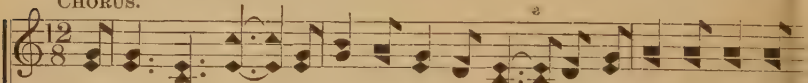
1. Sons of God, be - loved in Je - sus! O the wondrous word of grace
2. Blessed hope now bright - ly beaming, On our God we soon shall gaze
3. By the power of grace transforming, We shall then His im - age bear;



In His Son the Fa - ther sees us, And as sons He gives us place.  
And in light ce - les - tial gleaming, We shall see our Saviour's face.  
Christ His promised word per - forming, We shall then His glo - ry share.



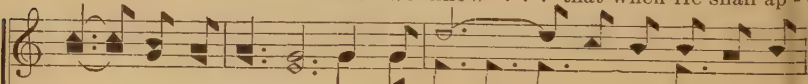
## CHORUS.



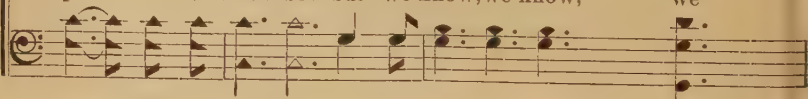
Be - lov - ed, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet ap -



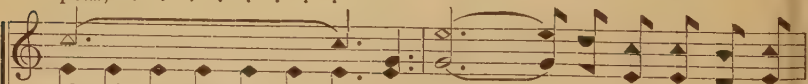
but we know . . . that when He shall ap -



pear what we shall be: but we know, we know, we



pear, . . . . .



know that when He shall ap - pear, we know . . . that when He shall ap -  
we know, we know, we



# Beloved, now are we.—Concluded.

pear, . . . we shall be like Him; we shall be  
know that when He shall ap-pear,

like Him, For we shall see . . . Him as . . . He is. . .

*rit.*

## No. 95. There is a Name I love.

F. WHITFIELD.

(GEER. C.M.)

H. W. GREATORREX.

1. There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;  
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love Who died to set me free;  
3. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart Can feel my smallest woe—  
4. It bids my tremb-ling soul re-joice, And dries each ris - ing tear;

It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear— The sweetest Name on earth.  
It tells me of His precious blood—The sin-ner's per - fect plea.  
Who in each sor - row bears a part That none can bear be - low.  
It tells me in a "still small voice," To trust, and not to fear.

# No. 96. Blessed be the Fountain.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—PSALM 51: 7.

E. R. LATTA.

H. S. PERKINS.

*Moderato.*

1. Bless-ed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sin-ners revealed;
2. Thorny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er came;
3. Fa-ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a-stray;

Bless-ed be the dear Son of God: On-ly by His stripes we are healed.  
Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered not thus in vain.  
Crim-son do my sins seem to me—Wa-ter can not wash them a-way.

Tho' I've wandered far from His fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe,  
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be-low;  
Je-sus to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy promise I go;

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.  
Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.  
Cleans me by Thy washing di-vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.

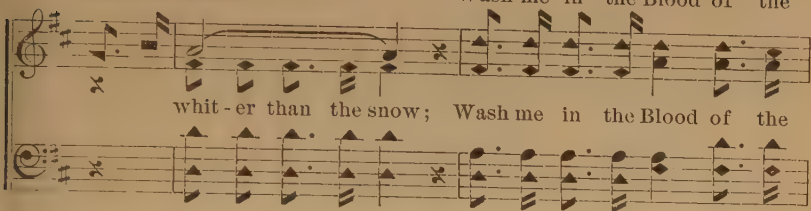
Whit - er than the snow, . . . Whit - er

Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow,

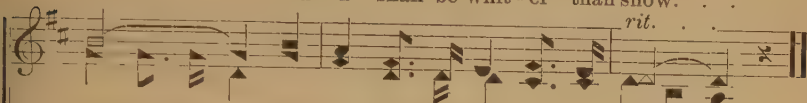


# Blessed be the Fountain.—Concluded.

than the snow; . . . . Wash me in the Blood of the



Lamb, . . . . And I shall be whit-er than snow. . . .



Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow, than snow.

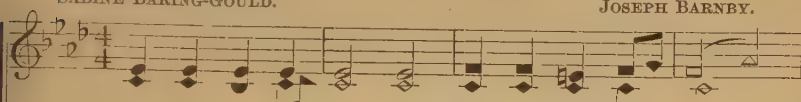


## No. 97. Now the Day is Over.

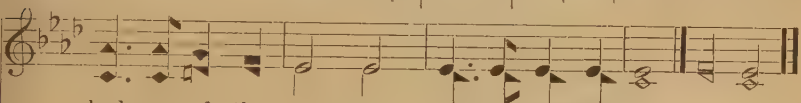
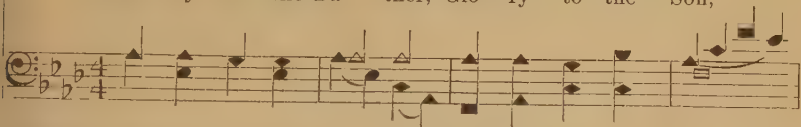
"For the shadows of the evening are stretched out."—JER. 6: 4.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

JOSEPH BARNEY.



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Thro' the long night-watch-es May Thine an - gels spread
4. When the morn-ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise
5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,



shad-ows of the even-ing  
With Thy tend'rest bless-ing  
Their white wings a-bove us,  
Pure, and fresh, and sin-less  
And to Thee, blest Spir-it,

Steal a-cross the sky.  
May our eye-lids close.  
Watching round each bed.  
In Thy ho-ly eyes.  
Whilst all a-ges run. A-men.



evening Steal a-cross

the sky.

# No. 98. In the Secret of His Presence.

"Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy presence."—PSALM XXXI. 20.

ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH, of India.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

*Slowly.*



1. In the se - cret of His pres-ence how my soul de-lights to hide!
2. When my soul is faint and thirst-y, 'neath the shad-ow of His wing
3. On - ly this I know : I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears ;
4. Would you like to know the sweetness of the se - cret of the Lord ?



*Slowly.*



Oh, how precious are the les-sons which I learn at Je - sus' side ! Earthly  
There is cool and pleasant shel-ter, and a fresh and crys-tal spring ; And my  
Oh, how pa-tient - ly He list-ens ! and my drooping soul He cheers : Do you  
Go and hide beneath His shad-ow : this shall then be your reward ; And when



cares can nev-er vex me, neither tri-als lay me low ; For when Satan comes to  
Saviour rests be-side me, as we hold communion sweet : If I tried, I could not  
think He ne'er reproves me ? what a false friend He would be, If He nev-er, nev-er  
e'er you leave the si-lence of that happy meeting place, You must mind and bear 'the



# In the Secret of His Presence. Concluded.

*rit.*

tempt me, to the se-cret place I go, to the se-cret place I go.  
 ut - ter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet.  
 told me of the sins which He must see, of the sins which He must see.  
 im - age of the Mas-ter in your face, of the Mas-ter in your face.

*rit.*

## No. 99.

## Till He Come.

"For yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."—HEB. 10: 37.

HENRY ALFORD.

P. P. BLISS.

*Moderato.*

**FINE.**

1. "Till He come!" Oh, let the words Lin-ger on the trembling chords,  
 2. When the wea - ry ones we love En - ter on that rest a - bove,

D.C. Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be - yond that "Till He come!"  
 D.C. Hush! be ev - 'ry mur-mur dumb, It is on - ly "Till He come!"

*D.C.*

Let the "lit - tle while" be - tween In their gold - en light be seen;  
 When their words of love and cheer Fall no lon - ger on our ear,

3 Clouds and darkness round us press; 4 See, the feast of love is spread,  
 Would we have one sorrow less? Drink the wine and eat the bread;  
 All the sharpness of the cross, Sweet memorials, till the Lord  
 All that tells the world is loss, Call us round His heavenly board,  
 Death, and darkness, and the tomb, Some from earth, from glory some,  
 Pain us only "Till He come!" Severed only "Till He come!"

# No. 100. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

"Be strong and of good courage."—DEUT. 31: 6.

S. BARING-GOULD.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

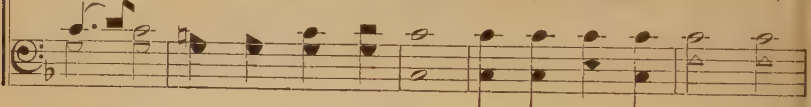
*Presto.*



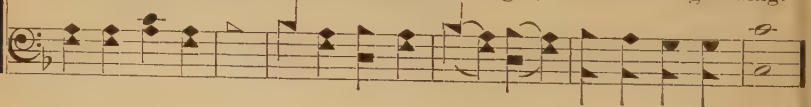
1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might - y ar - my, Moves the Church of God : Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. Onward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your



Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,  
tread - ing Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vi - ded,  
Je - sus Con - stant will re - main. Gates of hell can nev - er  
voi - ces, In the tri - umph - song : Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,



Leads against the foe ; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go.  
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
'Gainst that Church prevail : We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.  
Un - to Christ the King : This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.



CHORUS.



Onward, Chris - tian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the



# Onward, Christian Soldiers.—Concluded.

With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.  
cross of

## No. 101. Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

(PILOT, 7s 6 lines.)

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar

Unknown waves before me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

Chart and compass come from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
Wond'rous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"



# No. 102. The Lily of the Valley.

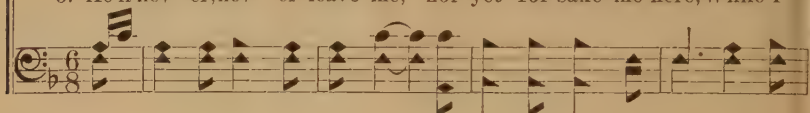
"I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valleys."—SONG OF SOLOMON 2: 1.

C. W. FRY.

Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.



1. I've found a friend in Je-sus,—He's ev-'ry-thing to me; He's the
2. He all my grief has tak-en, and all my sor-rows borne; In temp-
3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet for-sake me here, While I



fair-est of ten thousand to my soul! The "Lil-y of the Val-ley," in  
ta-tion He's my strong and mighty tower; I've all for Him forsak-en, I've  
live by faith, and do His blessed will; A wall of fire a-bout me, I've



Him a-lone I see,—All I need to cleanse and make me ful-ly whole:  
all my i-dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.  
noth-ing now to fear: With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill.



In sor-row He's my com-fort, in trou-ble He's my stay; He  
Tho' all the world for-sake me, and Sa-tan tempts me sore, Thro'  
When crown'd at last in glo-ry, I'll see His bless-ed face, Where



D.S.—In sor-row He's my com-fort, in trou-ble He's my stay; He

# The Lily of the Valley. — Concluded.

tells me ev'ry care on Him to roll; He's the "Lily of the Val-ley," the  
 Je-sus I shall safely reach the goal; He's the "Lily of the Val-ley," the  
 riv-ers of de-light shall ever roll; He's the "Lily of the Val-ley," the

tells me ev'ry care on Him to roll; He's the "Lily of the Val-ley," the  
*D.S. for CHORUS.*

bright and morning Star; He's the fair-est of ten thous-and to my soul! . .

bright and morning Star; He's the fair-est of ten thous-and to my soul! . .

## No. 103. Jesus, the very Thought.

E. CASWALL, tr.

(ST. AGNES. C. M.)

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Je-sus, the ver-y tho't of Thee. With sweetness fills my breast;  
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem-ry find  
 3. Oh, hope of ev'-ry con-trite heart! Oh, joy of all the meek!

But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.  
 A sweet-er sound than Thy blest name, O Saviour of man-kind!  
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek.

4 And those who find Thee, find a bliss 5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,  
 Nor tongue nor pen can show; As Thou our prize wilt be;  
 The love of Jesus, what it is Jesus! be Thou our glory now,  
 None but His loved ones know. And through eternity.

JNO. 14: 6.

G. M. J.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Like wand'ring sheep o'er mountains cold, Since all have gone a - stray ;  
 2. Be - wildered oft with doubt and care, To God I fain would go ;  
 3. To Christ the WAY, the TRUTH, the LIFE, I come no more to roam ;

To "Life" and peace within the fold. How may I find the way?  
 While ma-ny cry "Lo here ! lo there !" The Truth how may I know?  
 He'll guide me to my "Father's house," To my E - ter - nal home.

## CHORUS.

I . . . . am the way, . . . . the truth, . . . . and the  
 I am the way, I am the way, I am the way, the

life ; . . . . No man com-eth un-to the Father but by Me.  
 truth, and the life ;

# I am the Way.—Concluded.

I . . . . am the way, . . . . the truth, . . . and the

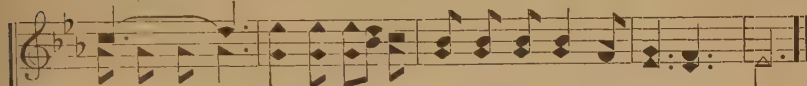


I am the way, . . . . I am the way, . . . I am the way, . . the

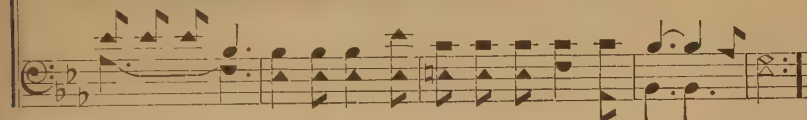


I . . . . am the way, . . . . the truth, . . . and the

life; . . . .



truth, and the life; No man cometh un- to the Fa-ther but by Me."



life; . . . .

## No. 105. Have Faith in God.

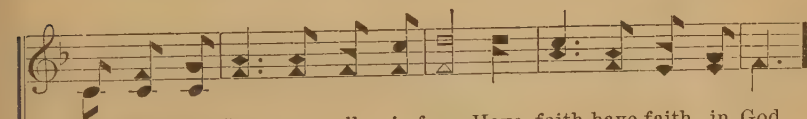
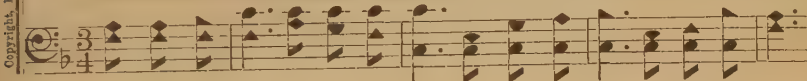
MARK 11: 22.

EL. NATHAN.

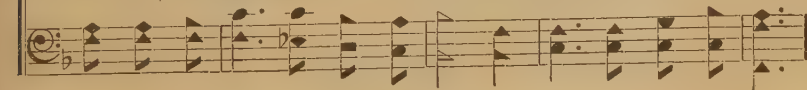
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Have faith in God; what can there be For Him too hard to do for thee?
2. Have faith thy par-don to be-lieve, Let God's own word thy fears re-lieve;
3. Have faith in God, and trust His might That He will con-quer as you fight,
4. Have faith in God; press near His side; Thy troubled soul trust Him to guide;



He gave His Son; now all is free; Have faith, have faith in God.  
 Have faith the Spir - it to receive; Have faith, have faith in God.  
 And give the tri - umph to the right; Have faith, have faith in God.  
 In life, in death, what-e'er be-tide, Have faith, have faith in God.



# No. 106. Some Sweet Day, By and By.

F. J. CROSBY.

"Then I shall know."—1. COR. 13: 12.

W. H. DOANE.

1. We shall reach the summer-land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
2. At the crys - tal riv - er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall
3. Oh, these parting scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall

press the gold - en strand, Some sweet day, by and by; Oh, the  
find each brok - en link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the  
gath - er friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be-

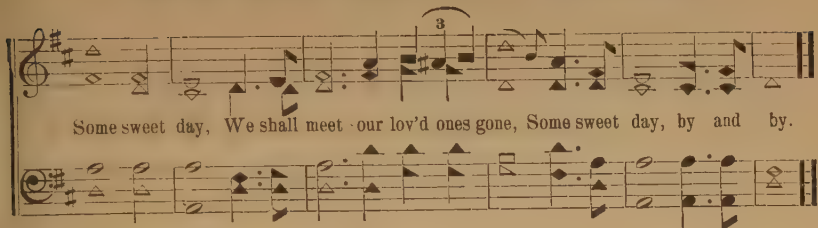
loved ones watching there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we  
star that, fad - ing here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall  
fore our Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall

## REFRAIN.

come their joy to share, Some sweet day, by and by. } By and by,  
see more bright and clear, Some sweet day, by and by. }  
know as we are known, Some sweet day, by and by. } By and by, yes, by and by,



# Some Sweet Day, etc.—Concluded.



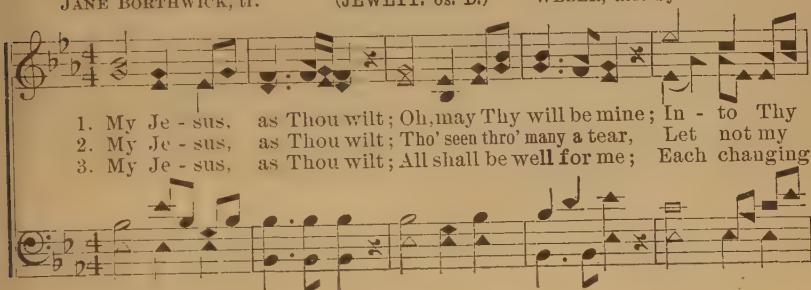
Some sweet day, We shall meet our lov'd ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by.

## No. 107. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

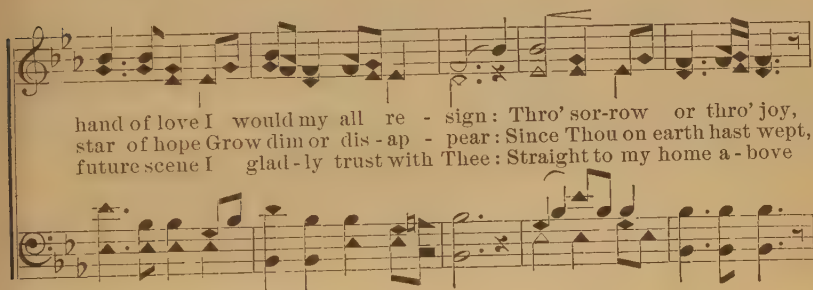
JANE BORTHWICK, tr.

(JEWETT. 6s. D.)

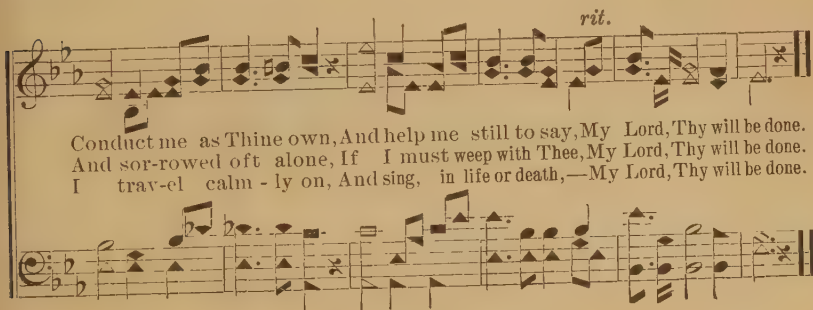
WEBER, arr. by H. P. M.



1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy  
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my  
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; All shall be well for me; Each changing



hand of love I would my all re - sign: Thro' sor-row or thro' joy,  
star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear: Since Thou on earth hast wept,  
future scene I glad - ly trust with Thee: Straight to my home a - bove



*rit.*  
Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.  
And sor-rowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.  
I trav-el calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death,—My Lord, Thy will be done.

# No. 108. What will you do with Jesus?

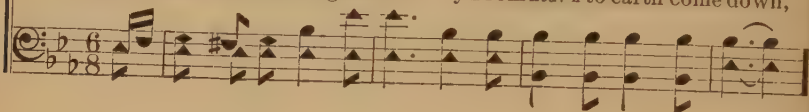
"What shall I do with Jesus, which is called Christ?"—MATT. 27: 22.

NATHANIEL NORTON.

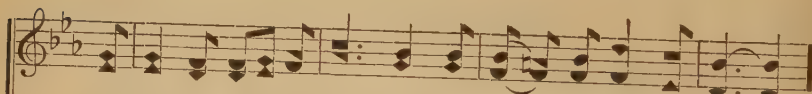
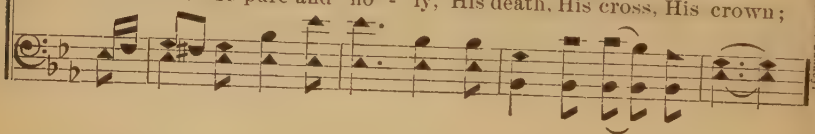
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Oh, what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes low and sweet;
2. Oh, what will you do with Je - sus? The call comes loud and clear;
3. Oh, think of the King of Glo - ry From heav'n to earth come down,



As ten - der - ly He bids you Your burdens lay at His feet;  
The sol - emn words are sound - ing In ev - 'ry list'n'ing ear;  
His life so pure and ho - ly, His death, His cross, His crown;



Oh, soul so sad and wea - ry, That sweet voice speaks to thee;  
Im - mor - tal life's in the question, And joy thro' e - ter - ni - ty;  
Of His di - vine com - pas - sion, His sac - ri - fice for thee;

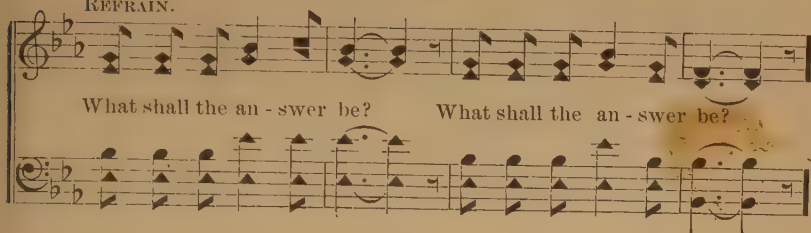


Then what will you do with Je - sus? Oh, what shall the answer be?

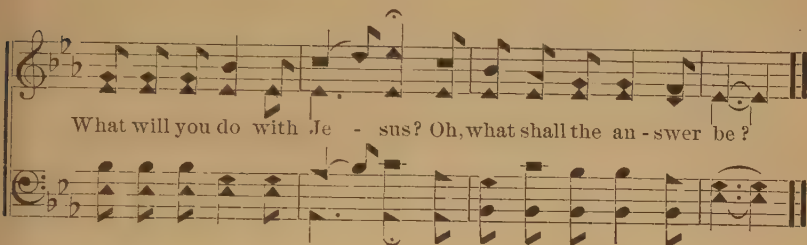


# What will you do with Jesus?—Concluded.

REFRAIN.



What shall the an - swer be?      What shall the an - swer be?



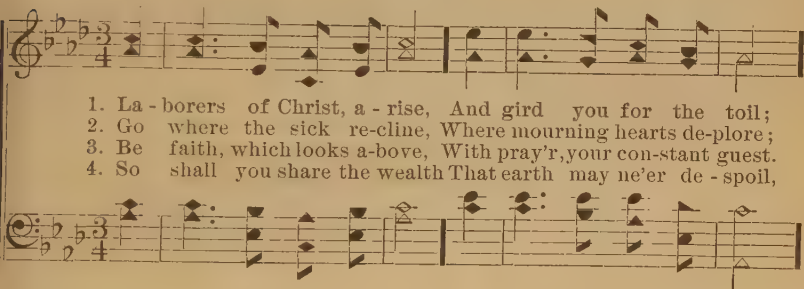
What will you do with Je - sus? Oh, what shall the an - swer be?

## No. 109. Laborers of Christ, Arise.

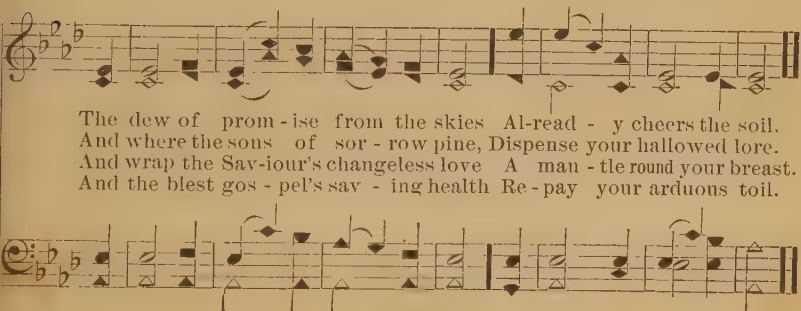
Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

(AHIRA, S.M.)

H. W. GREATOREX.



1. La - borers of Christ, a - rise, And gird you for the toil;
2. Go where the sick re - cline, Where mourning hearts de - plore;
3. Be faith, which looks a - bove, With pray'r, your con - stant guest.
4. So shall you share the wealth That earth may ne'er de - spoil,



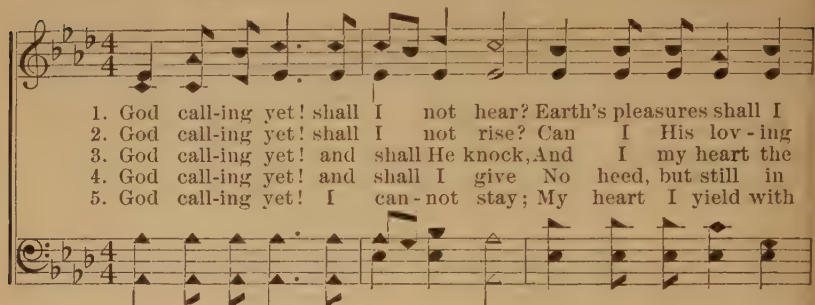
The dew of prom - ise from the skies Al - read - y cheers the soil.  
 And where the sons of sor - row pine, Dispense your hallowed lore.  
 And wrap the Sav - iour's changeless love A man - tle round your breast.  
 And the blest gos - pel's sav - ing health Re - pay your arduous toil.

# No. 110. God is Calling Yet.

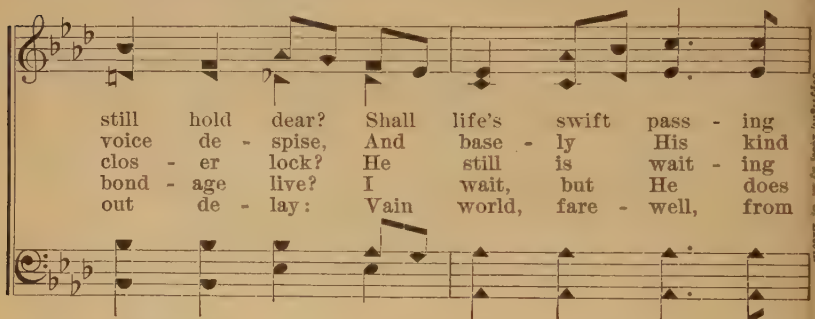
"My spirit shall not always strive with man."—GEN. 6: 3.

GERHARDT TERSTEEGEN.

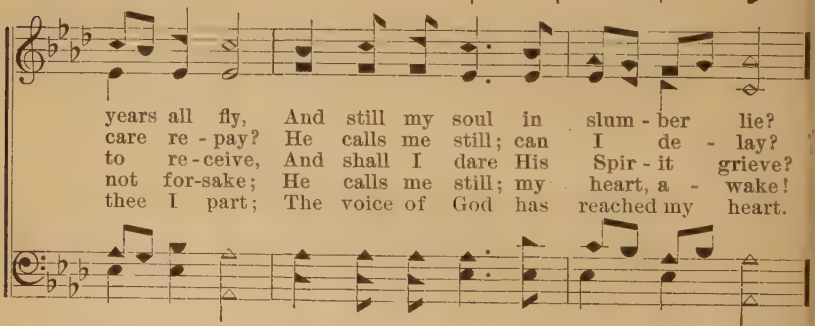
E. O. EXCELL.



1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I  
 2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing  
 3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the  
 4. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in  
 5. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with

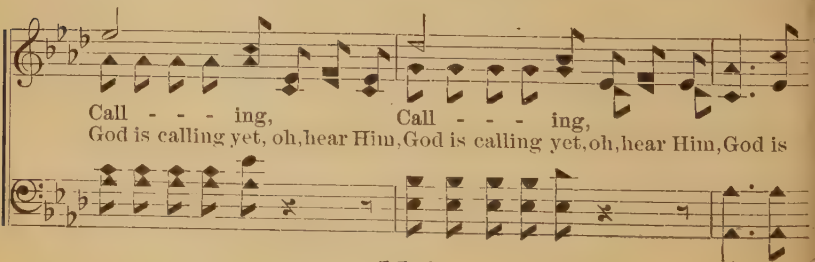


still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass-ing  
 voice de-spise, And base-ly His kind  
 clos - er lock? He still is wait-ing  
 bond - age live? I wait, but He does  
 out de-lay: Vain world, fare-well, from



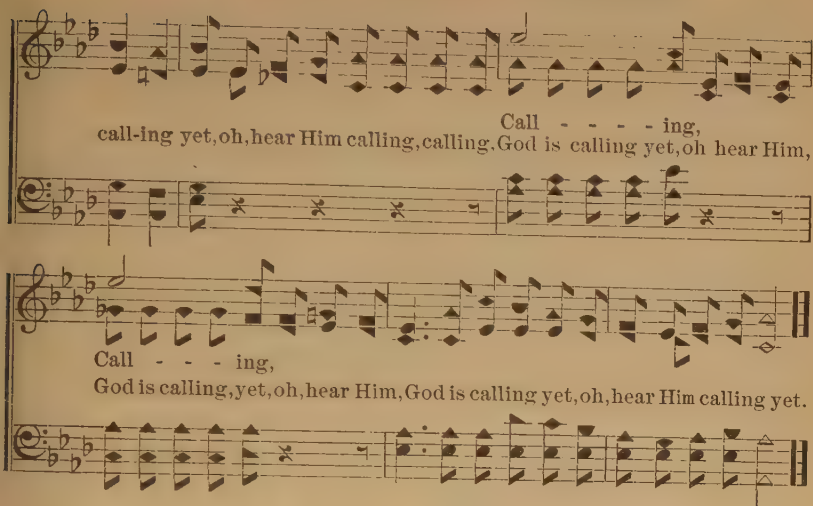
years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?  
 care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?  
 to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?  
 not for-sake; He calls me still; my heart, a-wake!  
 thee I part; The voice of God has reached my heart.

CHORUS.



Call - - - ing, Call - - - ing,  
 God is calling yet, oh, hear Him, God is calling yet, oh, hear Him, God is

# God is Calling Yet.—Concluded.



Call - - - ing,  
call-ing yet, oh, hear Him calling, calling. God is calling yet, oh hear Him,

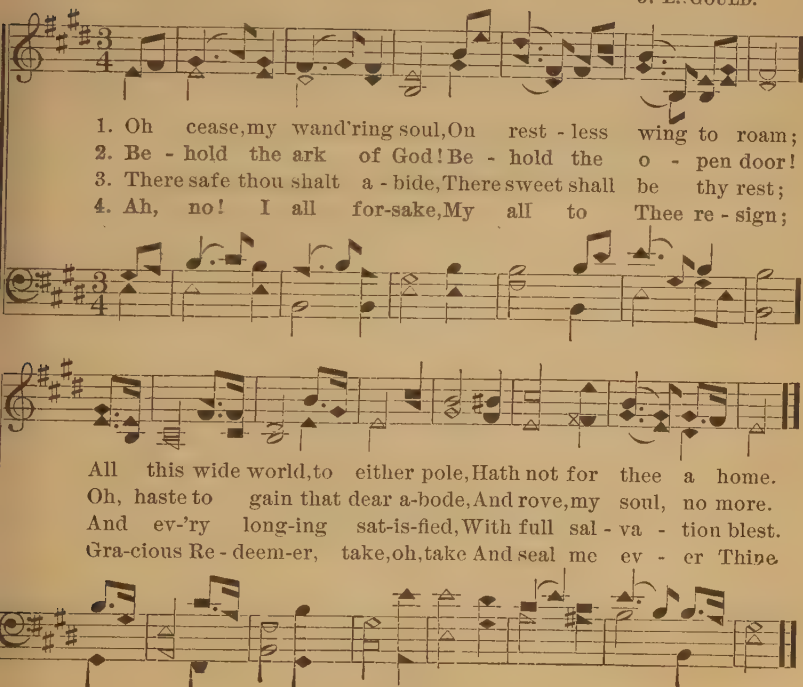
Call - - - ing,  
God is calling, yet, oh, hear Him, God is calling yet, oh, hear Him calling yet.

## No. 111. Oh Cease, my Wandering Soul.

W. A. MUHLENBERG.

(ADRIAN, S. M.)

J. E. GOULD.



1. Oh cease, my wand'ring soul, On rest-less wing to roam;  
2. Be - hold the ark of God! Be - hold the o - pen door!  
3. There safe thou shalt a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest;  
4. Ah, no! I all for-sake, My all to Thee re - sign;

All this wide world, to either pole, Hath not for thee a home.  
Oh, haste to gain that dear a-bode, And rove, my soul, no more.  
And ev'-ry long-ing sat-is-fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.  
Gra-cious Re - deem-er, take, oh, take And seal me ev - er Thine

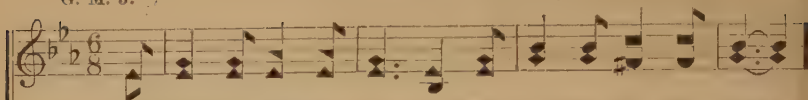


# No. 112. How shall we Escape?

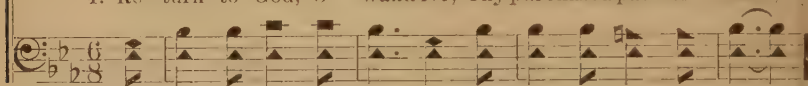
G. M. J.

HEB. 2: 3.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. God loved a world of sin - ners, For them He gave His Son;
2. Be - hold the bleed - ing Sav - iour Up - on the cru - el tree,—
3. God loves the vil - est sin - ner, But hates the small - est sin;
4. Re - turn to God, O wand'r'er, Thy purchased par - don take;



And who - so - e'er re - ceives Him, He saves them, ev - 'ry one;  
The Just condemned, for - sak - en—He dies for you and me;  
Then who shall see His King - dom? Or who can en - ter in?  
Thy sins He'll not re - mem - ber, For thy Re - deem - er's sake;



He came to bring sal - va - tion, To bear our sins a - way,  
The "Son of God" be - lov - ed, For us a curse was made;  
"The precious blood of Je - sus"—Let ev - 'ry creat - ure know—  
He'll cast them all be - hind Him, Or 'neath the deep - est sea,



That we with Him in glo - ry Might live thro' end - less day.  
That we might have re - demp - tion, The aw - ful price He paid.  
Can make the "chief of sin - ners" Full whit - er than the snow.  
And love us ev - er free - ly Thro'-out E - ter - ni - ty.



# How Shall we Escape. Concluded.

CHORUS.

“How shall we es-cape if we ne-glect so great sal-va-tion?

How shall we es-cape if we ne-glect so great sal-

*cres.*

va-tion. ne-glect so great sal-va-tion?”

## No. 113. Come to Jesus! come away!

JOHN 6: 37.

1. Come to Je-sus! come a-way! For-sake thy sins—Oh, why de-lay?  
 2. Come to Je-sus! all is free; Hark! how He calls, “Come un-to Me!  
 3. Come to Je-sus! cling to Him; He’ll keep thee free from paths of sin;  
 4. Come to Je-sus!—Lord, I come! Wea-ry of sin, no more I’d roam,

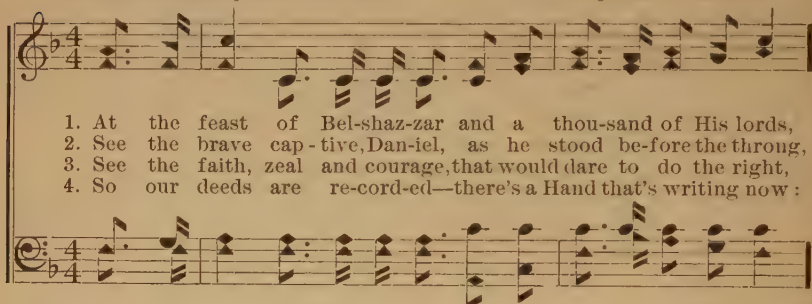
His arms are o-pen night and day; He waits to wel-come thee!  
 I cast out none, I’ll par-don thee,” Oh, thou shalt wel-come be!  
 Thou shalt at last a vic-try win, And He will wel-come thee!  
 But with my Sav-iour be at home; I know He’ll wel-come me!

# No. 114. The Handwriting on the Wall.

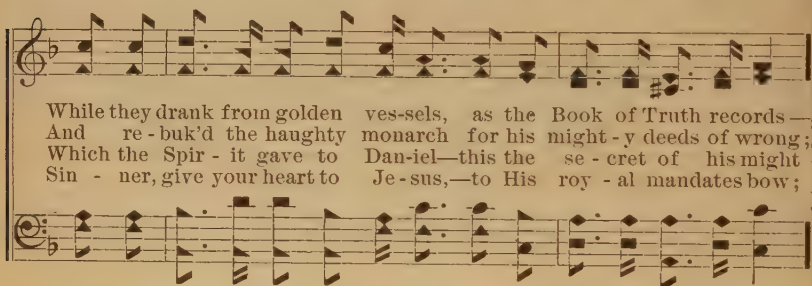
"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."—DANIEL 5; 5.

Words and Music by KNOWLES SHAW.

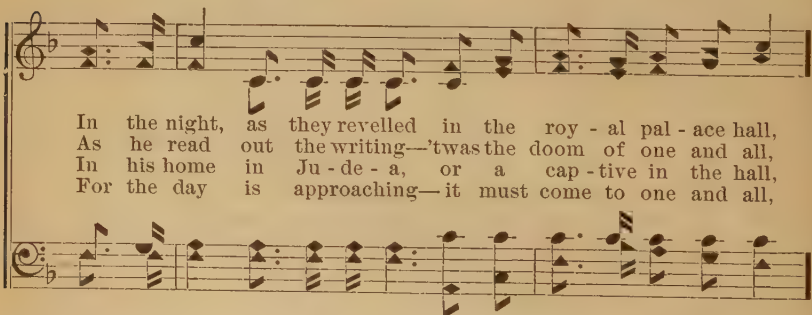
Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.



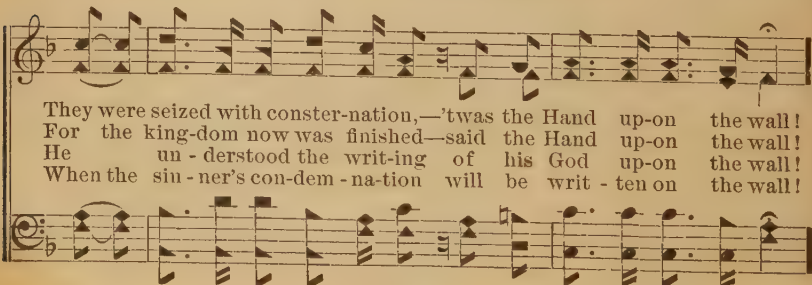
1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou-sand of His lords,  
 2. See the brave cap-tive, Dan-iel, as he stood be-fore the throng,  
 3. See the faith, zeal and courage, that would dare to do the right,  
 4. So our deeds are re-cord-ed—there's a Hand that's writing now :



While they drank from golden ves-sels, as the Book of Truth records—  
 And re-buk'd the haughty monarch for his night-y deeds of wrong;  
 Which the Spir-it gave to Dan-iel—this the se-cret of his might;  
 Sin-ner, give your heart to Je-sus,—to His roy-al mandates bow;



In the night, as they revelled in the roy-al pal-ace hall,  
 As he read out the writing—'twas the doom of one and all,  
 In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall,  
 For the day is approaching—it must come to one and all,



They were seized with conser-nation,—'twas the Hand up-on the wall!  
 For the king-dom now was finished—said the Hand up-on the wall!  
 He un-derstood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall!  
 When the sin-ner's con-dem-na-tion will be writ-ten on the wall!

Arrangement Copyright, 1897, by Ira D. Sankey.

# The Handwriting on the Wall. Concluded.

CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall! 'Tis the writing on the wall!

hand of God on the wall! Shall the record be "Found wanting!" or writing on the wall!

shall it be "Found trusting!" While that hand is writing on the wall? writing on the wall!

*rit.*

## No. 115. Jerusalem my Happy Home.

(MANOAH, C. M.)

ANON.

F. J. HAYDN.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me!

2. Oh, when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend,

3. Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - py home! My soul still pants for thee;

When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace, in thee!

Where con - gre - gations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end?

Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joy shall see.

# No. 116. The Banner of the Cross.

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."—Ps. 60: 4.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis - play To the sol - diers
2. Tho' the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stan - dard
3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glor - ious
4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis dawning ver - y near—It is hast'ning



of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to - day,  
be dis - played; And be - neath its folds, as sol - diers of the Lord,  
ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,  
day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap - pear.



CHORUS.

Marching on! . . . Marching on!



While as ransomed ones we sing.

For the truth be not dis - mayed! }

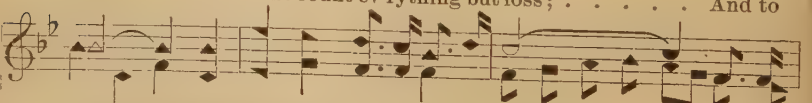
While the Lord shall claim His own! }

And the Cross the world shall sway.

Marching on! on! on! Marching



on! . . . For Christ count ev'rything but loss; . . . . . And to



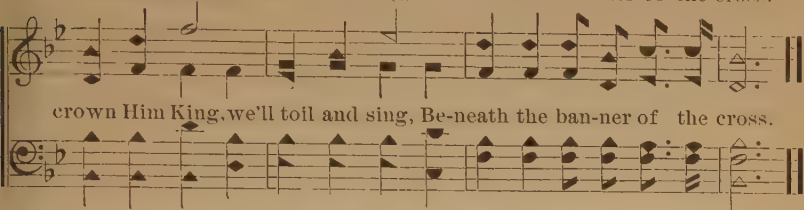
on! on! on! For Christ count ev'-ry-thing, ev'-rything but loss; And to





# The Banner of the Cross.—Concluded.

crown Him King, toil and sing, 'Neath the ban-ner of the cross.



crown Him King, we'll toil and sing, Be-neath the ban-ner of the cross.

## No. 117. A Sinner like Me!

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 TIM. 1: 15.  
C. J. B. *Slow.* C. J. BUTLER.

Two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, ending with a double bar line.

1. I was once far a - way from the Sav - iour, And as  
2. I wan - der'd on in the darkness, Not a  
3. And then, in that dark lone - ly hour, A  
vile as a sin - ner could be; . . And I won - der'd if  
ray of light could I see; . . And the tho't filled my  
voice sweetly whispered to me, . . Say - ing, Christ the Re -  
Christ the Re - deemer Could save a poor sin - ner like me.  
heart with sad - ness, There's no hope for a sin - ner like me.  
deem - er has power To save a poor sin - ner like me.

- 4 I listened : and lo ! 'twas the Saviour  
That was speaking so kindly to me ;  
I cried, "I'm the chief of sinners,  
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me !"
- 6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,  
For the light is now shining on me ;  
And now unto others I'm telling  
How He saved a poor sinner like me.
- 5 I then fully trusted in Jesus ;  
And oh, what a joy came to me !  
My heart was filled with His praises,  
For saving a sinner like me.
- 7 And when life's journey is over,  
And I the dear Saviour shall see,  
I'll praise Him for ever and ever,  
For saving a sinner like me.

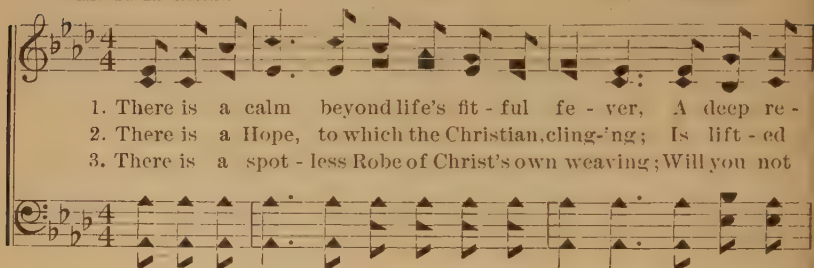
## No. 118.

## There is a Calm.

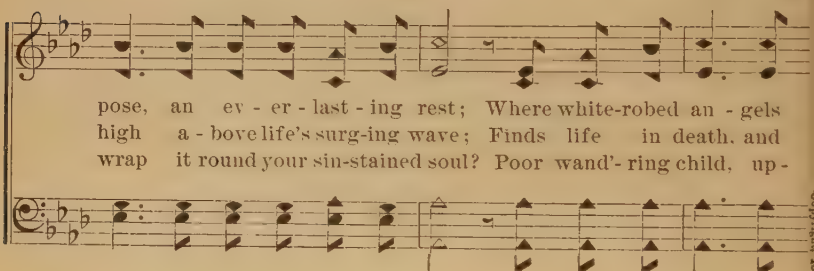
"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."—HEB. 4: 9.

ERNEST RICKMAN.

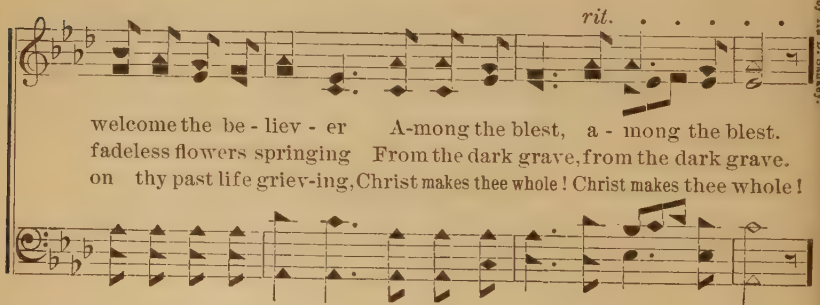
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



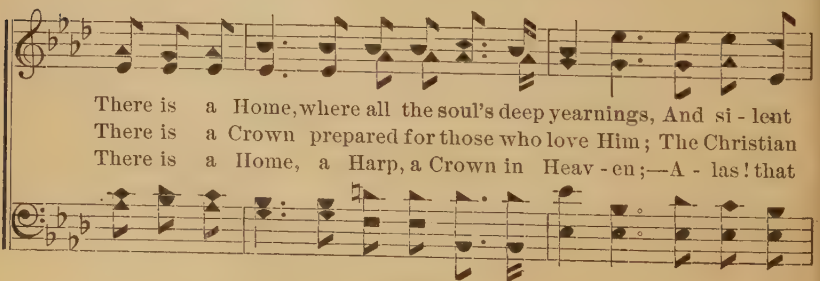
1. There is a calm beyond life's fit - ful fe - ver, A deep re -  
 2. There is a Hope, to which the Christian, cling - ing; Is lift - ed  
 3. There is a spot - less Robe of Christ's own weaving; Will you not



pose, an ev - er - last - ing rest; Where white-robed an - gels  
 high a - bove life's surg - ing wave; Finds life in death, and  
 wrap it round your sin-stained soul? Poor wand' - ring child, up -



welcome the be - liev - er A - mong the blest, a - mong the blest.  
 fadeless flowers springing From the dark grave, from the dark grave.  
 on thy past life griev - ing, Christ makes thee whole! Christ makes thee whole!



There is a Home, where all the soul's deep yearnings, And si - lent  
 There is a Crown prepared for those who love Him; The Christian  
 There is a Home, a Harp, a Crown in Heav - en;—A - las! that

## There is a Calm.—Concluded.

pray'rs shall be at last ful - filled; Where strife and sor - row,  
sees it in the dis - tance shine, Like a bright bea - con  
an - y should Thy gift re - fuse!—The law - ful choice of

*rit.*  
murm'rings and heart burn - ings At last are stilled, at last are stilled.  
glit - ter - ing a - bove him, And whispers, "Mine!" and whispers, "Mine!"  
life and death is giv'n—Which wilt thou choose? which wilt thou choose?

## No. 119. There is a Stream.

ISAAC WATTS.

(WARD. L.M.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the cit - y of our God;  
2. That sacred stream, Thy ho - ly Word, Supports our faith, our fears con - trols;  
3. Loud may the troubled o - cean roar; In sa - cred peace our souls a - bide;

Life, love, and joy, still glid - ing thro', And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode.  
Sweet peace Thy promis - es af - ford, And give new strength to fainting souls.  
While ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry shore, Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

# No. 120. There is None Righteous.

G. M. J.

ROM. 3: 10, 23.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

*Allegretto.*

1. A guilt-y soul, by Phar - i-sees of old, Was brought accused, a - lone,
2. A learn-ed Mas-ter, Rul - er of the Jews, God's kingdom could not gain,
3. "Good Mas-ter," pray can aught be lacking yet? Thy laws I do o - bey;

But Je - sus said, "Let him without a sin, Be first to cast a stone."  
With all the lore and cult-ure of the age, He 'must be born a - gain."  
"Go sell and *give*, then come and fol-low me," But sad he turned a - way.

## CHORUS.

"There is none righteous, no, not one, All, all have sinned,"  
all have sinned,

There is none right-eous, for all have sinned, and come short of the

glo - ry, the glo - ry of God, Come short of the glo - ry, Come

# There is None Righteous.—Concluded.

*ad lib.*

short of the glo-ry, of the glo - - ry of God.  
the glo - ry of God.

## No. 121. Little Lights.

ANNA B. WARNER, by per.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Je - sus bids us shine with a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle  
2. Je - sus bids us shine first of all for Him, Well He sees and  
3. Je - sus bids us shine then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of

can - dle burn - ing in the night; In the world is dark - ness;  
knows it if our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,  
dark - ness in the world are found; Sin and want and sor - row;

so we must shine, You in your cor - ner and I in mine.  
He sees us shine, You in your cor - ner and I in mine.  
so we must shine, You in your cor - ner and I in mine.

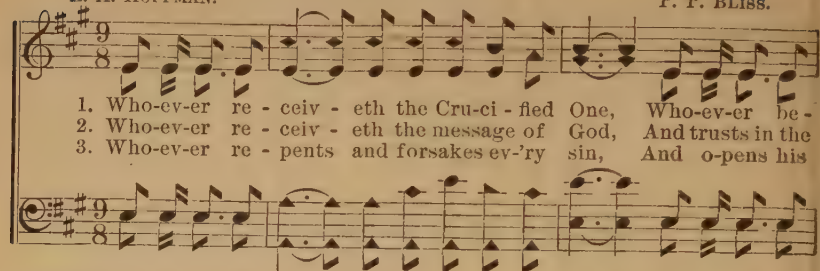


# No. 122. Abundantly Able to Save.

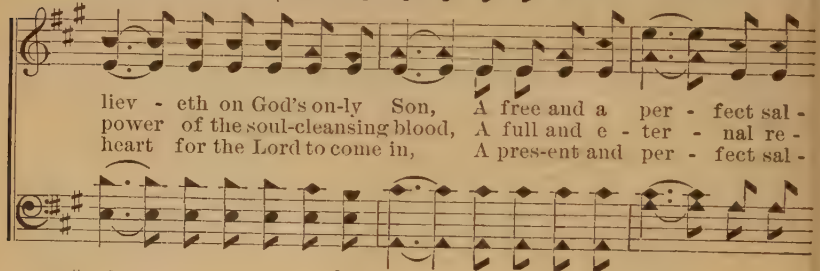
"He will abundantly pardon."—ISA. 55: 7.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

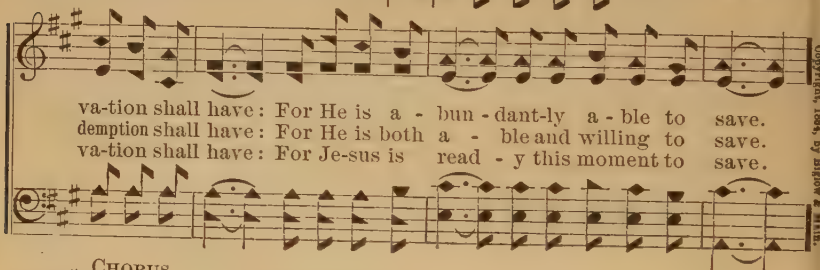
P. P. BLISS.



1. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the Cru-ci - fled One, Who-ev-er be -  
 2. Who-ev-er re - ceiv - eth the message of God, And trusts in the  
 3. Who-ev-er re - pents and forsakes ev-'ry sin, And o-pens his

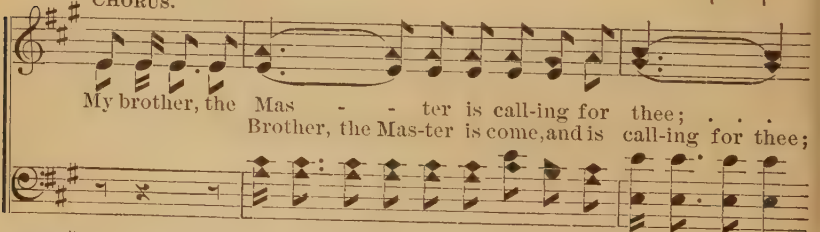


liev - eth on God's on-ly Son, A free and a per - fect sal -  
 power of the soul-cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal re -  
 heart for the Lord to come in, A pres-ent and per - fect sal -

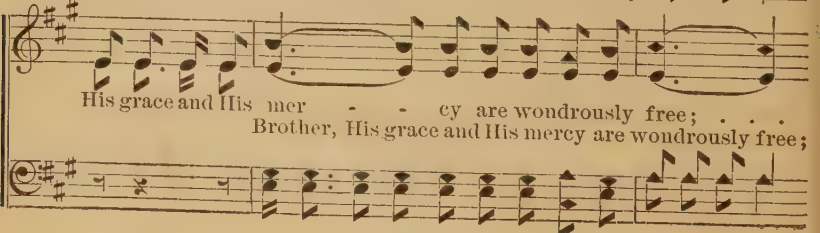


va-tion shall have: For He is a - bun - dant-ly a - ble to save.  
 demption shall have: For He is both a - ble and willing to save.  
 va-tion shall have: For Je-sus is read - y this moment to save.

## CHORUS.



My brother, the Mas - - ter is call-ing for thee;  
 Brother, the Mas-ter is come, and is call-ing for thee;



His grace and His mer - - cy are wondrously free;  
 Brother, His grace and His mercy are wondrously free;

# Abundantly Able to Save. — Concluded.

His blood as a ran - - som for sin - ners He gave,  
 Brother, His blood as a ran - som for sin - ners He gave,

And He is a - bund - - ant - ly a - ble to save.  
 And He is a - bund - ant - ly a - ble to save.

## No. 123. Come, Come to Jesus.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 1: 28.

GEO. B. PECK.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to wel - come thee,  
 2. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to ran - som thee,  
 3. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to light - en thee,  
 4. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to give to thee,

O wan - d'r'er, ea - ger - ly Come, come to Je - sus!  
 O slave! so will - ing - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!  
 O bur - dened! trust - ing - ly Come, come to Je - sus!  
 O blind! a vis - ion free; Come, come to Je - sus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!  
 He waits to shelter thee,  
 O weary! blessedly  
 Come, come to Jesus!

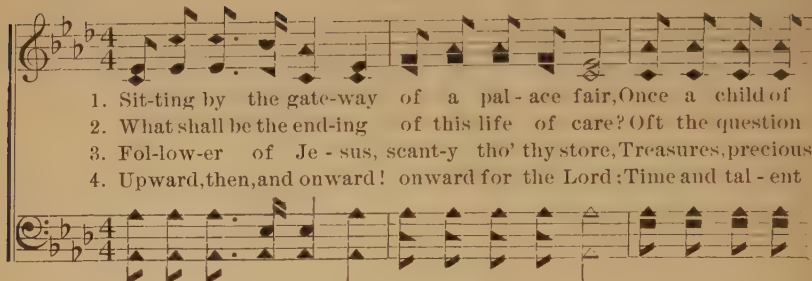
6 Come, come to Jesus!  
 He waits to carry thee,  
 O lamb! so lovingly,  
 Come, come to Jesus!

# No. 124. Carried by the Angels.

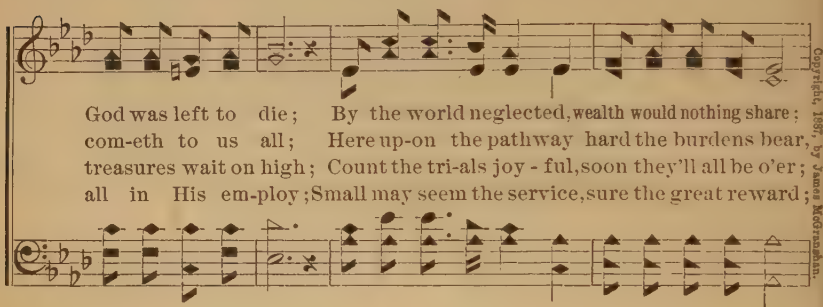
LUKE 16: 22.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

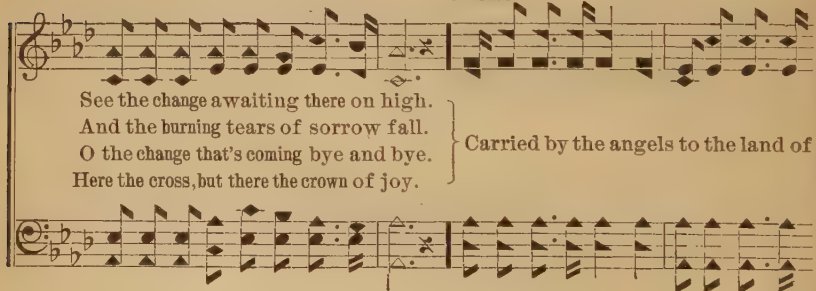


1. Sit-ting by the gate-way of a pal-ace fair, Once a child of  
 2. What shall be the end-ing of this life of care? Oft the question  
 3. Fol-low-er of Je-sus, scant-y tho' thy store, Treasures, precious  
 4. Upward, then, and onward! onward for the Lord; Time and tal-ent



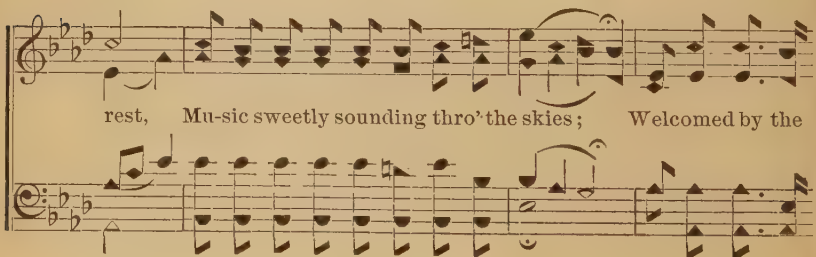
God was left to die; By the world neglected, wealth would nothing share;  
 com-eth to us all; Here up-on the pathway hard the burdens bear,  
 treasures wait on high; Count the tri-als joy-ful, soon they'll all be o'er;  
 all in His em-ploy; Small may seem the service, sure the great reward;

## CHORUS.



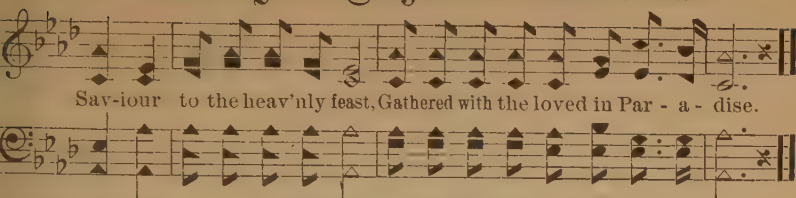
See the change awaiting there on high.  
 And the burning tears of sorrow fall.  
 O the change that's coming bye and bye.  
 Here the cross, but there the crown of joy.

Carried by the angels to the land of



rest, Mu-sic sweetly sounding thro' the skies; Welcomed by the

# Carried by the Angels. — Concluded.



Sav-iour to the heav'nly feast, Gathered with the loved in Par - a - dise.

## No. 125.

## Fear Thou Not.

J. E. A.  
Trans. from Dr. MALAN.

ISA. 41: 10.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. { O Christian trav'ler, fear no more The storms which round thee spread;  
Nor yet the noontide's sul-try beams On thy defenceless (*Omit.* ) head.
2. { Thy Saviour, who up-on the cross Thy full redemption paid,  
Will not from thee, His ransomed one With-hold His promised (*Omit.* ) aid.



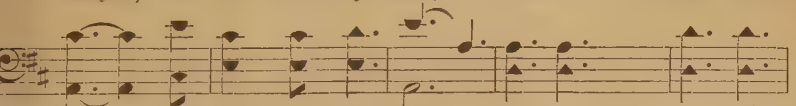
### CHORUS.



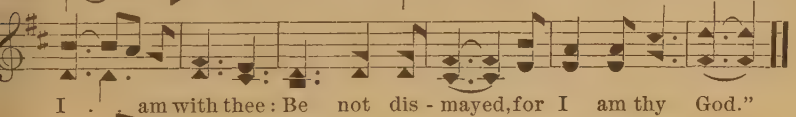
.. Fear thou not, for I . . . am with thee: Be not dis -



mayed, for I am thy God; Fear thou not, for

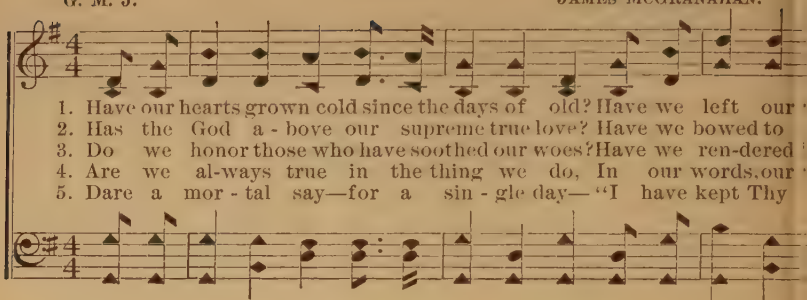


I . . am with thee: Be not dis - mayed, for I am thy God."

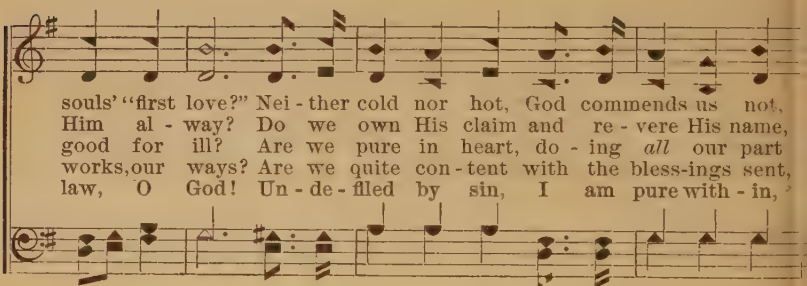


3 A safe retreat and hiding-place  
Thy Saviour will provide;  
And sorrow cannot fill thy heart,  
While sheltered at His side.

4 No; in thy darkest days on earth,  
When every joy seems flown,  
Believer, thou shalt never tread  
The toilsome way alone.

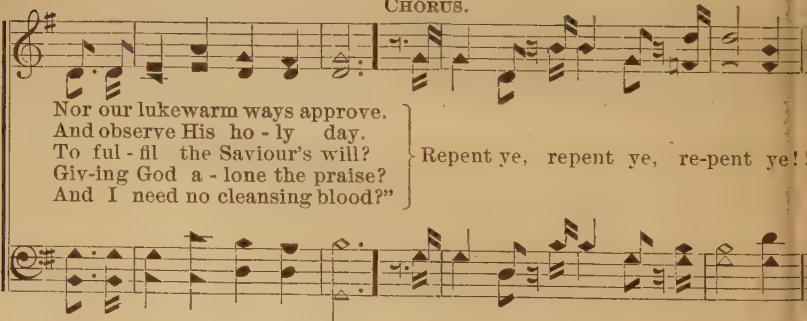


1. Have our hearts grown cold since the days of old? Have we left our  
 2. Has the God a - bove our supreme true love? Have we bowed to  
 3. Do we honor those who have soothed our woes? Have we ren - dered  
 4. Are we al - ways true in the thing we do, In our words, our  
 5. Dare a mor - tal say—for a sin - gle day—“I have kept Thy



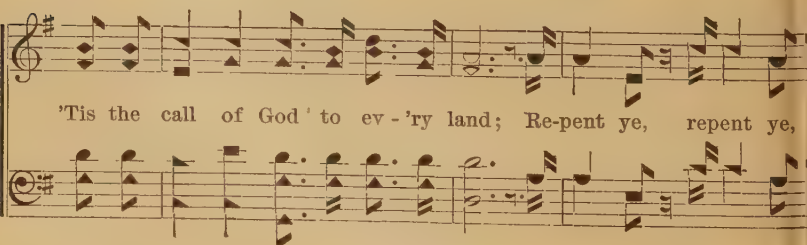
souls' “first love?” Nei - ther cold nor hot, God commends us not,  
 Him al - way? Do we own His claim and re - vere His name,  
 good for ill? Are we pure in heart, do - ing all our part  
 works, our ways? Are we quite con - tent with the bless - ings sent,  
 law, O God! Un - de - filed by sin, I am pure with - in,

## CHORUS.



Nor our lukewarm ways approve.  
 And observe His ho - ly day.  
 To ful - fil the Saviour's will?  
 Giv - ing God a - lone the praise?  
 And I need no cleansing blood?”

Repent ye, repent ye, re-pent ye!!



'Tis the call of God 'to ev - 'ry land; Re-pent ye, repent ye,



# Repent Ye!—Concluded.

re-pent ye! For the king - dom of heav-en is at hand.

## No. 127. *Cling to the Bible.*

M. J. SMITH.

Ps. 119: 105.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. Cling to the Bi-ble, tho' all else be tak-en; Lose not its prom-is-es
2. Cling to the Bi-ble, this jew-el, this treasure Brings to us hon-or and
3. Lamp for the feet that in by-ways have wander'd, Guide for the youth that would

pre-cious and sure; Souls that are sleep-ing its ech-oes a-wak-en,  
 saves fall-en man; Pearl whose great val-ue no mor-tal can meas-ure,  
 oth-er-wise fall; Hope for the sin-ner whose best days are squander'd,

CHORUS.

Drink from the fountain, so peace-ful, so pure.  
 Seek and se-cure it. O soul, while you can. } Cling to the Bi-ble!  
 Staff for the a-ged, and best book of all. }

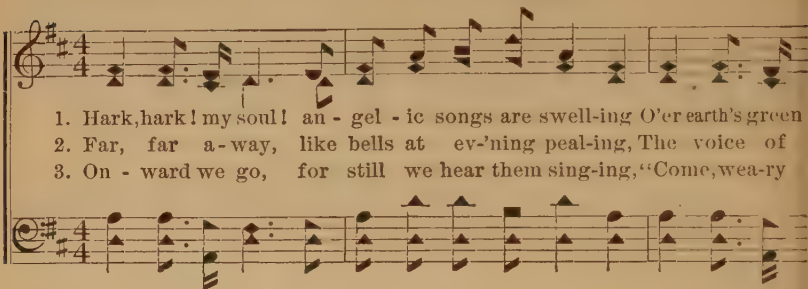
Cling to the Bi-ble! Cling to the Bi-ble, Our Lamp and Guide.

# No. 128. Hark, Hark! my Soul!

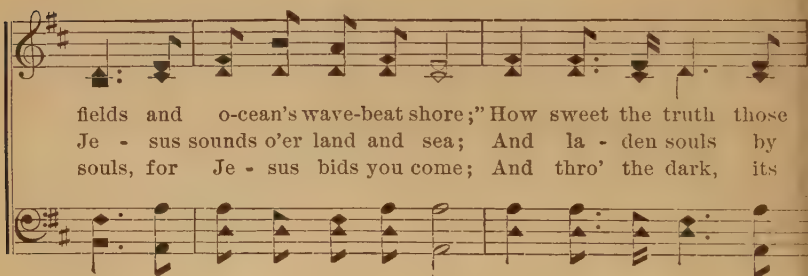
"Are they not all ministering spirits."—HEB. 1 : 14.

F. W. FABER.

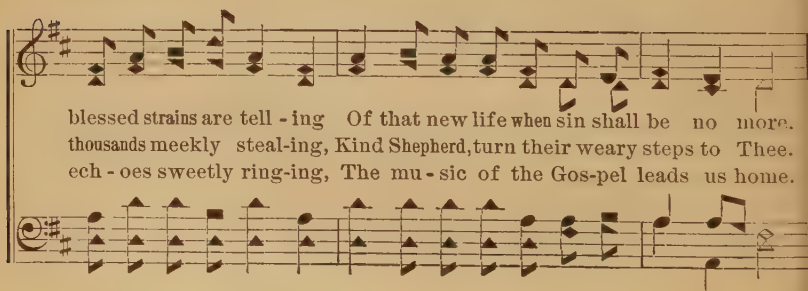
C. C. CONVERSE. Arr. by I. D. S.



1. Hark, hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green  
 2. Far, far a - way, like bells at ev - ning peal - ing, The voice of  
 3. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry

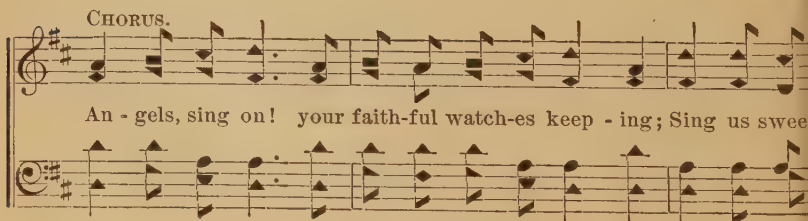


fields and o - cean's wave - beat shore;" How sweet the truth those  
 Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls by  
 souls, for Je - sus bids you come; And thro' the dark, its



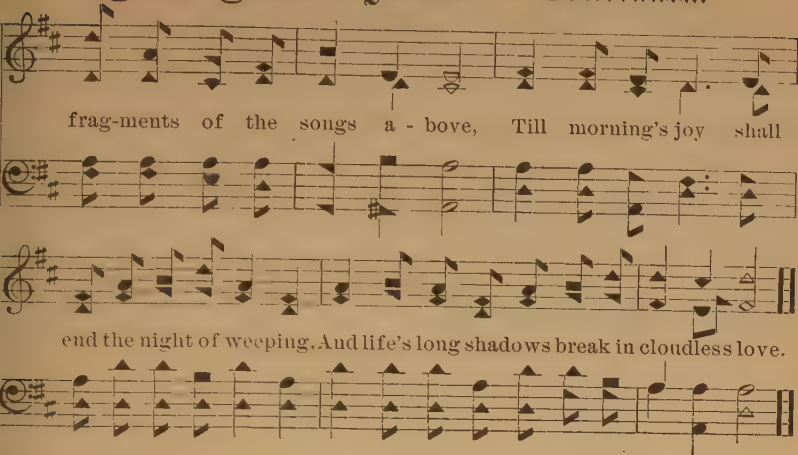
blessed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.  
 thousands meekly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.  
 ech - oes sweetly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.

CHORUS.



An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing; Sing us sweet

# Hark, Hark! my Soul!—Concluded.



frag-ments of the songs a - bove, Till morning's joy shall  
end the night of weeping, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

No. 129.

## Guide Me.

"For thy name's sake, lead me, and guide me."—PSALM 31: 3.

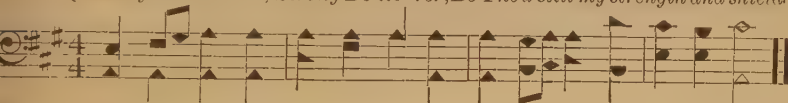
W. WILLIAMS.

WM. L. VINER.



FINE.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this barren land;  
D.C. { Bread of heav-en, Bread of hea-ven, Feed me till I want no more.  
2. { O - pen now the crys - tal fountain, Whence the heal-ing wa-ters flow;  
D.C. { Strong De - liv-er, Strong De-liv-er, Be Thou still my strength and shield.




D.C.

I am weak, but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy powerful hand:  
Let the fie-ry, cloud-y pil-lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro':



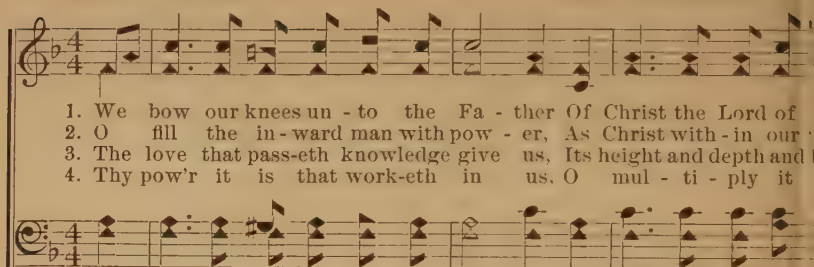
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Bear me through the swelling current,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises, Songs of praises,  
I will ever give to Thee.

# No. 130. Waiting for the Promise.

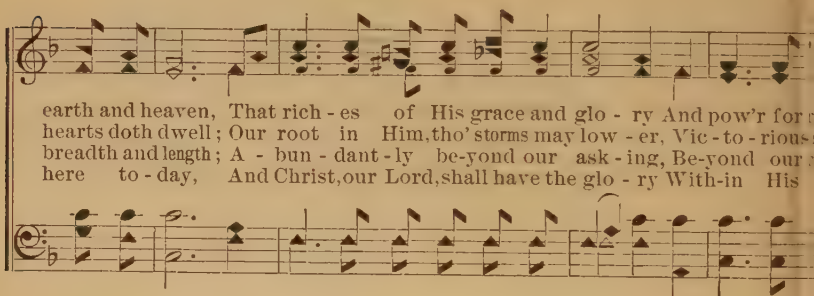
WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

LUKE 24: 49.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

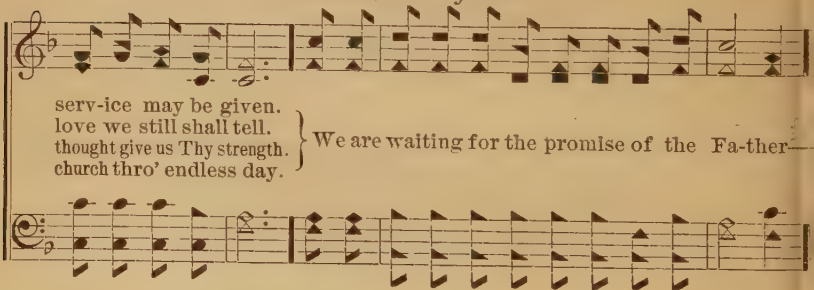


1. We bow our knees un - to the Fa - ther Of Christ the Lord of  
 2. O fill the in - ward man with pow - er, As Christ with - in our  
 3. The love that pass-eth knowledge give us, Its height and depth and  
 4. Thy pow'r it is that work-eth in us, O mul - ti - ply it



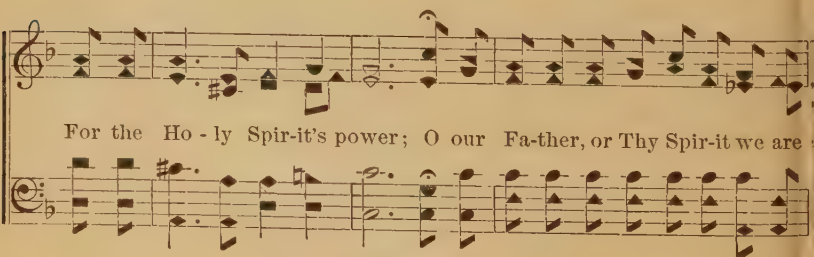
earth and heaven, That rich - es of His grace and glo - ry And pow'r for  
 hearts doth dwell; Our root in Him, tho' storms may low - er, Vic - to - rious  
 breadth and length; A - bun - dant - ly be - yond our ask - ing, Be - yond our  
 here to - day, And Christ, our Lord, shall have the glo - ry With - in His

## CHORUS, *not too fast.*



serv-ice may be given.  
 love we still shall tell.  
 thought give us Thy strength.  
 church thro' endless day.

} We are waiting for the promise of the Fa-ther



For the Ho - ly Spir-it's power; O our Fa-ther, or Thy Spir-it we are

# Waiting for the Promise.— Concluded.

(May end here.)

wait-ing, e - ven now, this ver - y hour, We are wait - ing for His com-ing,

We are wait-ing for His com-ing, For the Ho - ly Spir-it's power; O our

Fa-ther, for Thy Spir-it we are wait-ing, e - ven now, this ver - y hour.

## No. 131. Come, Praise the Lord.

A. Mc. G.

*Con spirito.*

1. Come, praise the Lord, ex - alt His name, Our Sav - iour and our King;
2. How great, how precious is His name, How poor the praise we bring;
3. A day will come, its dawn we greet, When heav'n it-self shall ring,

'Tis meet we should His praise proclaim, And hal - le - lu - jah sing.  
His peo - ple still should own His claim, And hal - le - lu - jah sing.  
And all the saints with joy shall meet, And hal - le - lu - jah sing.



"Christ is all, and in all."—COL. 3: 11.

HORATIUS BONAR.

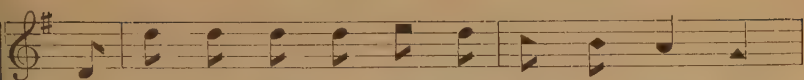
Mrs. C. BARNARD, aitt.

1. Some-times I catch sweet glimpses of His face, But  
 2. And is this all He meant when first He said, "Come  
 3. Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heavenly thoughts, But  
 4. Christ and His love shall be thy blessed all For

that is all;  
 un - to me?"  
 love His love;  
 ev - er - more;  
 Some-times He looks on me and  
 Is there no deeper, more en -  
 Do thou full justice to His  
 Christ and His light shall shine on

seems to smile, But that is all;  
 during rest In Him for thee?  
 tenderness, His mercy prove;  
 all thy ways For - ev - er - more;

# But is that All? - - Concluded.



Some - times He speaks a pass - ing word of peace, But  
Is there no stead - ier light for thee in Him? O  
Take Him for what He is, O take Him all, And  
Christ and His peace shall keep thy troub - led soul For



that is all; Some-times I think I hear His  
come and see; Is there no deep - er, more en -  
look a - bove; And do not wrong Him by thy  
ev - er - more; Christ and His love shall be thy



lov - ing voice Up - on me call.  
dur - ing rest In Him for thee?  
heav - y thoughts, But love His love.  
bless - ed all For - ev - er - more.

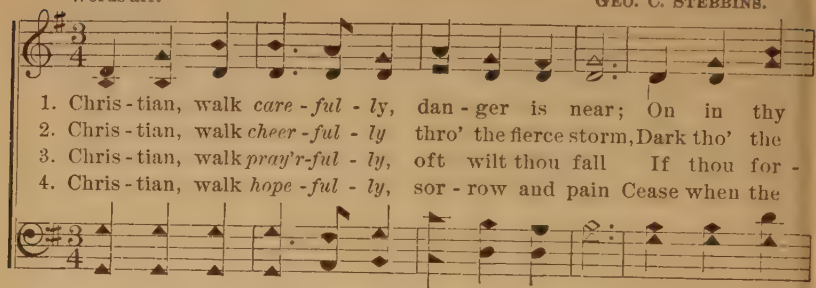


# No. 133. Christian, Walk Carefully.

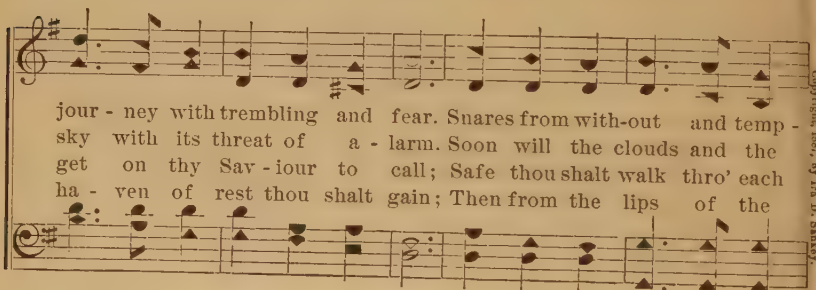
"Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called."—EPH. 4: 1.

Words arr.

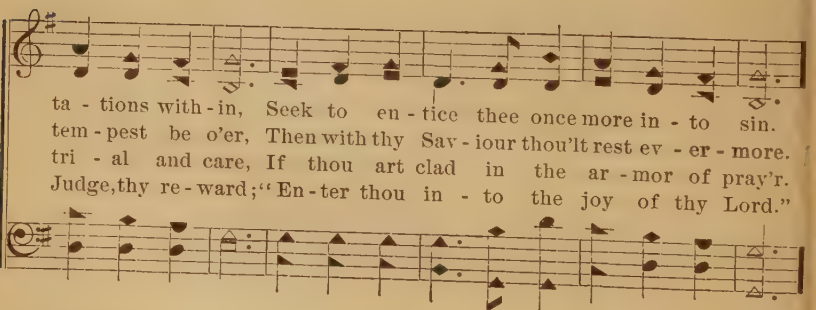
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Chris-tian, walk *care-ful-ly*, dan-ger is near; On in thy  
 2. Chris-tian, walk *cheer-ful-ly* thro' the fierce storm, Dark tho' the  
 3. Chris-tian, walk *pray'r-ful-ly*, oft wilt thou fall If thou for-  
 4. Chris-tian, walk *hope-ful-ly*, sor-row and pain Cease when the

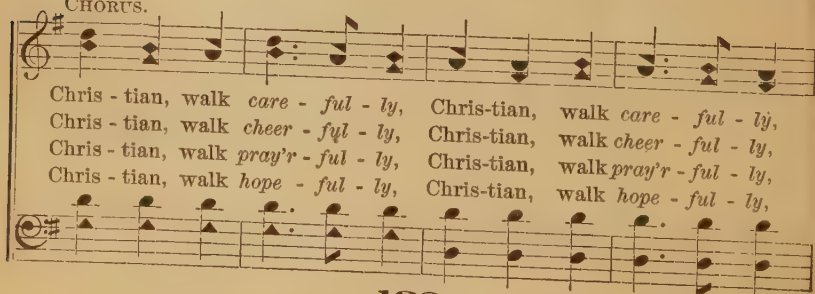


jour-ney with trembling and fear. Snares from with-out and temp-  
 sky with its threat of a-larm. Soon will the clouds and the  
 get on thy Sav-iour to call; Safe thou shalt walk thro' each  
 ha-ven of rest thou shalt gain; Then from the lips of the



ta-tions with-in, Seek to en-tice thee once more in-to sin.  
 tem-pest be o'er, Then with thy Sav-iour thou'lt rest ev-er-more.  
 tri-al and care, If thou art clad in the ar-mor of pray'r.  
 Judge, thy re-ward; "En-ter thou in-to the joy of thy Lord."

CHORUS.



Chris-tian, walk *care-ful-ly*, Chris-tian, walk *care-ful-ly*,  
 Chris-tian, walk *cheer-ful-ly*, Chris-tian, walk *cheer-ful-ly*,  
 Chris-tian, walk *pray'r-ful-ly*, Chris-tian, walk *pray'r-ful-ly*,  
 Chris-tian, walk *hope-ful-ly*, Chris-tian, walk *hope-ful-ly*,

# Christian, Walk Carefully.—Concluded.

Chris - tian, walk care - ful - ly, dan - ger is near.  
 Chris - tian, walk cheer - ful - ly, through the fierce storm.  
 Chris - tian, walk pray'r - ful - ly, fear lest thou fall.  
 Chris - tian, walk hope - ful - ly, rest thou shalt gain.

## No. 134. He Holds the Key.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 PET. 5: 7.

REV. JOHN PARKER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. He holds the key of all unknown, And I am glad;  
 2. What if to - mor-row's cares were here With-out its rest?  
 3. The ver - y dim-ness of my sight Makes me se - cure;  
 4. I can - not read His fu - ture plans, But this I know;  
 5. E - nough; this cov - ers all my wants, And so I rest;

If oth - er hands should hold the key, Or, if He trust - ed  
 I'd rath - er He un - locked the day, And, as the hours swing  
 For, grop - ing in my mist - y way I feel His hand; I  
 I have the smil - ing of His face, And all the ref - uge  
 For, what I can - not, He can see, And, in His care I

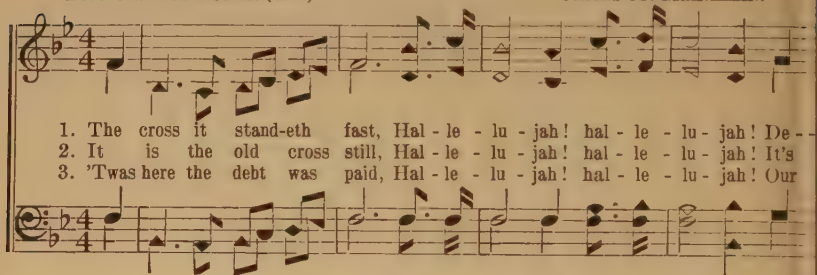
it to me, I might be sad, I might be sad.  
 o - pen say, "My will is best," "My will is best."  
 hear Him say, "My help is sure," "My help is sure."  
 of His grace, While here be - low, While here be - low.  
 safe shall be, For - ev - er blest, For - ev - er blest.

# No. 135. Hallelujah for the Cross!

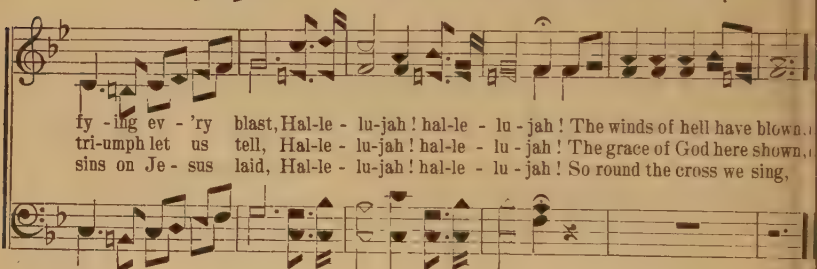
"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. 6: 14.

Dr. HORATIUS BONAR (arr.)

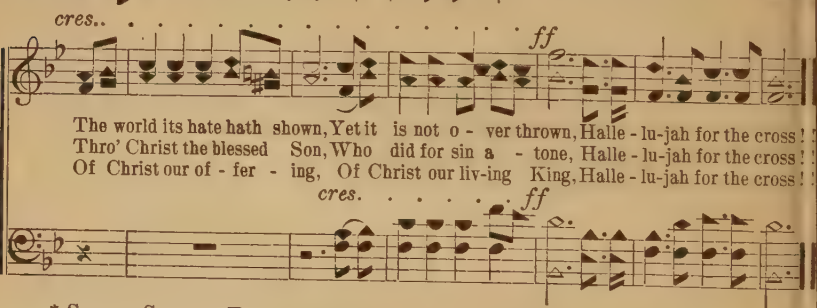
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! De -  
 2. It is the old cross still, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! It's  
 3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Our

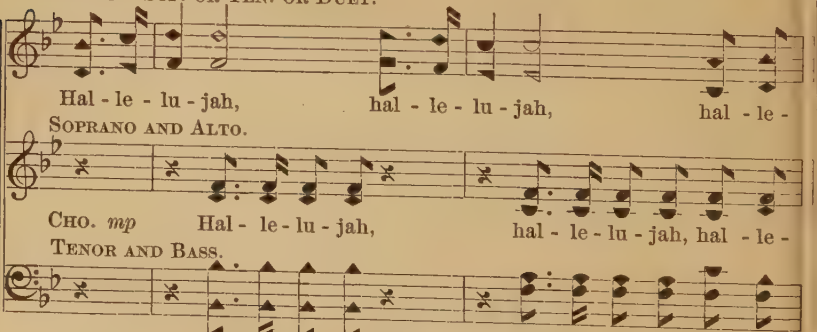


fy - ing ev - 'ry blast, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! The winds of hell have blown.  
 tri-umph let us tell, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! The grace of God here shown,  
 sins on Je - sus laid, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! So round the cross we sing,



*cres..* *ff*  
 The world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o - ver thrown, Halle - lu - jah for the cross!  
 Thro' Christ the blessed Son, Who did for sin a - tone, Halle - lu - jah for the cross!  
 Of Christ our of - fer - ing, Of Christ our liv - ing King, Halle - lu - jah for the cross!  
*cres.* *ff*

\* SOLO. SOP. OR TEN. OR DUET.



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -  
 SOPRANO AND ALTO.  
 CHO. *mp* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -  
 TENOR AND BASS.

\* If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper staff, omitting the middle staff.



# Hallelujah! — Concluded.

lu - jah for the cross, Hal-le - lu-jah,  
 lu - jah for the cross, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross, Hal - le-lu-jah,

Hal - le - lu-jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss.  
 Hal - le-lu-jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer, nev - er suf - fer loss.

**FULL CHORUS.**

\* Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah for the cross;

*cres.* . . . . *ff*  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, it shall nev - er suf - fer loss.  
*cres.* . . . . *ff*

\* For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures — the instrument playing the harmony.

# No. 136. Have Courage, my Boy, to say No!

"Resist the devil and he will flee from you."—JAMES 4: 7.

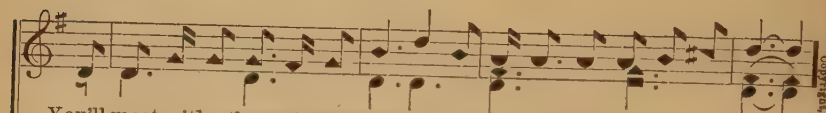
P. S.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

SOLO.



1. You're starting, my boy, on life's journey, Along the grand highway of life;
2. In cour-age a - lone lies your safety, When you the long journey be-gin;
3. Be care-ful in choosing companions, Seek only the brave and the true;



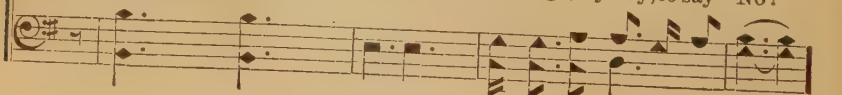
You'll meet with a thousand temptations—Each cit-y with e-vil is rife.  
Your trust in a heav-en-ly Father Will keep you unspot-ted from sin.  
And stand by your friends when in tri-al, Ne'er changing the old for the new;



This world is a stage of ex-cite-ment, There's danger wherev-er you go;  
Temp-ta-tions will go on in-creas-ing, As streams from a riv-u-let flow;  
And when by false friends you are tempted, The taste of the wine-cup to know,



But if you are tempted in weakness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!  
But if you'd be true to your manhood, Have courage, my boy, to say No!  
With firm-ness, with patience and kindness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!



Copyright, 1887, by H. R. Palmer.

# Have Courage, my Boy. — Concluded.

CHORUS.

Have courage, my boy, to say No! . . Have courage, my boy, to say No! . .

say No! say No!

Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, Have courage, my boy, to say No!

No. 137.

## God's Time Now.

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 COR. 6: 2.

JOSEPH COOK.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Choose I must, and soon must choose Hol - i - ness, or heav - en lose;  
 2. End - less sin means end - less woe; In - to end - less sin I go,  
 3. As the stream its chan - nel grooves, And with - in that chan - nel moves,

While what heav - en loves I hate, Shut for me is heav - en's gate.  
 If my soul, from rea - son rent, Takes from sin its fi - nal bent.  
 So doth hab - it's deep - est tide Groove its bed, and there a - bide.

4 Light obeyed increaseth light,  
 Light resisted bringeth night;  
 Who shall give me will to choose,  
 If the love of light I lose?

5 Speed, my soul; this instant yield;  
 Let the Light its sceptre wield;  
 While thy God prolongeth grace,  
 Haste thee toward His holy face!

# No. 138.

# A Morning Land.

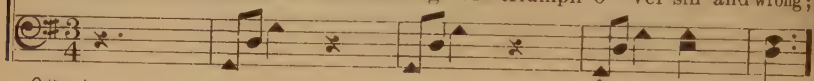
"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—CANT. 2: 17.

EDWARD H. PHELPS, by per.

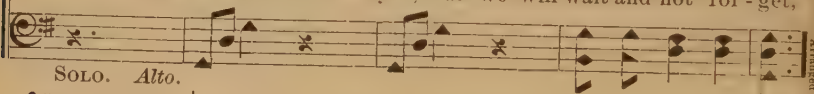
DUET.



1. Some day we say, and turn our eyes Toward the fair hills of Par - a - dise;
2. Some day our ears shall hear the song Of triumph o - ver sin and wrong;



Some day, some time, a sweet new rest Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast;  
Some day, some time, but oh! not yet; But we will wait and not for - get,



SOLO. Alto.



Some day, some time, our eyes shall see The faces kept in memo - ry;  
That some day all these things shall be, And rest be giv'n to you and me;

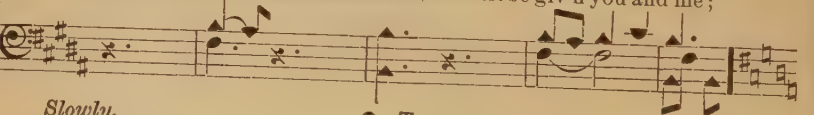


SOLO. Soprano.

DUET.



Some day, some time, our eyes shall see The faces kept in memo - ry;  
That some day all these things shall be, And rest be giv'n you and me;

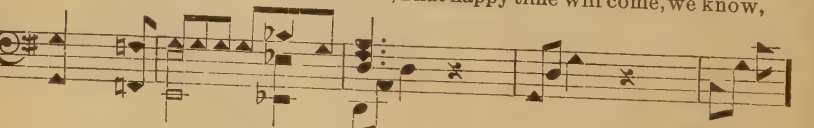


Slowly.

Tempo.



Some day their hands shall clasp our hand, Just o - ver in the morning land,  
So wait, my friends, tho' years move slow, That happy time will come, we know,



# O Morning Land.— Concluded.



Just o-ver in the morning land; Some day their hands shall clasp our hands,  
That hap-py time will come, we know; So wait, my friends, tho' years move slow,



Just o-ver in the morning lands; O morn-ing land! O morn-ing land!  
That hap-py time will come, we know O morn-ing land! O morn-ing land!

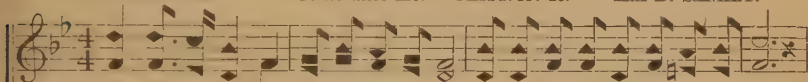


## No. 139. O What a Saviour.

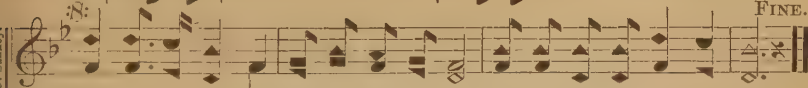
J. L. STERLING.

"Come unto me."—MATT. 11: 28.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Come to the Saviour, hear His loving voice Never will you find a Friend so true,
2. Blest words of comfort, gently now they fall, Jesus is the life, the truth, the way;
3. Soft-ly the Spir-it whispers in the heart, Do not slight the Saviour's offered grace,
4. Light in the darkness, joy in a-ny pain, Refuge for the weary and oppressed;



FINE.

Now He is waiting, trust Him and rejoice, Tender-ly He call-eth you.  
Come to the fountain, there is room for all, Je-sus bids you come to-day.  
Glad-ly receive Him, let Him not de-part, Hap-py they who seek his face.  
Still He is waiting, call-ing yet a-gain, Come and He will give you rest.



D.S.—Still He is wait-ing, grieve His love no more, Tenderly He call-eth you.

D.S.



O, what a Saviour standing at the door, Haste while He lingers, pardon now implore;





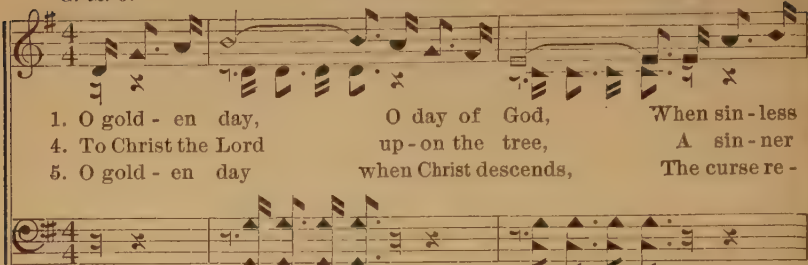
# No. 140.

# O Paradise!

"With me in Paradise."—LUKE 23: 43.

G. M. J.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. O gold - en day,                      O day of God,                      When sin - less  
4. To Christ the Lord                      up - on the tree,                      A sin - ner  
5. O gold - en day                      when Christ descends,                      The curse re -

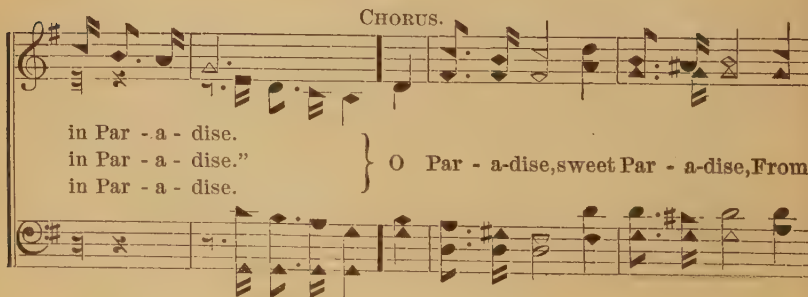
1. O gold-en day, etc.



souls                      the gar - den    trod!                      In bliss su - preme,  
cries:—                      "Remember    me!"                      "To-day shalt thou,"  
moves                      and sor - row    ends;                      All glo - ry    clad,




neath sun - ny    skies,                      In E - den    fair,  
the Lord re - plies,                      "Be with me    there  
the ran - somed rise                      To reign with Him



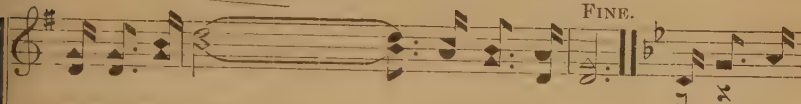
CHORUS.  
in Par - a - dise.  
in Par - a - dise."  
in Par - a - dise.                      } O Par - a - dise, sweet Par - a - dise, From

Copyright 1887, by James McGranahan.

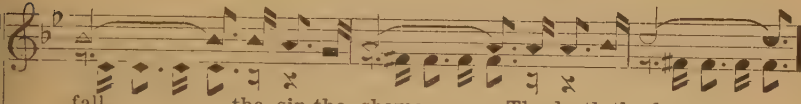
# O Paradise!—Concluded.




scenes of earth we long to rise; O Par - a-dise, bright Par - a - dise,




Where Je - sus reigns . . . . . be - yond the skies. 2. The fa - tal  
be - yond the skies, 3. The bead - ed



fall, the sin, the shame, The death, the doom,  
brow. the sil - vered hair, The ach - ing heart,



the sword a - flame, The curse, the crime beyond dis -  
the va - cant chair, The grass - y graves, the bro - ken



guise, The earth no more is Par - a - dise.  
ties, Are not the scenes of Par - a - dise.

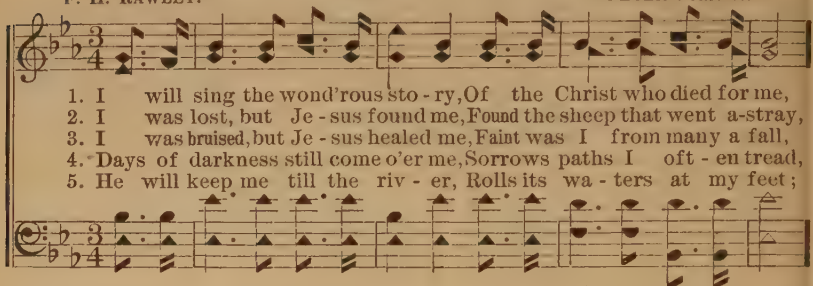
*Go to Chorus.*

# No. 141. I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

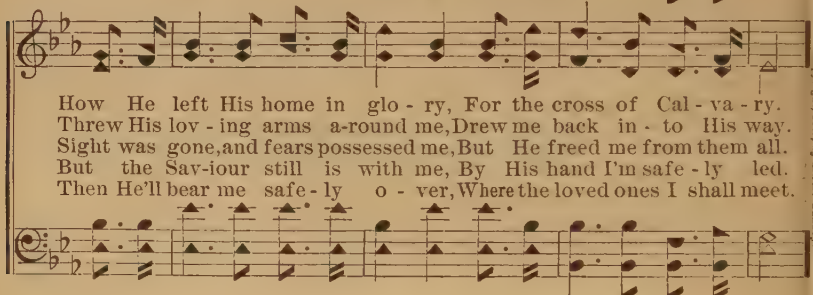
"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."—Ps. 1: 89.

F. H. RAWLEY.

PETER BILHORN.

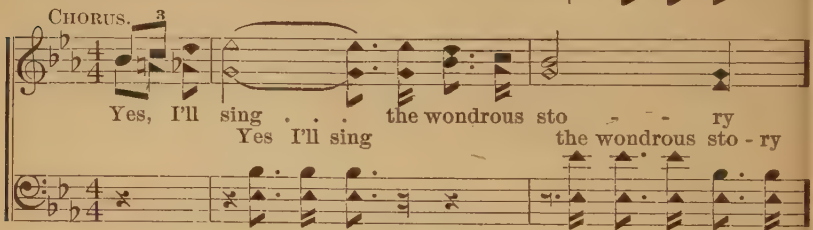


1. I will sing the wond'rous sto - ry, Of the Christ who died for me,  
 2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray,  
 3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,  
 4. Days of darkness still come o'er me, Sorrows paths I oft - entread,  
 5. He will keep me till the riv - er, Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

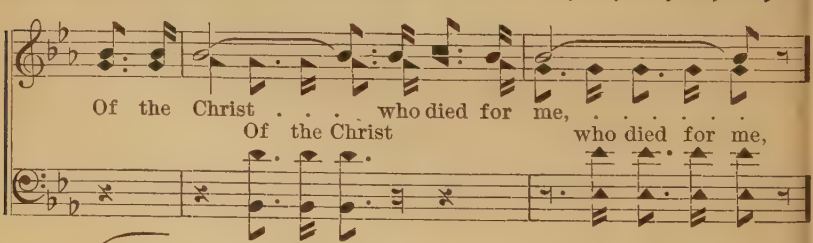


How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross of Cal - va - ry.  
 Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.  
 Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But He freed me from them all.  
 But the Sav - iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.  
 Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

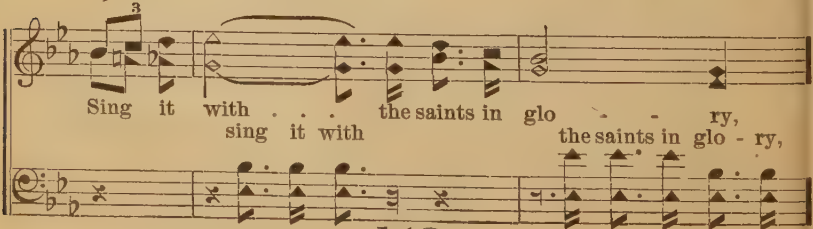
CHORUS. <sup>3</sup>



Yes, I'll sing the wondrous sto - - - ry  
 Yes I'll sing the wondrous sto - ry



Of the Christ who died for me,  
 Of the Christ who died for me,



Sing it with the saints in glo - - - ry,  
 sing it with the saints in glo - ry,

# I Will Sing. Concluded.

Gath-ered by the crys - tal sea,  
gath - ered by the the crys - tal sea.

## No. 142. Loving Kindness. L. M.

SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Western Melody.

1. A - wake, my soul, to joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-withstanding all;  
3. Tho' num'rous hosts of might-y foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose,  
4. When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Has gatherd thick and thunder'd loud,

He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how free!  
He saved me from my lost es-tate, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how great!  
He safe-ly leads my soul a - long, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how strong!  
He near my soul has always stood, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh, how good!

Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!  
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!  
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how strong!  
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how good!

## No. 143.

## The Model Church.

(SOLO AND CONGREGATION.)

JOHN H. YATES.

Arr. by IRA D. SANKEY.



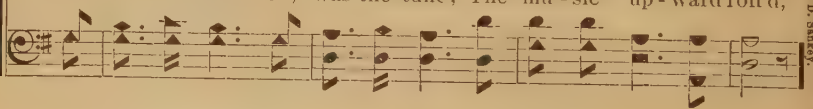
1. Well, wife, I've found the mod-el church, And worshipp'd there to-day;
2. The sex-ton did not set me down, A-way back by the door;
3. I wish you'd heard the sing-ing wife, It had the old-time ring;



It made me think of good old times, Be-fore my hair was gray;  
 He knew that I was old and deaf, And saw that I was poor;  
 The preacher said with trump-et voice, Let all the peo-ple sing:



The meet-ing house was fi-ner built, Than they were years a-go,  
 He must have been a Chris-tian man, He led me bold-ly through  
 "Old Cor-o-na-tion," was the tune; The mu-sic up-ward roll'd,



But then I found when I went in, It was not built for show.  
 The crowded aisle of that grand church, To find a pleas-ant pew.  
 Un-til I tho't the an-gel choir Struck all their harps of gold.



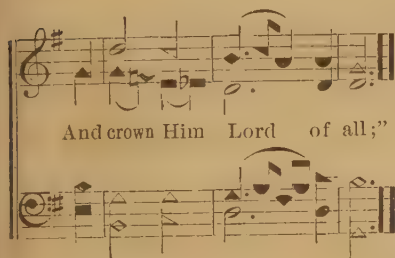
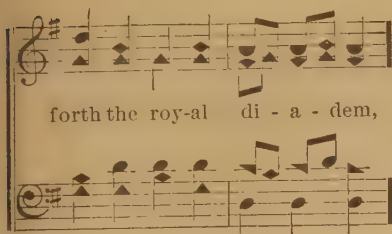
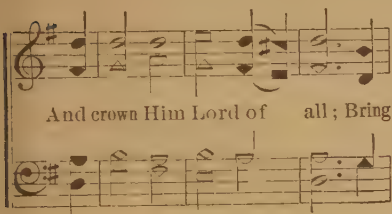
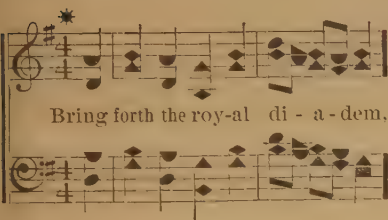
Words used by per. Ph. Phillips. Arrangement Copyright, 1880, by Ira D. Sankey.



# The Model Church. — Concluded.

4.

My deafness seemed to melt away,  
My spirit caught the fire;  
I joined my feeble, trembling voice  
With that melodious choir;  
And sang as in my youthful days,  
"Let angels prostrate fall;



5.

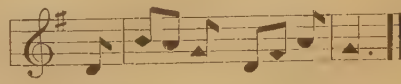
I tell you, wife, it did me good  
To sing that hymn once more;  
I felt like some wrecked mariner  
Who gets a glimpse of shore;  
I almost want to lay aside  
This weather-beaten form.  
And anchor in the blessed port,  
Forever from the storm.

6.

'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,  
But simple gospel truth;  
It fitted humble men like me;  
It suited hopeful youth;  
To win immortal souls to Christ,  
The earnest preacher tried;  
He talked not of himself, or creed,  
But Jesus crucified.

7.

Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,  
The vict'ry soon be won;  
The shining land is just ahead,  
Our race is nearly run:  
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,  
Our home so bright and fair;  
Thank God, we'll never sin again;



\* All join in singing the old tunes.

## No. 144.

## The Gospel Call.

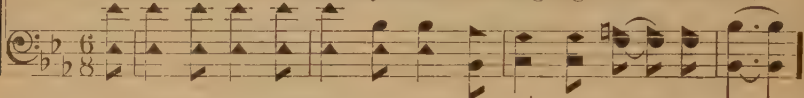
"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come."—REV. 22: 17.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



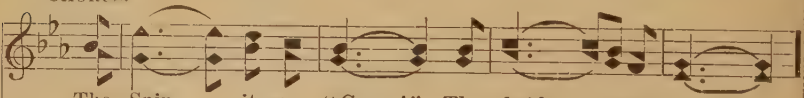
1. The Spir - it and the bride say, "Come! And take the wa - ter of life!"
2. Let ev - 'ry one who hears, say "Come!" And joy - ful wit - ness give;
3. Ye souls who are a - thirst, for - sake Your bro - ken cis - terns first;
4. Yea, who - so - ev - er will may come, Your long - ings Christ can fill;



( ) bless - ed call! Good news to all Who tire of sin and strife.  
I heard the sound, The stream I found, I drank, and now I live!  
Then come, par-take, One draught will slake, Your soul's consum - ing thirst.  
The stream is free To you and me, And who-so - ev - er will.



CHORUS.



The Spir - it says, "Come!" The bride . . . says, "Come!"



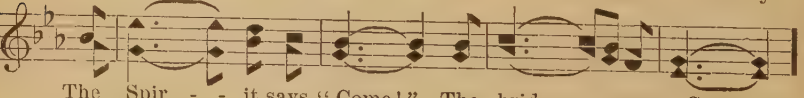
The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!" The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!"



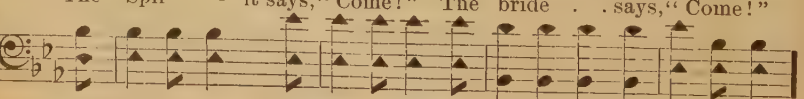
And take . . . of the wa - ter of life . . . free-ly.



And take the wa - ter of life, of life, The wa - ter of life free - ly.



The Spir - - it says, "Come!" The bride . . . says, "Come!"



The Spir-it and the bride say, "Come!" The Spirit and the bride say, "Come!"

# The Gospel Call.—Concluded.

And take . . . of the wa - ter of life . . . free-ly.

And take the wa-ter of life, of life, The wa-ter of life free-ly.

## No. 145. Come, Sinner, Come.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—MATT. 11: 28.

W. E. WITTER.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are  
 2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will  
 3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re -

pray - ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,  
 bear your bur - den, Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,  
 ceive the bless-ing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,

Come, sin-ner come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!  
 Come, sin-ner come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sin-ner, come!  
 Come, sin-ner come! While we are praying for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

# No. 146. When the Mists have Rolled Away.

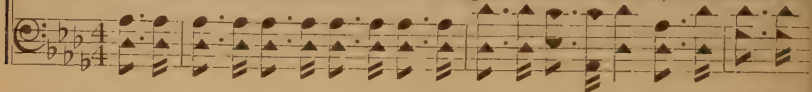
"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."—CANT. 2: 17.

ANNIE HERBERT. AIT.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beauty of the hills, And the sun-light
2. Oft we tread the path be-fore us With a wear-y burden'd heart; Oft we toil a-
3. We shall come with joy and gladness, We shall gather round the throne; Face to face with



falls in glad-ness On the riv-er and the rills, We re-call our Father's promise  
mid the shadows, And our fields are far a-part: But the Saviour's "Come, ye blessed"  
those that love us, We shall know as we are known: And the song of our redemption,



In the rainbow of the spray: We shall know each other better When the mists have rolled away.  
All our la-bor will re-pay, When we gather in the morning Where the mists have rolled away.  
Shall resound tho' endless day, When the shadows have departed, And the mists have rolled away.



## CHORUS.



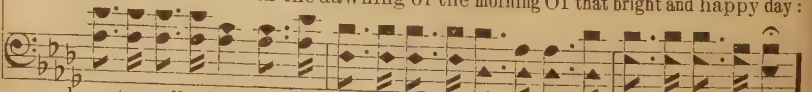
known, as we are known,  
We shall know . . . as we are known, . . . Nev-er more . . . to walk a-  
as we are known,



We shall know as we are known, Never more to walk a-

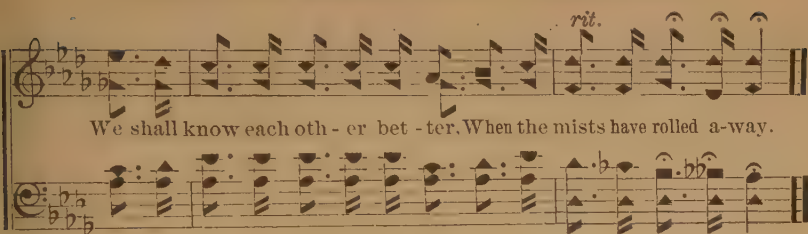


lone, . . . In the dawning of the morning Of that bright and happy day:



lone, to walk alone,

# When the Mists, etc.— Concluded.



*rit.*

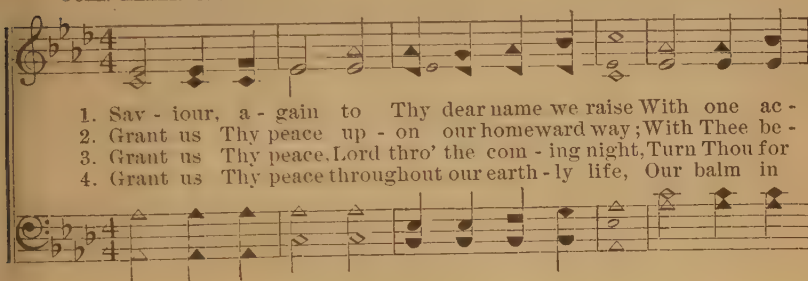
We shall know each oth - er bet - ter, When the mists have rolled a-way.

## No. 147. Saviour, Again.

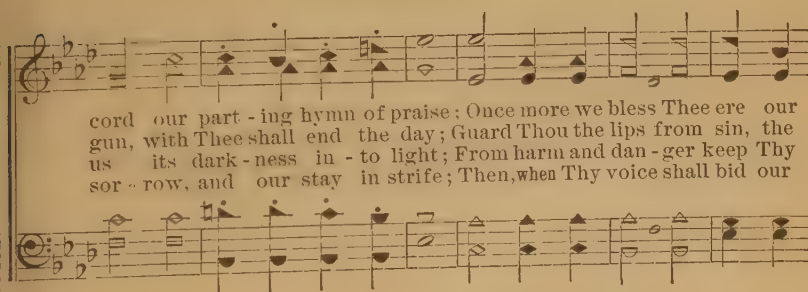
"The Lord will bless his people with peace."—Ps. 29: 11.

JOHN ELLERTON.

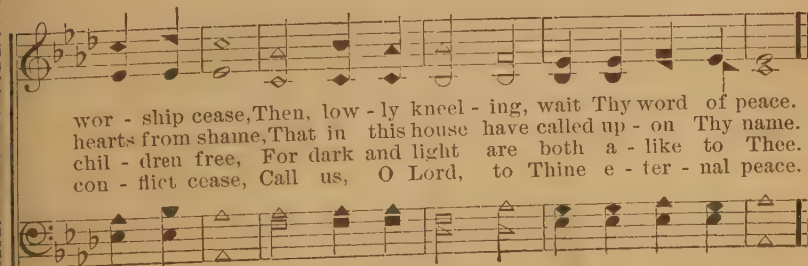
E. J. HOPKINS.



1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -  
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be -  
 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord thro' the com - ing night, Turn Thou for  
 4. Grant us Thy peace throughout our earth - ly life, Our balm in



cord our part - ing hymn of praise; Once more we bless Thee ere our  
 gun, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the  
 us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy  
 sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our



wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.  
 hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.  
 chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.  
 con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.



# No. 148.

# Follow On!

W. O. CUSHING.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-four I would go, Where the flow'rs are  
 2. Down in the val-ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the storms are  
 3. Down in the val-ley, or up-on the mountain steep, Close be-side my

bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would  
 sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will  
 Sav-four would my soul ev-er keep; He will lead me safe-ly, in - the

fol-low, fol-low on, Walk-ing in His foot-steps till the crown be won.  
 nev-er, nev-er fear, Dan-ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near.  
 path that He has trod, Up to where they gath-er on the hills of God.

## REFRAIN.

Follow! follow! I would follow Je-sus! Anywhere, ev'rywhere, I would follow on!

Follow! fol-low! I would follow Je-sus! Ev'rywhere, He leads me I would follow on!

# No. 149. Jesus Knows thy Sorrow.

W. O. CUSHING.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Je-sus knows thy sor-row, Knows thine ev-'ry care; Knows thy deep con-  
 2. Trust the heart of Je-sus, Thou art prec-i-ous there; Sure-ly He would  
 3. Je-sus knows thy con-flict, Hears thy bur-den'd sigh; When thy heart is

# Jesus Knows thy Sorrow.—Concluded.

Copyright, 1883, by Mrs. D. Sankey.

tri - tion, Hears thy feeblest prayer; Do not fear to trust Him—Tell Him all thy  
shield thee From the tempter's snare; Safe-ly He would lead thee By His own sweet  
wound-ed, Hears the plain-tive cry; He thy soul will strengthen, O-ver-come thy

grief; Cast on Him thy bur - den, He will bring re - lief.  
way; Out in - to the glo - ry Of a bright-er day.  
fears; He will send thee com - fort, Wipe a - way thy tears.

## No. 150. Gather Them In.

F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Gath-er them in! for yet there is room At the feast that the King has spread;  
2. Gath-er them in! for yet there is room; But our hearts—how they throb with pain,  
3. Gath-er them in! for yet there is room; 'Tis a mes - sage from God a - bove;

O gath-er them in!—let His house be filled, And the hungry and poor be fed.  
To think of the ma - ny who slight the call That may never be heard a - gain!  
O gath-er them in - to the fold of grace, And the arms of the Sav-iour's love.

### REFRAIN.

Out in the high-way, out in the by - way, Out in the dark paths of sin,

Go forth, go forth, with a lov - ing heart, And gath - er the wan-d'rers in!

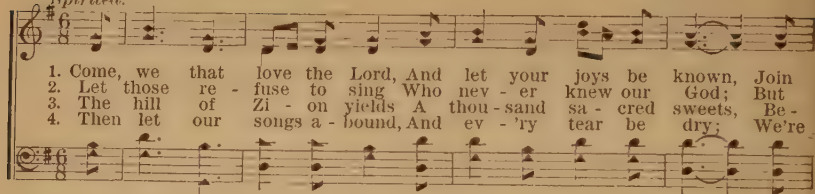
Copyright, 1883, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

# No. 151. We're Marching to Zion.

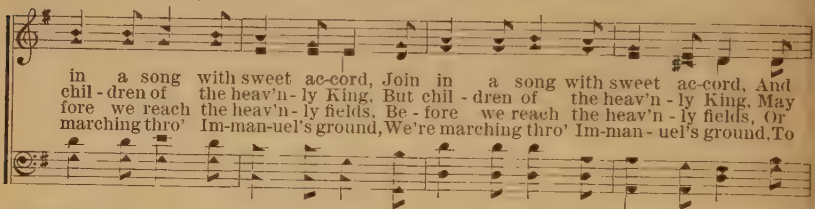
ISAAC WATTS.

REV. R. LOWRY.

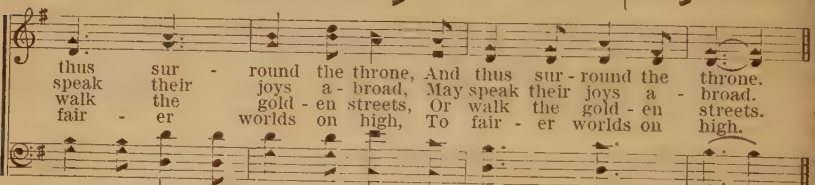
*Spirited.*



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join  
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But  
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets, Be -  
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're



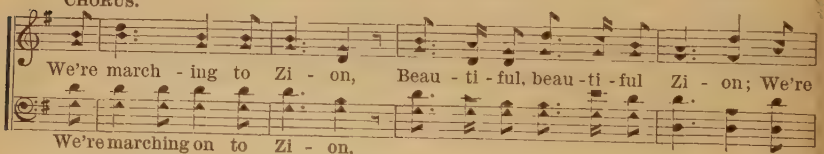
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And  
chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, May  
fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or  
marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, To



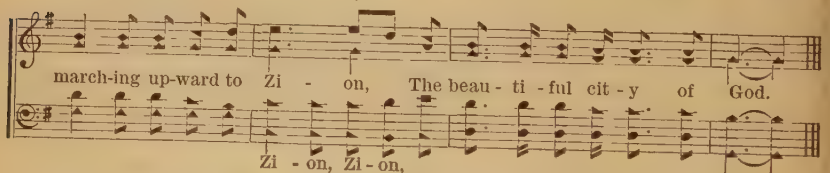
thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.  
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.  
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.  
fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're  
We're marching on to Zi - on,

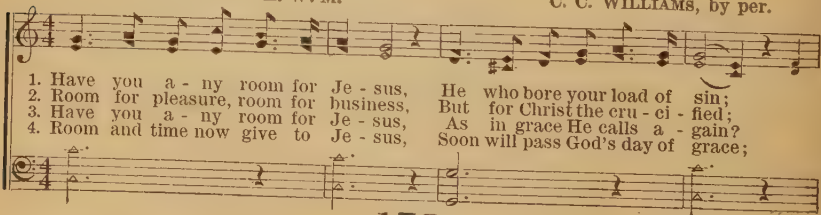


march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.  
Zi - on, Zi - on,

# No. 152. Have you any Room for Jesus?

Arr. by W. W. D. from L. W. M.

C. C. WILLIAMS, by per.



1. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus, He who bore your load of sin;  
2. Room for pleasure, room for business, But for Christ the cru - ci - fied;  
3. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus, As in grace He calls a - gain?  
4. Room and time now give to Je - sus, Soon will pass God's day of grace;

# Have you any Room, etc. — Concluded.



As He knocks and asks ad - mis - sion,  
Not a place that He can en - ter,  
O to - day is time ac - cept - ed,  
Soon thy heart left cold and si - lent,

Sin - ner will you let Him in?  
In your heart for which He died?  
To - mor - row you may call in vain.  
And thy Saviour's pleading cease.



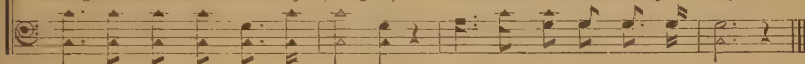
## CHORUS.



Room for Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Has - ten now His word o - bey,



Swing the heart's door wide - ly o - pen, Bid Him en - ter while you may.



## No. 153.

## Almost Persuaded.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS.



1. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed,"



Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go Spir - it,  
Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are  
Doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is



go thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."  
ling - ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear: O wan - d'r'er come,  
but to fail! Sad, sad that bit - ter wail — "Al - most — but lost!"



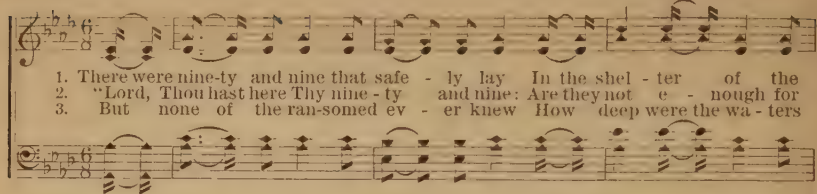


# No. 154. The Ninety and Nine.

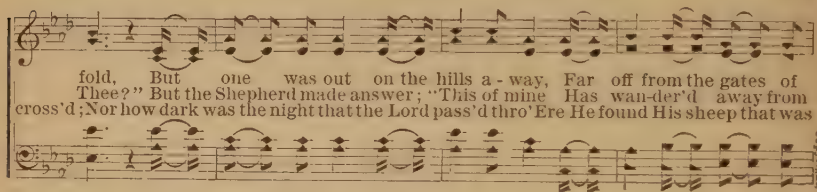
E. C. CLEPHANE.

To be sung only as a Solo.

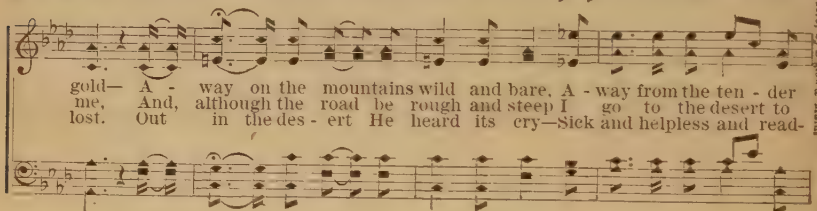
IRA D. SANKEY.



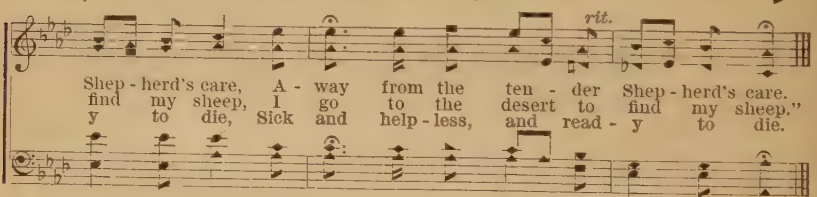
1. There were nine-ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the  
 2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine: Are they not e - nough for  
 3. But none of the ran-somed ev - er knew How deep were the wa - ters



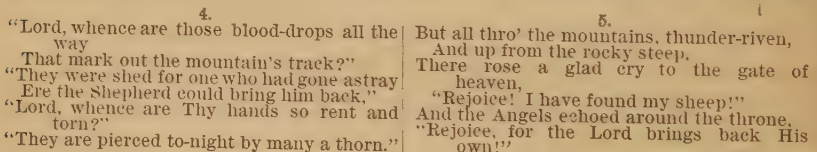
fold, But one was out on the hills a - way, Far off from the gates of  
 Thee?" But the Shepherd made answer; "This of mine Has wan-der'd away from  
 cross'd; Nor how dark was the night that the Lord pass'd thro' Ere He found His sheep that was



gold - A - way on the mountains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der  
 me, And, although the road be rough and steep I go to the desert to  
 lost. Out in the des - ert He heard its cry - Sick and helpless and read -



Shep - herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care,  
 find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."  
 y to die, Sick and help - less, and read - y to die.



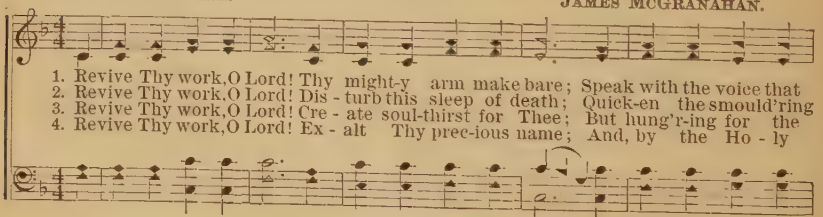
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way  
 That mark out the mountain's track?"  
 "They were shed for one who had gone astray  
 Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."  
 "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"  
 "They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5. But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,  
 And up from the rocky steep,  
 There rose a glad cry to the gate of  
 heaven,  
 "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"  
 And the Angels echoed around the throne,  
 "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His  
 own!"

# No. 155. Revive Thy Work.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Revive Thy work, O Lord! Thy might-y arm make bare; Speak with the voice that  
 2. Revive Thy work, O Lord! Dis - turb this sleep of death; Quick-en the smould'ring  
 3. Revive Thy work, O Lord! Cre - ate soul-thirst for Thee; But lung'r-ing for the  
 4. Revive Thy work, O Lord! Ex - alt Thy prec-i-ous name; And, by the Ho - ly



# Revive Thy Work.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

wakes the dead, And make Thy people hear.  
em - bers now By Thine Almighty breath.  
bread of life, Oh, may our spir - its be!  
Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.

Re - vive! . . . re - vive! . . . And

Re-vive Thy work! revive Thy work! And

give, refresh - ing showers; The glo - ry shall all be Thine own; The blessing shall be ours.

give, oh, give refreshing showers;

## No. 156. I am Thine, O Lord.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy ser - vice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea,

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.  
Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.  
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.  
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

REFRAIN.

Draw me near - er, near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;

near - er, near - er,

Draw me near - er, near - er, near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

# No. 157. It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

P. P. BLISS.

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sorrows like sea billows roll;  
 2. Though Satan should buf - fet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest assurance control,  
 3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - rious thought— My sin— not in part but the whole,  
 4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd back as a scroll,

What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.  
 That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate, And has shed His own blood for my soul.  
 Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!  
 The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend, "Even so"—it is well with my soul.

CHORUS.

It is well . . . with my soul, . . .

It is well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

# No. 158. Hiding in Thee.

WILLIAM O. CUSHING.

IRA D. SANKEY.

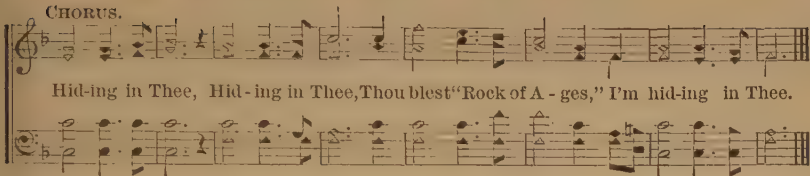
1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My soul in its  
 2. In the calm of the noon - tide, in sor - row's lone hour, In times when temp -  
 3. How oft in the con - flict, when press'd by the foe, I have fled to my

con - flicts and sor - rows would fly; So sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine,  
 ta - tion casts o'er me its pow'r; In the tem - pests of life, on its  
 Ref - uge and breathed out my woe; How oft - en when tri - als, like

Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of . A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.  
 wide heav - ing sea; Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.  
 sea - bil - lows roll, Have I hid - den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

# Hiding in Thee. — Concluded.

CHORUS.

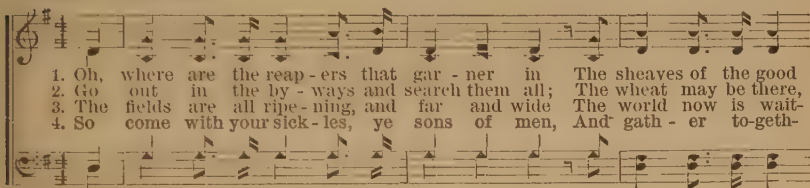


Hid-ing in Thee, Hid-ing in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid-ing in Thee.

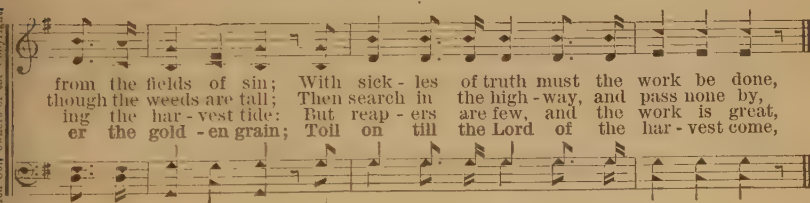
## No. 159. Oh, Where are the Reapers.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

GEO. F. ROOT.

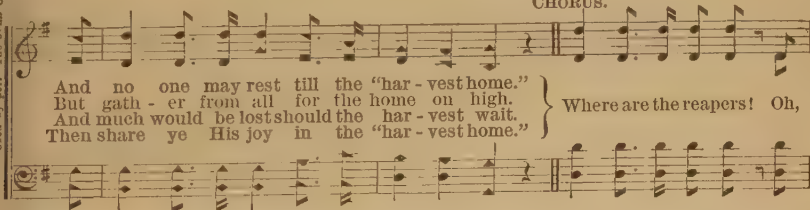


1. Oh, where are the reap-ers that gar-ner in The sheaves of the good  
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there,  
3. The fields are all ripe-nig, and far and wide The world now is wait-  
4. So come with your sick-les, ye sons of men, And gath-er to-geth-



from the fields of sin; With sick-les of truth must the work be done,  
though the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-way, and pass none by,  
ing the har-vest tide; But reap-ers are few, and the work is great,  
er the gold-en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the har-vest come,

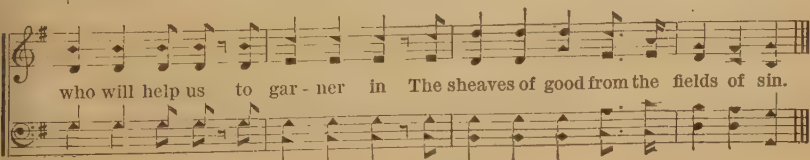
CHORUS.



And no one may rest till the "har-vest home."  
But gath-er from all for the home on high.  
And much would be lost should the har-vest wait. } Where are the reapers! Oh,  
Then share ye His joy in the "har-vest home."



who will come And share in the glo-ry of the "har-vest home?" Oh,



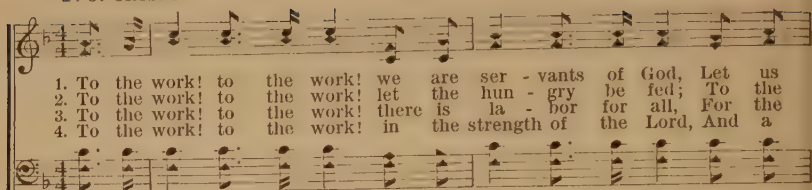
who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.

# No. 160.

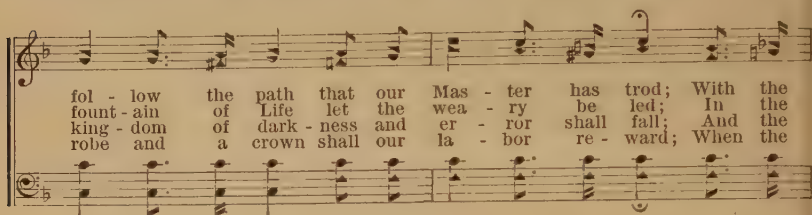
# To the Work.

F. J. CROSBY.

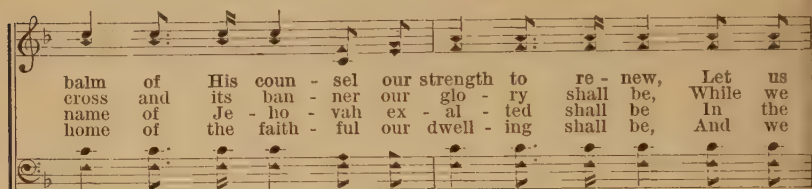
W. H. DOANE.



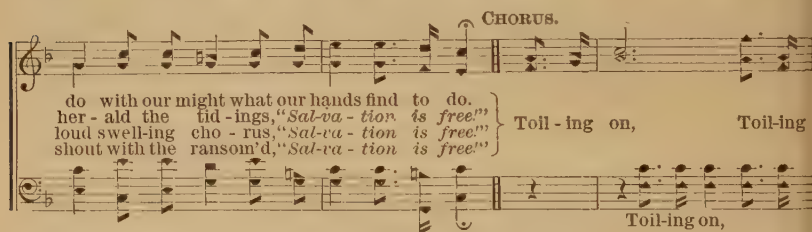
1. To the work! to the work! we are ser - vants of God, Let us  
 2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the  
 3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all, For the  
 4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a



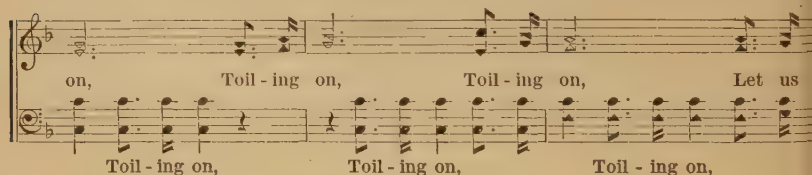
fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the  
 fount - ain of Life let the wea - ry be led; In the  
 king - dom of dark - ness and the er - ror shall fall; And the  
 robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the



balm of His coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us  
 cross and of its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we  
 name Je - ho - vah ex - al - ted shall be, In the  
 home of the faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we



CHORUS.  
 do with our might what our hands find to do.  
 her - ald the tid - ings, "Sal - va - tion is free," } Toil - ing on, Toil - ing  
 loud swell - ing cho - rus, "Sal - va - tion is free," }  
 shout with the ransom'd, "Sal - va - tion is free!" }  
 Toil - ing on,



on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Let us  
 Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil - ing on,



hope, Let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes.

and trust,

and pray,



# No. 161.

# My Redeemer.

P. P. BLISS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His won-d'rous love to me;  
2. I will tell the wond'rous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,  
3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-umph-ant pow'r I'll tell,  
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n-ly love to me;

On the cru-el cross He suf-fer'd, From the curse to set me free.  
In His boundless love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.  
How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.  
He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with Him to be.

## CHORUS.

Sing, oh! sing, . . . . . of my Re-deem-er, With His

Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deemer, With His  
blood . . . . .

blood He pur-chased me, He pur-chased me, . . . . . On the  
blood . . . . . He pur-chased me,

blood He pur-chased me, With His blood He pur-chased me; On the

cross . . . . . He seal'd my par-don, Paid the

cross He sealed my par-don, On the cross He sealed my par-don, Paid the

*Repeat pp after last verse.*

debt, and made me free, And made me free, and made me free.

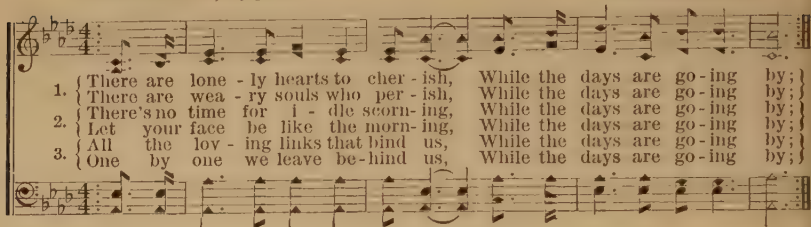
debt, and made me free,



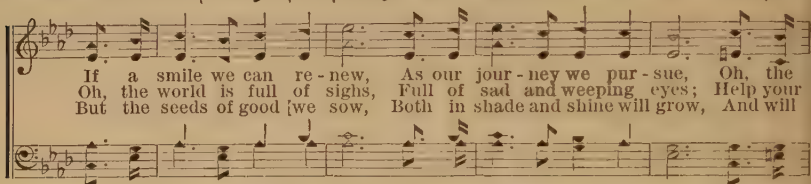
# No. 162. While the Days are going By.

GEORGE COOPER, by per.

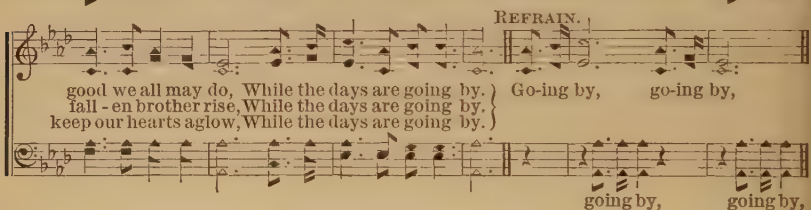
IRA D. SANKEY.



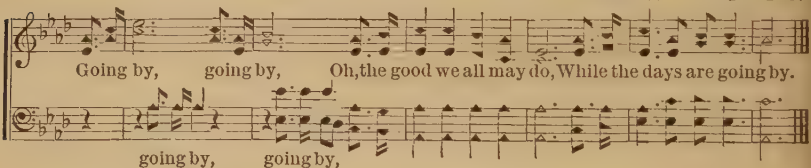
1. { There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 2. { There are wea - ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 3. { Let your face be like the morn - ing, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 { All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by; }  
 { One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing by; }



If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue, Oh, the  
 Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes; Help your  
 But the seeds of good [we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will



REFRAIN.  
 good we all may do, While the days are going by. } Go - ing by, go - ing by,  
 fall - en brother rise, While the days are going by. }  
 keep our hearts aglow, While the days are going by. }  
 going by, going by,

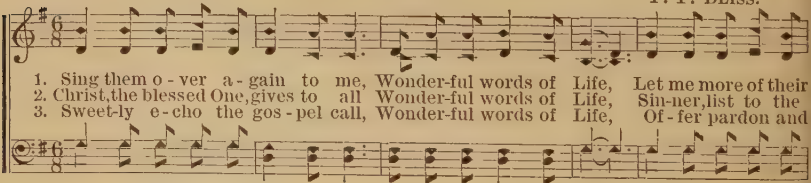


Going by, going by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are going by.  
 going by, going by,

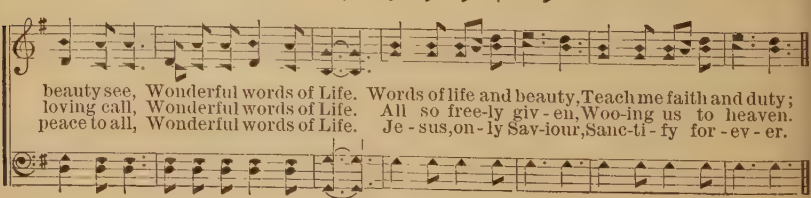
# No. 163. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.



1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Wonder - ful words of Life, Let me more of their  
 2. Christ, the blessed One, gives to all Wonder - ful words of Life, Sin - ner, list to the  
 3. Sweet - ly e - cho the gos - pel call, Wonder - ful words of Life, Of - fer pardon and



beauty see, Wonderful words of Life. Words of life and beauty, Teach me faith and duty;  
 loving call, Wonderful words of Life. All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heaven.  
 peace to all, Wonderful words of Life. Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.

# Wonderful Words of Life.—Concluded.

Beau-ti-ful words, wonder-ful words, Won-der-ful words of Life, Life.

## No. 164. Behold, what Love !

M. S. S.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Be - hold, what love, what boundless love, The Fa - ther hath be - stow'd  
 2. No long - er far from Him, but now By "pre - cious blood" made nigh;  
 3. What we in glo - ry soon shall be, It doth not yet ap - pear;  
 4. With such a bless - ed hope in view, We would more ho - ly be,

On sin - ners lost, that we should be Now call'd the sons of God!  
 Ac - cept - ed in the "Well - be - lov'd," Near to God's heart we lie.  
 But when our pre - cious Lord we see, We shall His im - age bear.  
 More like our ris - en, glo - rious Lord, Whose face we soon shall see.

### CHORUS.

Be - hold, what man - ner of love! . . . . . What man - ner of  
 what man - ner of love,

love the Fa - ther hath be - stow'd up - on us, That we, . . that

we should be call'd, . . . . . Should be call'd the sons of God.  
 the sons of God,

# No. 165. Trusting Jesus, That is All.

E. P. STITES.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Sim-ply trust-ing ev-'ry day, Trusting thro' a stormy way; E - ven when my  
 2. Brightly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine; While He leads I  
 3. Singing, if my way is clear; Praying, if the path is drear; If in dan-ger,  
 4. Trusting Him while life shall last, Trusting Him till earth is past; Till with-in the

CHORUS.

faith is small, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.  
 can - not fall, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.  
 for Him call; Trusting Je - sus, that is all.  
 jas - per wall, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.

Trust-ing as the moments fly,

Trusting as the days go by; Trusting Him whate'er befall, Trusting Jesus, that is all.

# No. 166. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. PALMER.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic - t'ry will  
 2. Shun e - vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis - dain, ear - nest,  
 3. To him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown, God's name hold in  
 Thro' faith we shall

help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,  
 rev - rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and ear - nest,  
 con - quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,

Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.  
 Kind-hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.  
 Our strength will re-new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.

# Yield Not to Temptation.—Concluded.

## CHORUS.

Ask the Sav - iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;  
He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

## No. 167. What a Friend We have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. Alt.

CHARLES C. CONVERSE, by per.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;  
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?  
3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cum - ber'd with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in pray'r.  
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.  
Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our Ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what need - less pain we bear —  
Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?  
Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

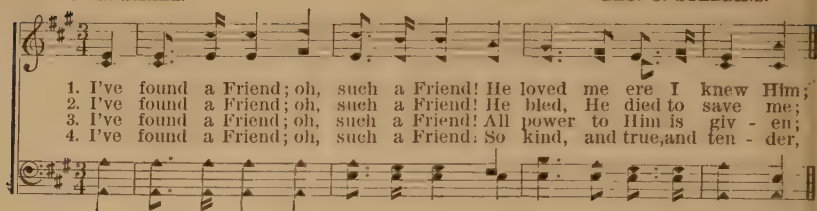
All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer.  
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.



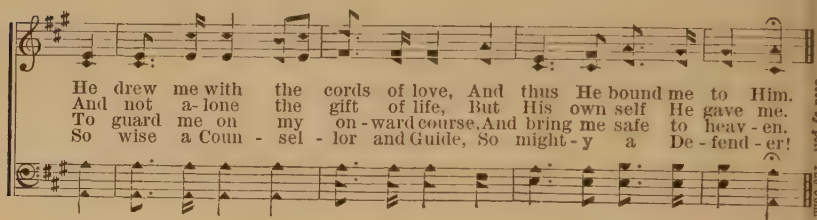
# No. 168. I've Found a Friend.

J. G. SMALL.

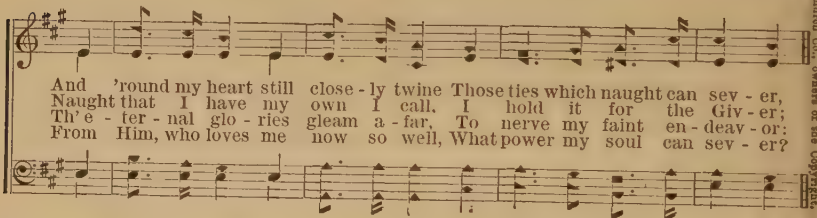
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



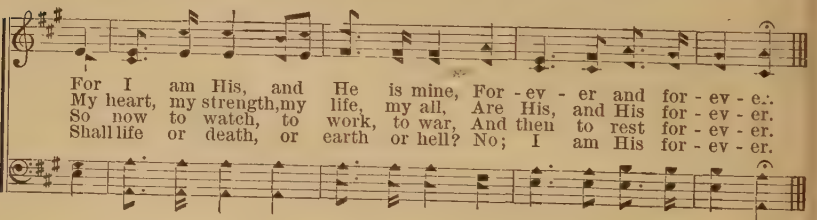
1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;  
 2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;  
 3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is giv - en;  
 4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,



He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.  
 And not a-lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.  
 To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to heav-en.  
 So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might-y a De-fend-er!



And 'round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev-er,  
 Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv-er;  
 Th'e - ter-nal glo-ries gleam a-far, To nerve my faint en-deav-or;  
 From Him, who loves me now so well, What power my soul can sev-er?

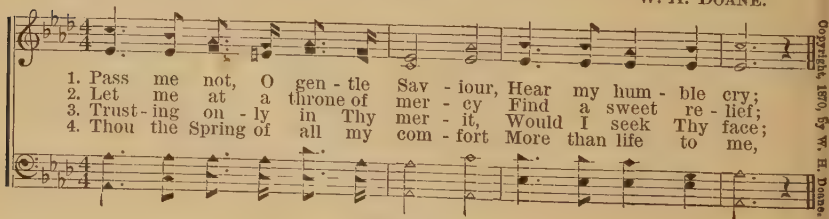


For I am His, and He is mine, For-ev-er and for-ev-e-er.  
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev-er.  
 So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev-er.  
 Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for-ev-er.

# No. 169. Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

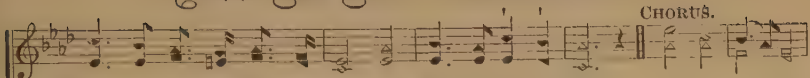


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-our, Hear my hum-ble cry;  
 2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief;  
 3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face;  
 4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort More than life to me,

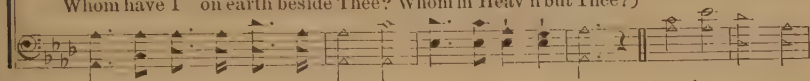


# Pass Me Not.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.  
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief:  
Heal my wounded, brok - en spir - it. Save me by Thy grace. } Sav - iour, Sav - iour,  
Whom have I on earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?



Hear my humble cry, While on oth - ers Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

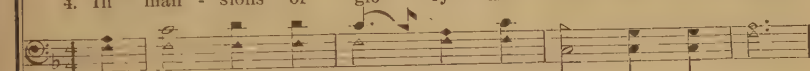


## No. 170. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

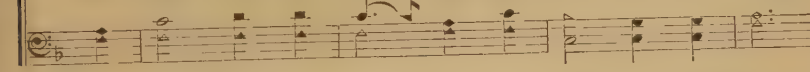
A. J. GORDON, by per.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,  
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,  
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,  
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,



For Thee all the fol - lies of on sin I re - sign;  
And pur - chas'd my par - don as Thou Cal - va - ry's tree;  
And praise Thee as a long as Thou lend - est me breath;  
I'll ev - er be a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;



My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,  
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;  
And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow;  
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,



If ev - er I lov'd Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

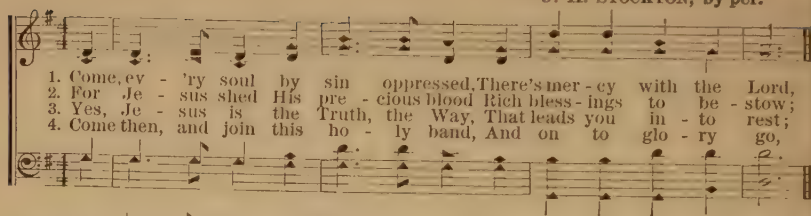


# No. 171.

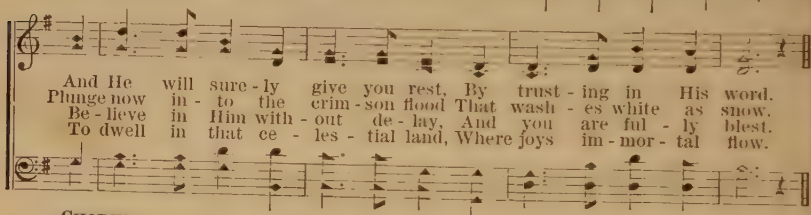
# Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

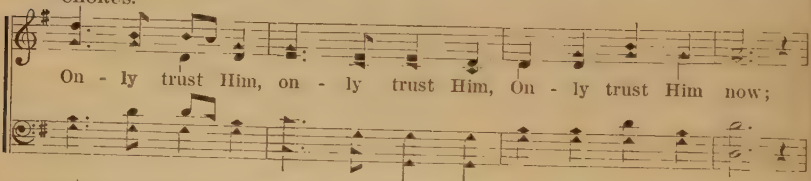


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord,  
 2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow;  
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;  
 4. Come then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

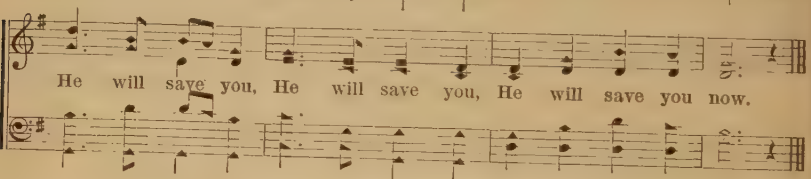


And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.  
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.  
 Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.  
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

## CHORUS.



On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;



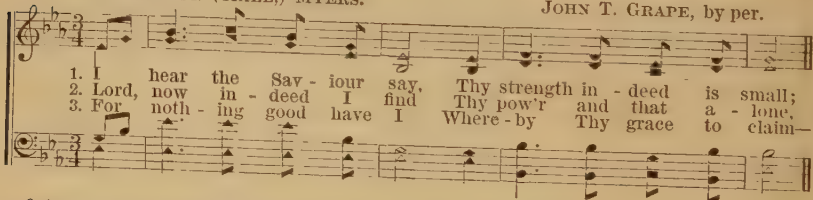
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

# No. 172.

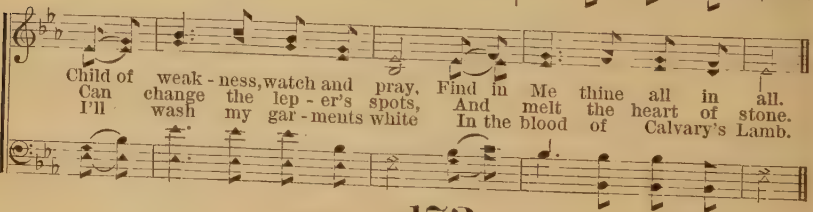
# All to Christ I Owe.

Mrs. ELVINA M. (HALL,) MYERS.

JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.



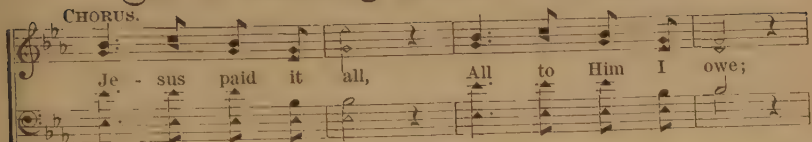
1. I hear the Sav - iour say, Thy strength in - deed is small;  
 2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r and that a - lone,  
 3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim -



Child of weak - ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.  
 Can change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.  
 I'll wash my gar - ments white In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

# All to Christ I Owe.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Sin had left a crim - son stain: He washed it white as snow.

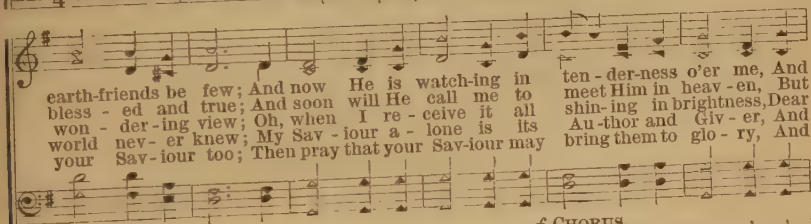
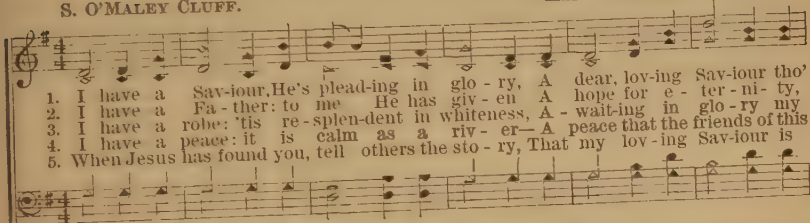
4 When from my dying bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all"  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—CHO.

5 And when before the throne  
I stand in Him complete,  
I'll lay my trophies down,  
All down at Jesus' feet.—CHO.

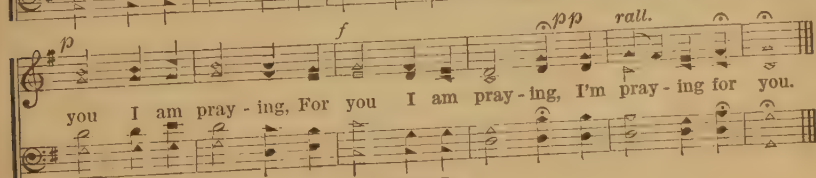
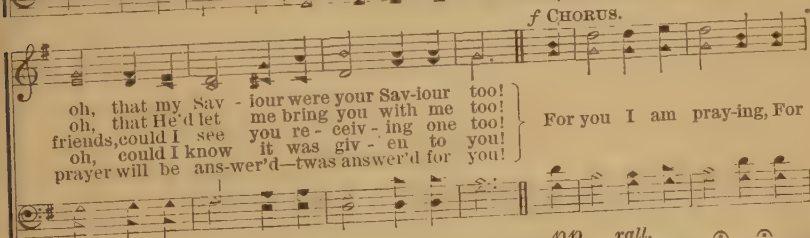
## No. 173. I Am Praying for You.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



*f* CHORUS.



# No. 174.

# I shall be Satisfied.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Soul of mine, in earth - ly tem - ple, Why not here con - tent a - bide?  
 2. Soul of mine, my heart is cling - ing, To the earth's fair pomp and pride;  
 3. Soul of mine, must I sur - ren - der, See my - self as cru - ci - fied;  
 4. Soul of mine, con - tin - ue plead - ing; Sin re - buke, and fol - ly chide;

Why art thou for - ev - er plead - ing? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?  
 Ah, why dost thou thus re - prove me? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?  
 Turn from all of earth's am - bi - tion, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied?  
 I ac - cept the cross of Je - sus, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied?

## CHORUS.

I shall be sat-is-fied, shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied, shall be sat-is-fied,  
 I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied,

When I awake in His like-ness, I shall be sat-is-fied, shall be sat-is-fied,

I shall be sat-is-fied, shall be sat-is-fied, When I a-wake in His like - ness.  
 I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied,

Copyright, 1876, by James McGranahan.

# No. 175.

# Something for Jesus.

S. D. PHELPS.

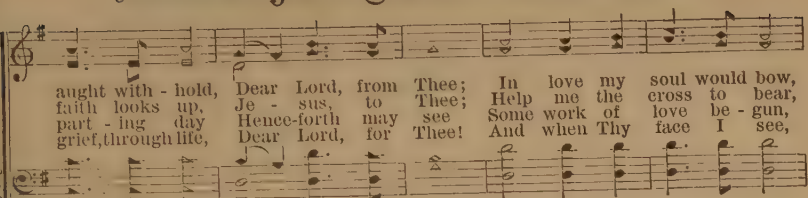
ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Sav - iour! Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I  
 2. O'er the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead - ing for me, My fee - ble  
 3. Give me a faith - ful heart, Like - ness to Thee - That each de -  
 4. All that I am and have Thy gifts so free - In joy, in -

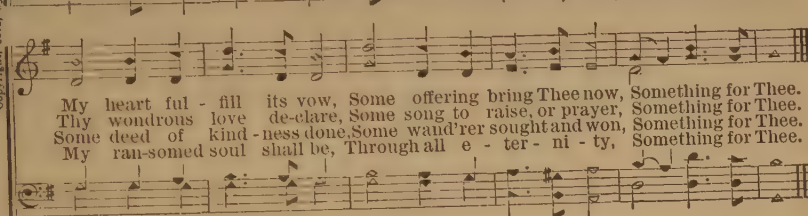


# Something for Jesus.—Concluded.

Copyright, 1871, by Eglow & Main.



aught with - hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow,  
 faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee; Help me the cross to bear,  
 part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun,  
 grief, through life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,

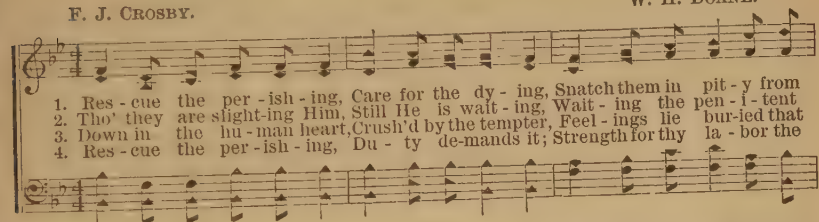


My heart ful - fill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.  
 Thy wondrous love de - clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.  
 Some deed of kind - ness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.  
 My ran-somed soul shall be, Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

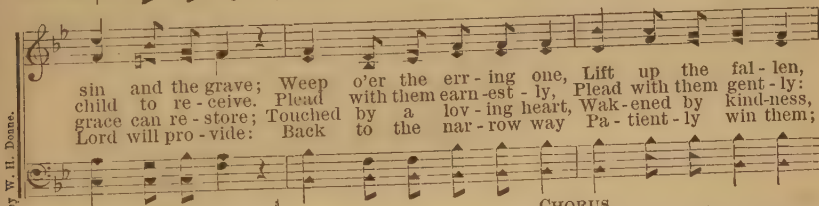
## No. 176. Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

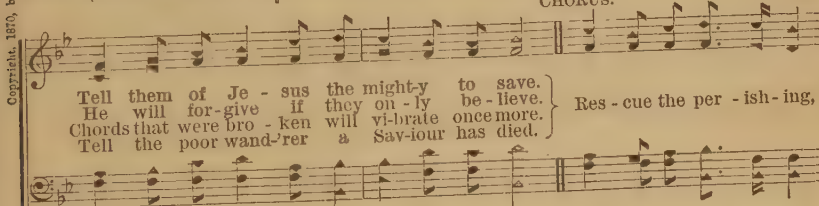


1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from  
 2. Tho' they are slight - ing Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent  
 3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that  
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

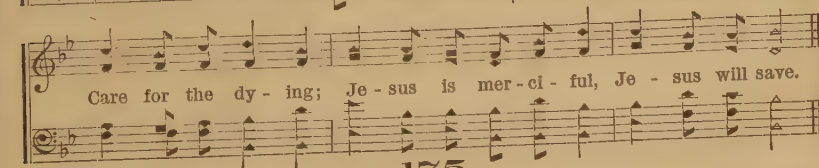


sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fal - len,  
 child to re - ceive. Plead with them earn - est - ly, Plead with them gent - ly:  
 grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak - ened by kind - ness,  
 Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

CHORUS.



Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.  
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. } Res - cue the per - ish - ing,  
 Chords that were bro - ken will vi - brate once more. }  
 Tell the poor wand - rer a Sav - iour has died.



Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

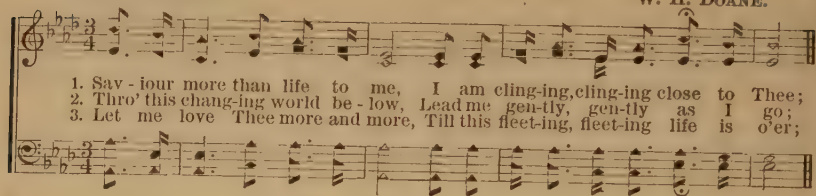
Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane.



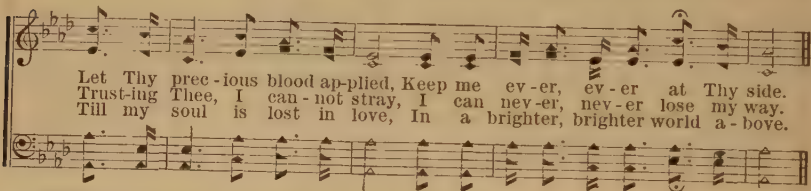
# No. 177. Saviour, More than Life.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

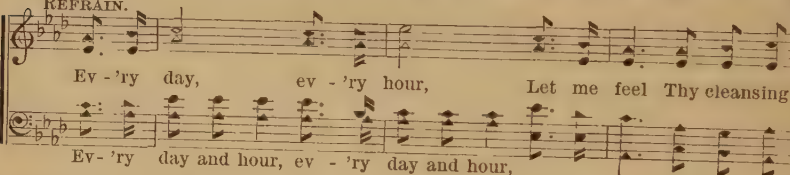


1. Sav - iour more than life to me, I am cling - ing, cling - ing close to Thee;  
 2. Thro' this chang - ing world be - low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;  
 3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet - ing, fleet - ing life is o'er;

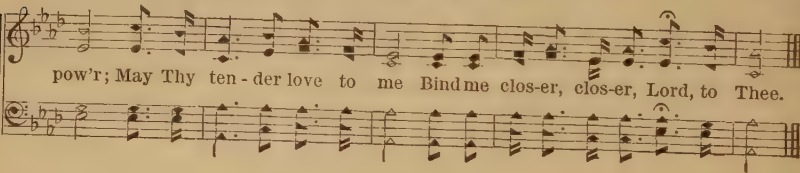


Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er at Thy side.  
 Trust - ing Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.  
 Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a - bove.

## REFRAIN.



Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing  
 Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,



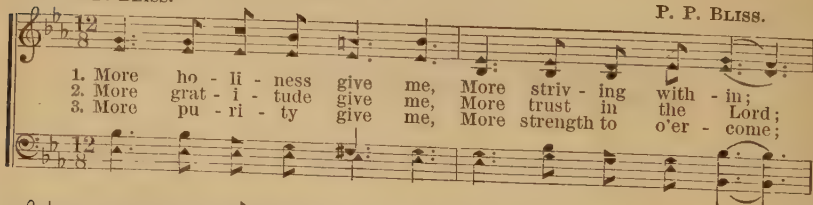
pow'r; May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee.

Copyright, 1876, by Biglow & Main.

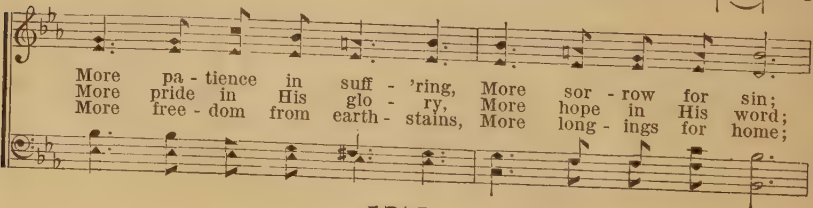
# No. 178. My Prayer.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS.



1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv - ing with - in;  
 2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord;  
 3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er - come;



More pa - tience in suff - 'ring, More sor - row for sin;  
 More pride in His glo - ry, More hope in His word;  
 More free - dom from earth - stains, More long - ings for home;

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# My Prayer.—Concluded.

More faith in my Sav - iour, More sense of His care;  
 More tears for His sor - rows, More pain at His grief;  
 More fit for the king - dom, More used would I be;

*Rit.*

More joy in His ser - vice, More pur - pose in prayer.  
 More meek - ness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.  
 More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, Sav - iour, like Thee.

## No. 179. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H.

LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy wel - come voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For  
 2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure; Thou  
 3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - feet faith and love, To  
 4. 'Tis Je - sus who con - firms The bless - ed work with - in, By

cleans - ing in Thy prec - ious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.  
 dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.  
 per - feet hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.  
 add - ing grace to wel - come grace, Where reigned the power of sin.

### CHORUS.

I am com - ing, Lord! Com - ing now to Thee!

Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.


5 And He the witness gives  
 To loyal hearts and free,  
 That every promise is fulfilled,  
 If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!  
 All hail, redeeming grace!  
 All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,  
 Our Strength and Righteousness!


# No. 180. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

F. J. CROSBY.


W. H. DOANE.



1. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we  
 2. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-iour draws near, With a  
 3. 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the  
 4. At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him we be-lieve That the



gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-iour and Friend; If we come to Him in  
 ten-der com-pas-sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may  
 Sav-iour who loves them their sor-row con-fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing  
 bless-ings we're need-ing we'll sure-ly re-ceive, In the ful-ness of this




faith, His pro-tec-tion to share: }  
 cast at His feet ev-'ry care; } What a balm for the wea-ry! O how  
 heart He re-moves ev-'ry care; }  
 trust we shall lose ev-'ry care; }

D.S. What a balm for the wea-ry! O how

FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.




sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of pray'r, Bless-ed hour of pray'r;  
 sweet to be there!

# No. 181. I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE S. HAWKS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

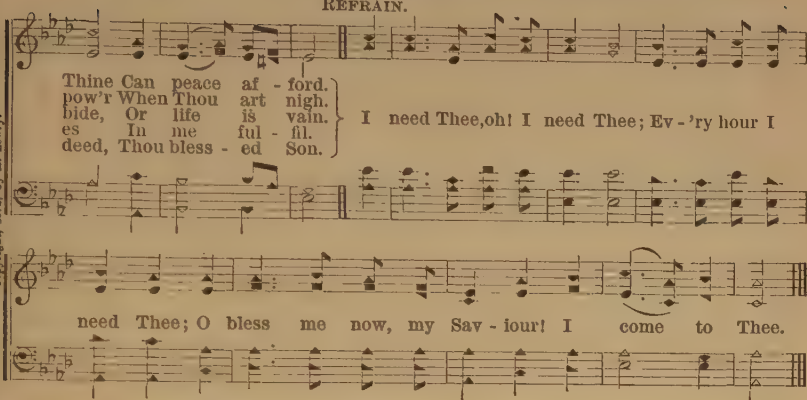


1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like  
 2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour; Stay Thou near by Temp-ta-tions lose their  
 3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a  
 4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich prom-is-  
 5. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho-ly One; Oh, make me Thine in-

# I Need Thee Every Hour.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

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Thine Can peace af - ford.  
pow'r When Thou art nigh.  
bide, Or life is vain. } I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I  
es In me ful - fil.  
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - iour! I come to Thee.

## No. 182. Near the Cross.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.



1. Je - sus, keep me near the Cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain  
2. Near the Cross, a tremb - ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;  
3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;  
4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,

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Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - vary's moun - tain.  
There the Bright and Morn - ing Star Shed its beams a - round me.  
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.  
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

CHORUS.



In the Cross, in the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;



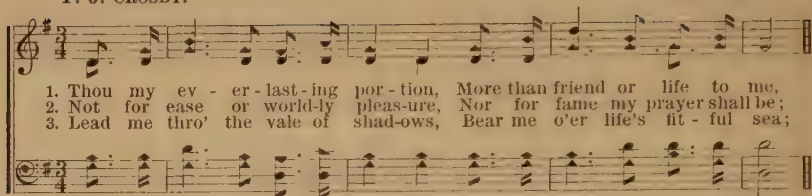
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

# No. 183.

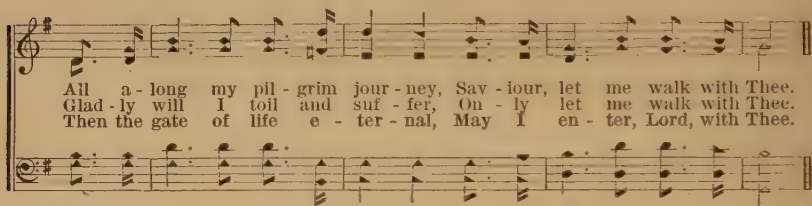
# Close to Thee.

F. J. CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL.

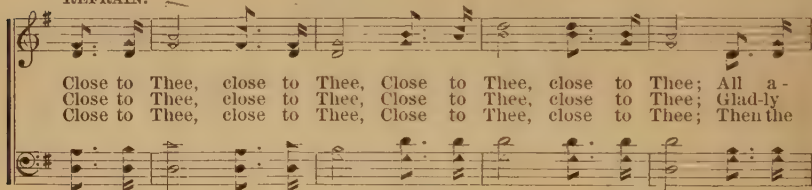


1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,  
 2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;  
 3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;

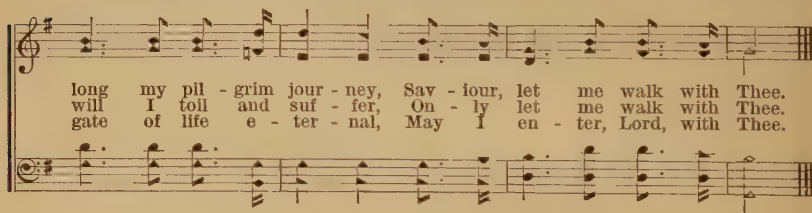


All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.  
 Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.  
 Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

## REFRAIN.



Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; All a -  
 Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Glad - ly  
 Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; Then the

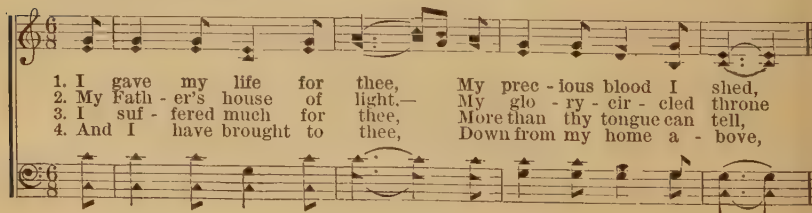


long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.  
 will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.  
 gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

# No. 184. I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

P. P. BLISS.

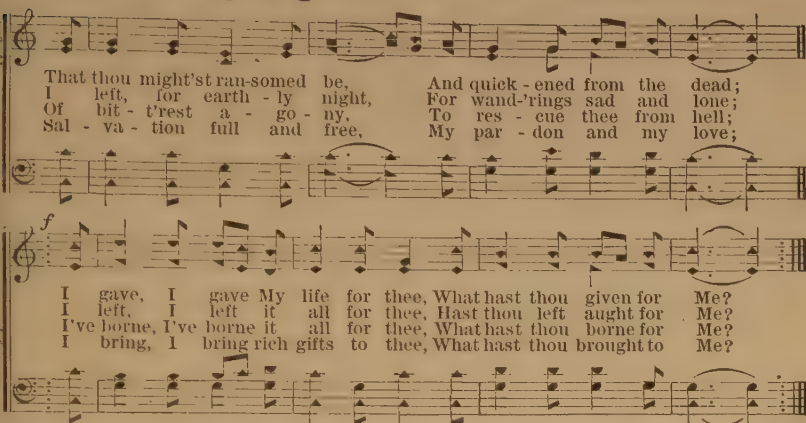


1. I gave my life for thee, My prec - ious blood I shed,  
 2. My Fath - er's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne  
 3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,  
 4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a - bove,



# I Gave My Life for Thee.—Concluded.

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That thou might'st ran-somed be, And quick - ened from the dead;  
 I left, for earth - ly night, For wand'-rings sad and lone;  
 Of bit - t'rest a - go - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;  
 Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and my love;

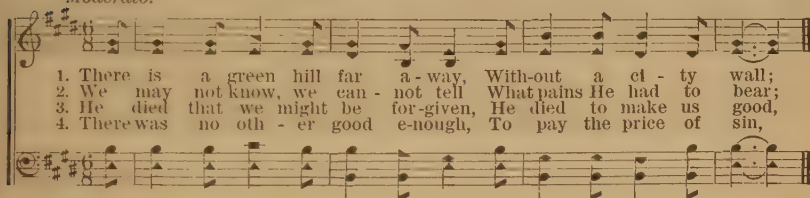
*f*  
 I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?  
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?  
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?  
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

## No. 185. There is a Green Hill far away.

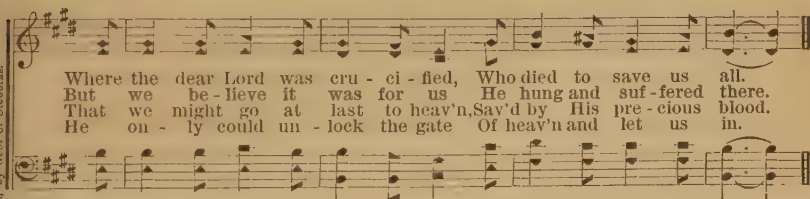
CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

*Moderato.*

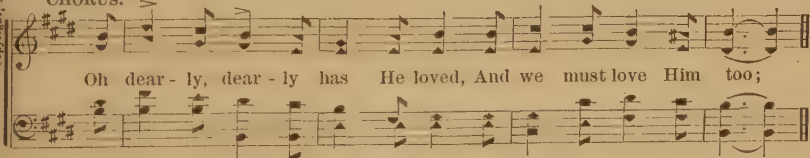


1. There is a green hill far a - way, With-out a el - ty wall;  
 2. We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear;  
 3. He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us good,  
 4. There was no oth - er good e-nough, To pay the price of sin,

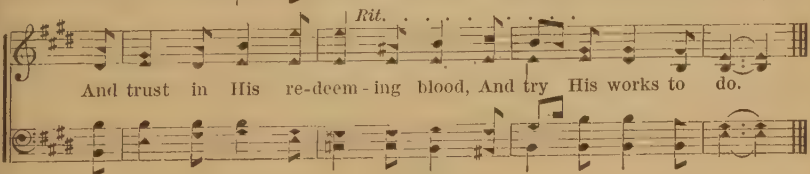


Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.  
 But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.  
 That we might go at last to heav'n, Say'd by His pre - cious blood.  
 He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

CHORUS.



Oh dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;



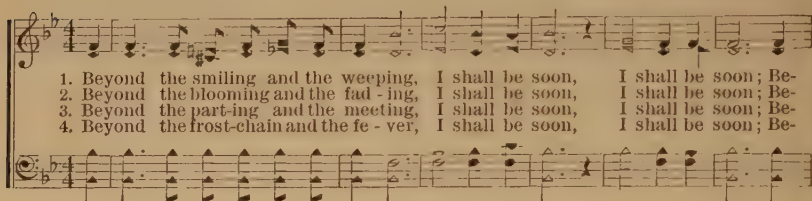
*Rit.*  
 And trust in His re-deem - ing blood, And try His works to do.

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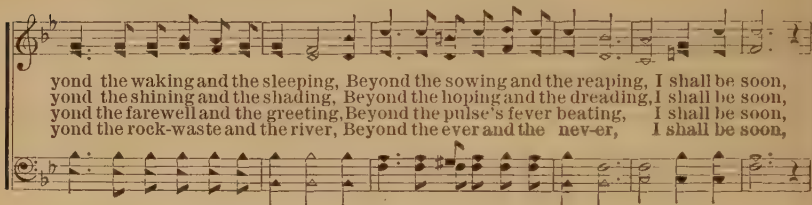
# No. 186. Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

HORATIUS BONAR.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

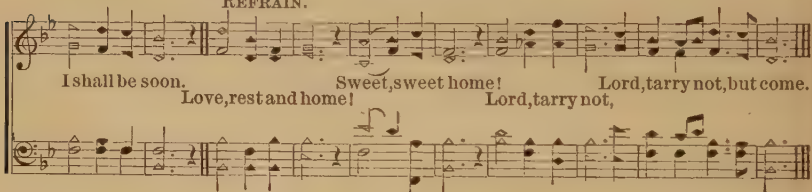


1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-  
 2. Beyond the blooming and the fad - ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-  
 3. Beyond the part-ing and the meeting, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-  
 4. Beyond the frost-chain and the fe - ver, I shall be soon, I shall be soon; Be-



yond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon,  
 yond the shining and the shading, Beyond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon,  
 yond the farewell and the greeting, Beyond the pulse's fever beating, I shall be soon,  
 yond the rock-waste and the river, Beyond the ever and the never, I shall be soon,

## REFRAIN.

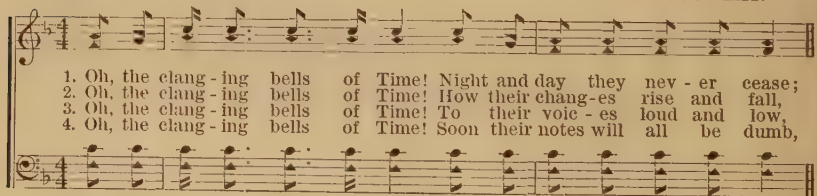


I shall be soon. Sweet, sweet home! Lord, tarry not, but come.  
 Love, rest and home! Lord, tarry not,

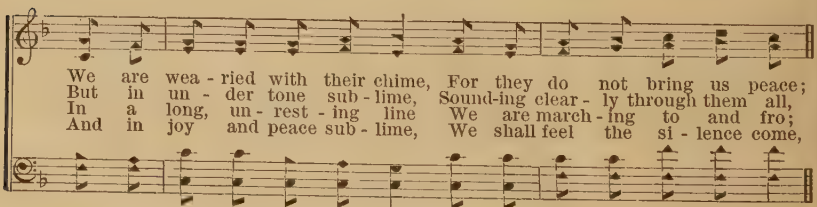
# No. 187. Eternity.

ELLEN M. H. GATES.

P. P. BLISS.



1. Oh, the clang - ing bells of Time! Night and day they nev - er cease;  
 2. Oh, the clang - ing bells of Time! How their chang-es rise and fall,  
 3. Oh, the clang - ing bells of Time! To their voic-es loud and low,  
 4. Oh, the clang - ing bells of Time! Soon their notes will all be dumb,



We are wea - ried with their chime, For they do not bring us peace;  
 But in un - der tone sub - lime, Sound-ing clear - ly through them all,  
 In a long, un - rest - ing line We are march - ing to and fro;  
 And in joy and peace sub - lime, We shall feel the si - lence come,

# Eternity.—Concluded.

And we hush our breath to hear, And we strain our eyes to see  
Is a voice that must be heard, As our mo - ments on - ward flee,  
And we yearn for sight or sound, Of the life that is to be,  
And our souls their thirst will slake, And our eyes the King will see,

*Rit.* *Rallentando.*

If thy shores are draw - ing near, — E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!  
And if speak - eth, aye one word, — E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!  
For thy breath doth wrap us round, — E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!  
When thy glo - rious morn shall break, — E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!

## No. 188. We Shall Meet, By and By.

JOHN ATKINSON.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. We shall meet beyond the riv - er, By and by, by and by; And the darkness  
2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, By and by, by and by; We shall sing re -  
3. We shall see and be like Je - sus, By and by, by and by; Who a crown of  
4. There our tears shall all cease flowing, By and by, by and by; And with sweetest

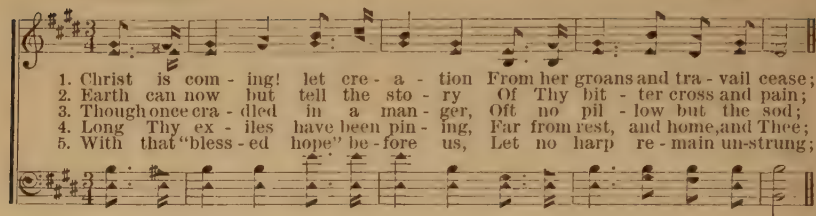
shall be o - ver, By and by, by and by; With the toil - some jour - ney done,  
demption's sto - ry, By and by, by and by; And the stains for ev - er - more  
life will give us, By and by, by and by; And the an - gels who ful - fil  
rap - ture knowing, By and by, by and by; All the blest ones, who have gone

And the glor - ious bat - tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.  
Shall resound in sweetness o'er Yonder ev - er - last - ing shore, By and by, by and by.  
All the mandates of His will Shall at - tend, and love us still, By and by, by and by.  
To the land of life and song, — We with shoutings shall rejoin, By and by, by and by,

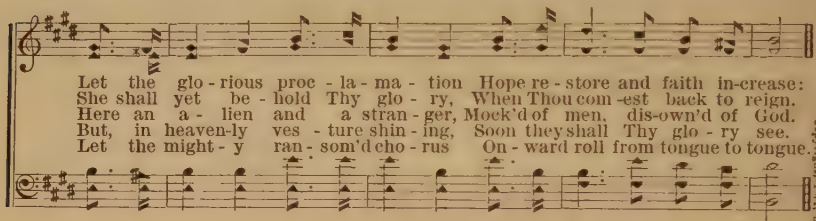
# No. 189. Christ is Coming.

J. R. MACDUFF.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



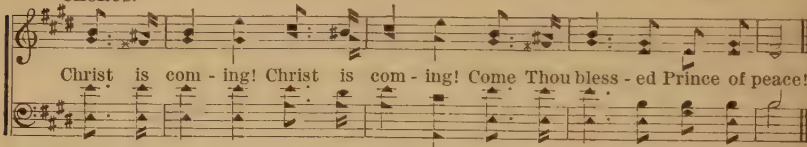
1. Christ is com - ing! let cre - a - tion From her groans and tra - vail cease;  
 2. Earth can now but tell the sto - ry Of Thy bit - ter cross and pain;  
 3. Though once cra - dled in a man - ger, Oft no pil - low but the sod;  
 4. Long Thy ex - iles have been pin - ing, Far from rest, and home, and Thee;  
 5. With that "bless - ed hope" be - fore us, Let no harp re - main un - strung;



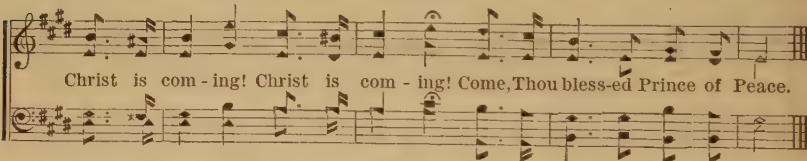
Let the glo - rious proc - la - ma - tion Hope re - store and faith in - crease:  
 She shall yet be - hold Thy glo - ry, When Thou com - est back to reign.  
 Here an a - lien and a stran - ger, Mock'd of men, dis - own'd of God.  
 But, in heav - en - ly ves - ture shin - ing, Soon they shall Thy glo - ry see.  
 Let the might - y ran - som'd cho - rus On - ward roll from tongue to tongue.

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## CHORUS.



Christ is com - ing! Christ is com - ing! Come Thou bless - ed Prince of peace!



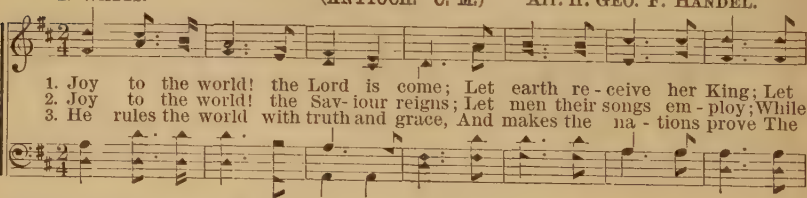
Christ is com - ing! Christ is com - ing! Come, Thou bless - ed Prince of Peace.

# No. 190. Joy to the World.

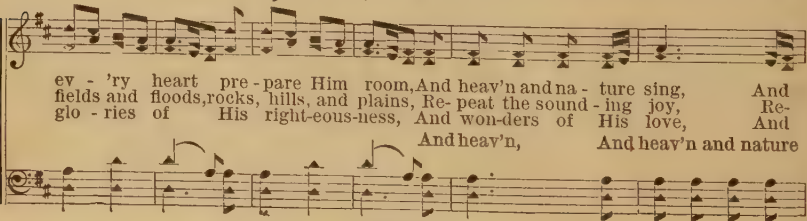
I. WATTS.

(ANTIOCH. C. M.)

Arr. fr. GEO. F. HANDEL.



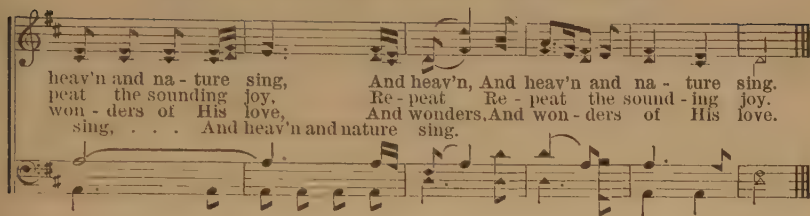
1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King; Let  
 2. Joy to the world! the Sav - iour reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy; While  
 3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The



ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And  
 fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re -  
 glo - ries of His right - eous - ness, And won - ders of His love, And  
 And heav'n, And heav'n and nature



# Joy to the World.—Concluded.

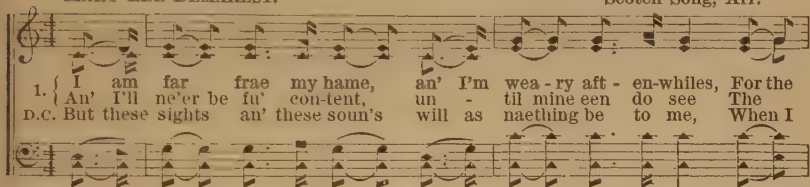


heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.  
peat the sounding joy, Re - peat Re - peat the sound - ing joy.  
won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His love.  
sing, . . . And heav'n and nature sing.

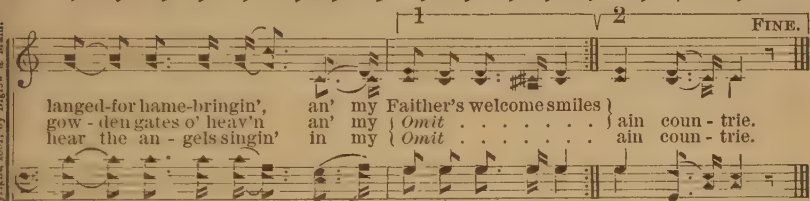
## No. 191. My Ain Countrie.

MARY LEE DEMAREST.

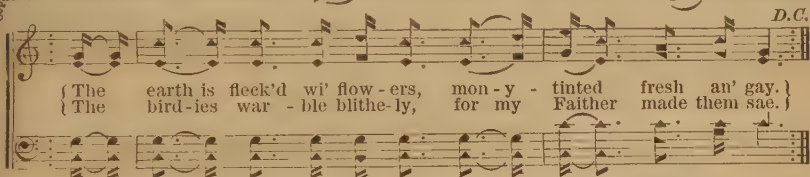
Scotch Song, Arr.



1. { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm wea - ry aft - en-whiles, For the  
An' I'll ne'er be fu' con - tent, un - til mine een do see The  
D.C. But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me, When I



langed-for hame-bringin', an' my Faither's welcome smiles }  
gow - den gates o' heav'n an' my { Omit . . . . . } ain coun - trie.  
hear the an - gels singin' in my { Omit . . . . . } ain coun - trie.



{ The earth is fleck'd wi' flow - ers, mon - y - tinted fresh an' gay. }  
{ The bird - ies war - ble blithe - ly, for my Faither made them sae. }  
D.C.

2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King  
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;  
Wp' een an' wi' hert rinnin' ower, we shall see  
The King in His beauty, in oor ain countrie.  
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,  
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair  
For His bluid has made me white, and His han' shall dry my e'e,  
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie.

3 Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessed, bonnie place,  
I only ken it's Hame, whaur we shall see His face;  
It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be  
In the glory o' His presence, in oor ain countrie.  
Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie to its nest,  
I wad fain be gangin' noo, unto my Saviour's breast,  
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,  
An' carries them Himsel', to His ain countrie.

4 He is faithfu' that hath promised, and He'll surely come again,  
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;  
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,  
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.  
Sae I'm watching aye, and singin' o' my hame, as I wait  
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate.  
God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens noo to me,  
That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain countrie.

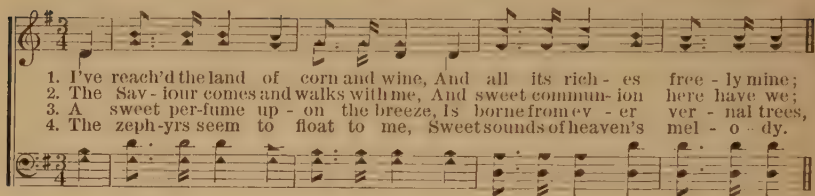


# No. 192.

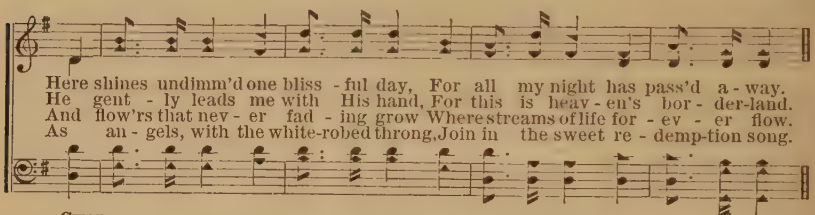
# Beulah Land.

E. P. STITES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

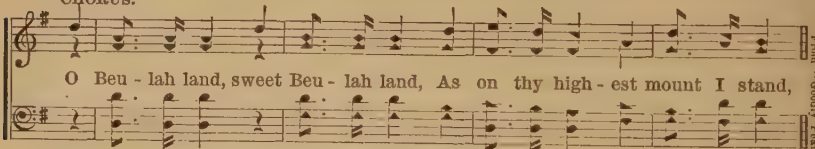


1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;  
 2. The Sav - iour comes and walks with me, And sweet commun - ion here have we;  
 3. A sweet per - fume up - on the breeze, Is borne from ev - er ver - nal trees,  
 4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heaven's mel - o - dy.

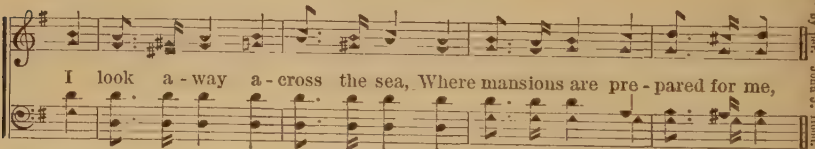


Here shines undimm'd one bliss - ful day, For all my night has pass'd a - way.  
 He gent - ly leads me with His hand, For this is heav - en's bor - der - land.  
 And flow'rs that nev - er fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.  
 As an - gels, with the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet re - demp - tion song.

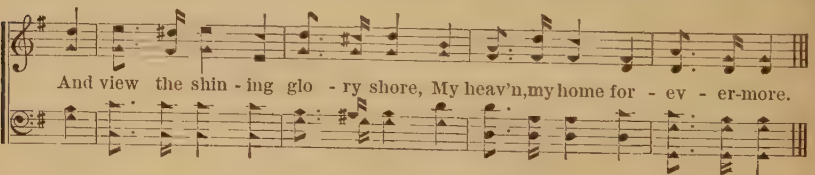
## CHORUS.



O Beu - lah land, sweet Beu - lah land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,



I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre - pared for me,



And view the shin - ing glo - ry shore, My heav'n, my home for - ev - er - more.

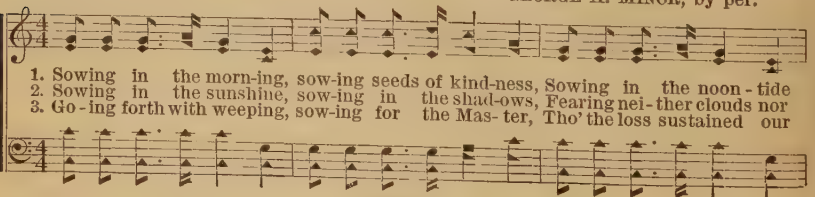
From "Goodly Parish," by per. John J. Hoob.

# No. 193.

# Bringing in the Sheaves.

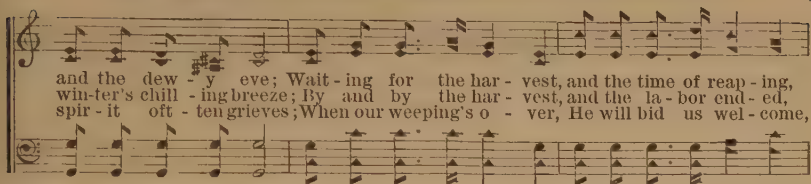
KNOWLES SHAW.

GEORGE A. MINOR, by per.



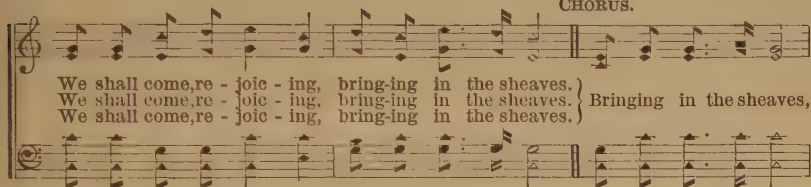
1. Sowing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness, Sowing in the noon - tide  
 2. Sowing in the sunshine, sow - ing in the shad - ows, Fearing nei - ther clouds nor  
 3. Go - ing forth with weeping, sow - ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the loss sustained our

# Bringing in the Sheaves.—Concluded.

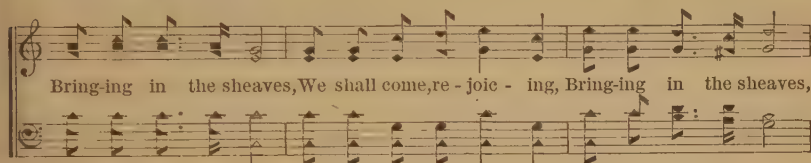


and the dew y eye; Wait - ing for the har - vest, and the time of reap - ing,  
win - ter's chill - ing breeze; By and by the har - vest, and the la - bor end - ed,  
spir - it oft - ten grieves; When our weeping's o - ver, He will bid us wel - come,

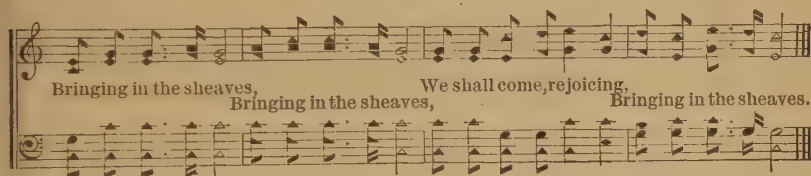
CHORUS.



We shall come, re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves.  
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves. } Bringing in the sheaves,  
We shall come, re - joic - ing, bring - ing in the sheaves. }



Bring - ing in the sheaves, We shall come, re - joic - ing, Bring - ing in the sheaves,

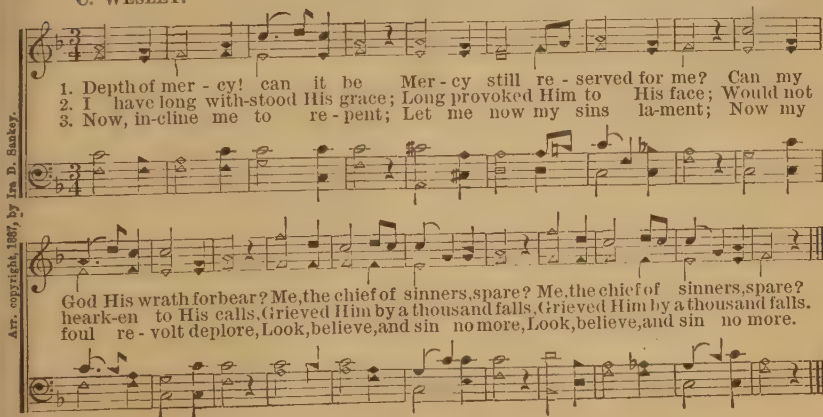


Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come, rejoicing,  
Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves.

## No. 194. Depth of Mercy.

C. WESLEY.

F. W. KÜCKEN. ARR. H. P. MAIN.



1. Depth of mer - cy! can it be Mer - cy still re - served for me? Can my  
2. I have long with - stood His grace; Long provoked Him to His face; Would not  
3. Now, in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment; Now my

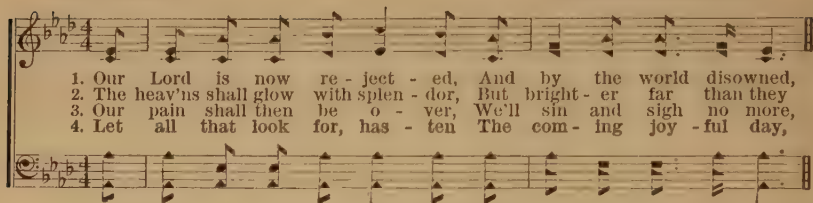
God His wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?  
heark - en to His calls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls, Grieved Him by a thousand falls.  
foul re - volt deplore, Look, believe, and sin no more, Look, believe, and sin no more.

Arr. copyright 1887, by Ira D. Sankey.

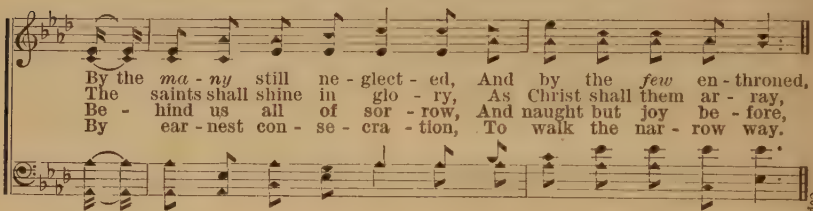
# No. 195. The Crowning Day.

EL. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Our Lord is now re - ject - ed, And by the world disowned,  
 2. The heav'n's shall glow with splen - dor, But bright - er far than they  
 3. Our pain shall then be o - ver, We'll sin and sigh no more,  
 4. Let all that look for, has - ten The com - ing joy - ful day,



By the *ma - ny* still ne - glect - ed, And by the *few* en - throned,  
 The saints shall shine in glo - ry, As Christ shall them ar - ray,  
 Be - hind us all of sor - row, And naught but joy be - fore,  
 By ear - nest con - se - cra - tion, To walk the nar - row way.

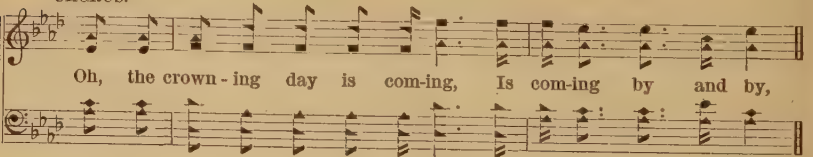


But soon He'll come in glo - ry, The hour is draw - ing nigh,  
 The beau - ty of the Sav - iour, Shall daz - zle ev - 'ry eye,  
 A joy in our Re - deem - As we to Him are nigh,  
 By gath - 'ring in the lost ones, For whom our Lord did die,

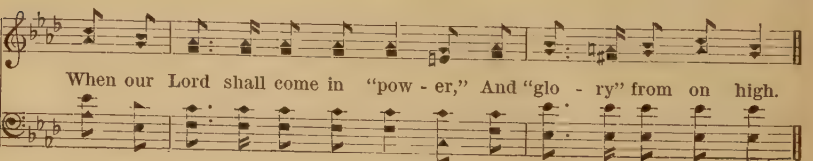


For the crown - ing day is com - ing by and by.  
 In the crown - ing day that's com - ing by and by.  
 In the crown - ing day that's com - ing by and by.  
 For the crown - ing day that's com - ing by and by.

## CHORUS.



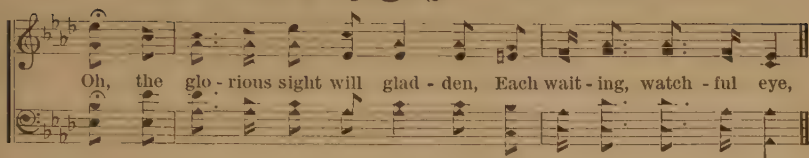
Oh, the crown - ing day is com - ing, Is com - ing by and by,



When our Lord shall come in "pow - er," And "glo - ry" from on high.

Copyright, 1901, by James McGranahan.

# The Crowning Day.—Concluded.

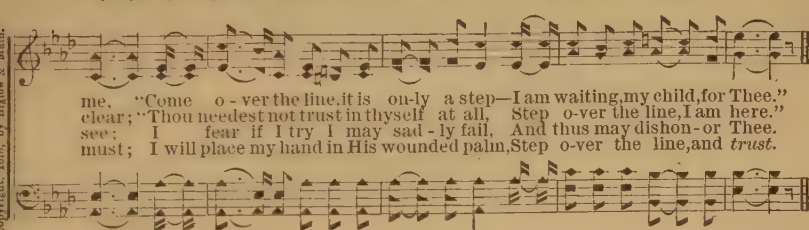
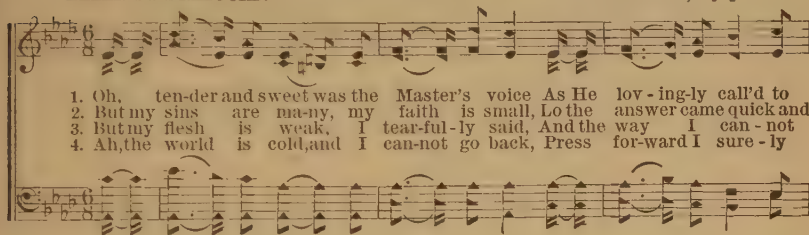


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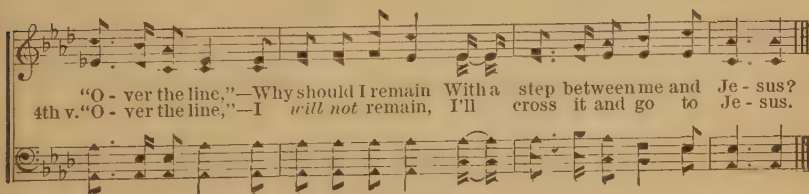
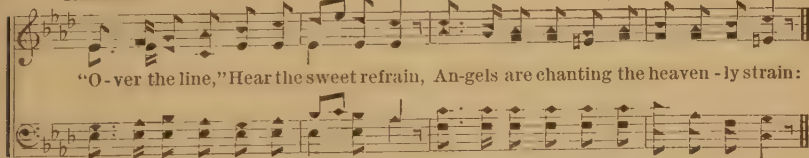
## Over the Line.

ELLEN K. BRADFORD.

E. H. PHELPS, by per.



### REFRAIN.



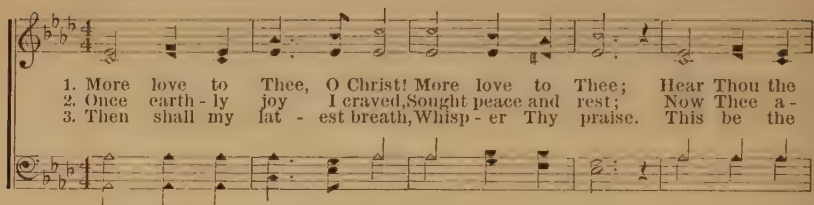


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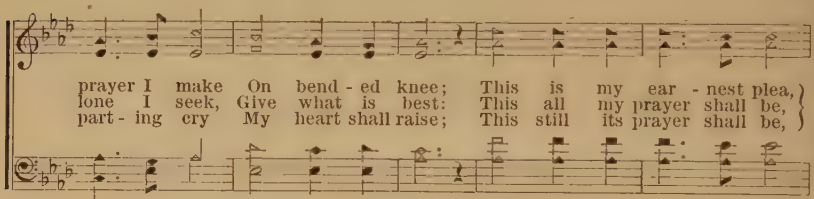
# More Love to Thee.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

W. H. DOANE.

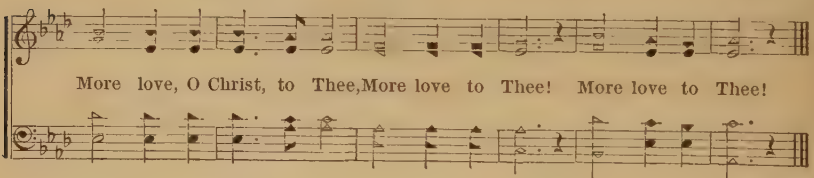


1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the  
 2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-  
 3. Then shall my lat-est breath, Whisp-er Thy praise. This be the



prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea,  
 lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,  
 part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be,

Copyright 1870, by W. H. Doane.



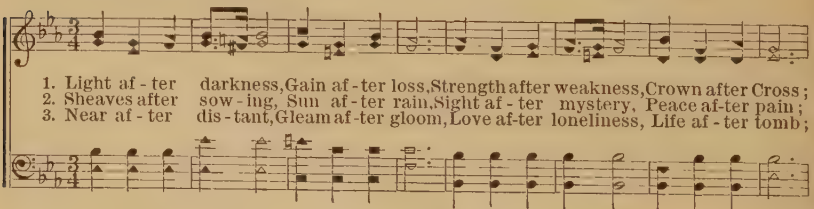
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

# No. 198.

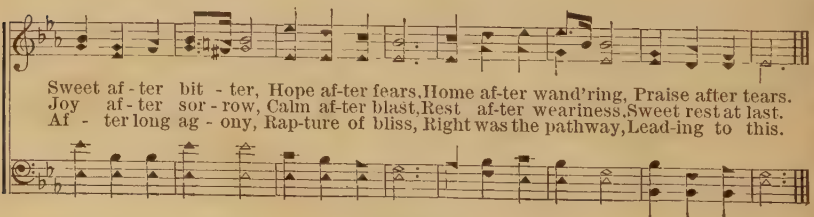
# Light after Darkness.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Light af-ter darkness, Gain af-ter loss, Strength af-ter weakness, Crown af-ter Cross;  
 2. Sheaves af-ter sow-ing, Sun af-ter rain, Sight af-ter mystery, Peace af-ter pain;  
 3. Near af-ter dis-tant, Gleam af-ter gloom, Love af-ter loneliness, Life af-ter tomb;



Sweet af-ter bit-ter, Hope af-ter fears, Home af-ter wand'ring, Praise af-ter tears.  
 Joy af-ter sor-row, Calm af-ter blast, Rest af-ter weariness, Sweet rest at last.  
 Af-ter long ag-ony, Rap-ture of bliss, Right was the pathway, Lead-ing to this.

Copyright, 1881, by Ira D. Sankey.



# No. 199.

# Why do You Wait?

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT.

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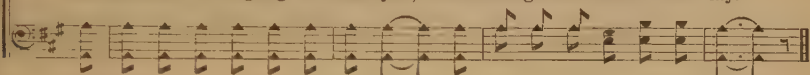


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er,
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er,
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er,
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er,

Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?  
To gain by a fur-ther de-lay?  
His Spir-it now striving with-in?  
The har-vest is pass-ing a-way,



Your Saviour is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.  
There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.  
Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin.  
Your Sav-iour is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de-lay.



CHORUS.



Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?



# No. 200.

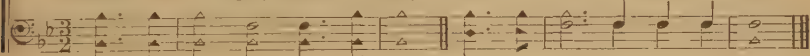
# Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



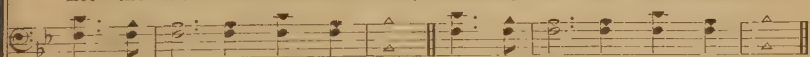
1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;



D.C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.



Let the wa-ter and the blood, From Thy riv-en side which flow'd,



- 2 Not the labor of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress,

Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyes shall close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

# No. 201.

# All Hail the Power.

E. PERRONET.

(CORONATION. C. M.)

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;  
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball;  
 3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

## No. 202. O for a Thousand Tongues.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise;  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace.
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,—  
To spread, through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of Thy Name.

- 3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'T is music in the sinner's ears,  
'T is life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
He sets the pris'ner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean,  
His blood avall'd for me. C. WESLEY.

## No. 203. In the Cross of Christ.

J. BOWRING.

(RATHBUN, 8. 7.)

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower - ing o'er the wrecks of time;  
 2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de - ceive and fears an - noy;  
 3. When the sun of bliss is beam - ing Light and love up - on my way,  
 4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleas - ure, By the cross are sane - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry, Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.  
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
 From the cross the ra - diance stream - ing, Adds new lus - ter to the day.  
 Peace is there, that knows no meas - ure, Joys that through all time a - bide.

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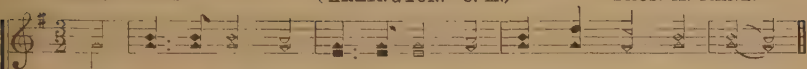
# No. 204.

# Am I a Soldier.

ISAAC WATTS.

(ARLINGTON, C. M.)

THOS. A. ARNE.



1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross—A foll-’wer of the Lamb,—  
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-’ry beds of ease;  
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?  
 4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour-age, Lord;



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail’d thro’ blood-y seas?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
 I’ll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.



## No. 205. Awake, my Soul.

- 1 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
 And press with vigor on;  
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
 And an immortal crown.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
 Hold thee in full survey;  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy way.

- 3 ’Tis God’s all-animating voice,  
 That calls thee from on high,  
 ’Tis His own hand presents the prize  
 To thine aspiring eye.

- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee  
 Have I my race begun;  
 And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet  
 I’ll lay my honors down.

P. DODDRIDGE.

## No. 206. While Shepherds Watched.

N. TATE.

(CHRISTMAS, C. M.)

G. F. HANDEL.



1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The an-gel  
 2. "Fear not" said he,—for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind,— "Glad tidings  
 3. "To you, in Da-vid's town, this day, Is born of Da-vid's line, The Saviour,  
 4. "The heavenly babe you there shall find To hu-man view dis-played, All mean-ly



of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round, And glo-ry shone a-round,  
 of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind, To you and all mankind."  
 who is Christ, the Lord, And this shall be the sign;— And this shall be the sign;—  
 wrapped in swathing bands, And in a man-ger laid, And in a man-ger laid."



- 5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith  
 Appeared a shining throng  
 Of angels, praising God, who thus  
 Addressed their joyful song:—

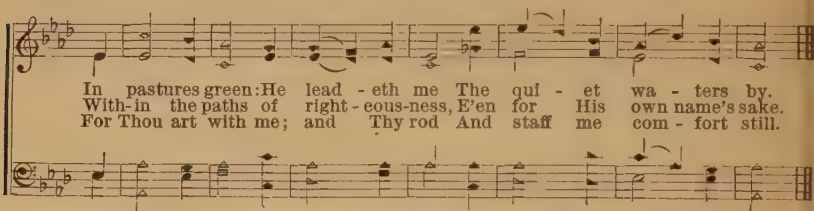
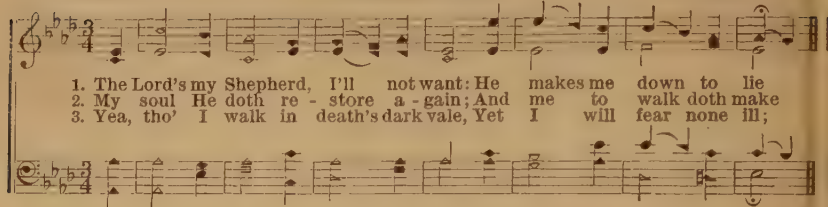
- 6 "All glory be to God on high,  
 And to the earth be peace;  
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to men  
 Begin, and never cease!"

# No. 207. The Lord's My Shepherd.

Psalm 23.

(BELMONT. C. M.)

S. WEBBE.



4 My table Thou hast furnished  
 In presence of my foes;  
 My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
 And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life  
 Shall surely follow me;  
 And in God's house for evermore  
 My dwelling-place shall be.

2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,  
 Till death shall set me free;  
 And then go home my crown to wear,  
 For there's a crown for me.

3 Upon the crystal pavement, down  
 At Jesus pierced feet,  
 Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,  
 And His dear name repeat.

4 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!  
 Oh, resurrection day!  
 Ye angels, from the stars come down,  
 And bear my soul away.

T. SHEPHERD, alt.

## No. 208. Come, Holy Spirit. C. M.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!  
 With all thy quickening powers,  
 Kindle a flame of sacred love  
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look! how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these trifling toys!  
 Our souls can neither fly nor go  
 To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;  
 In vain we strive to rise;  
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
 And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
 At this poor dying rate—  
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee.  
 And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!  
 With all thy quickening powers;  
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS.

## No. 210. I heard the voice. C. M.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Come unto me and rest;  
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
 Thy head upon my breast."

2 I came to Jesus as I was—  
 Weary, and worn, and sad;  
 I found in Him a resting-place,  
 And He has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Behold I freely give  
 The living water—thirsty one,  
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."

4 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream;  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived  
 And now I live in Him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's light;  
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright."

6 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In Him my Star, my Sun;  
 And in that Light of Life I'll walk  
 Till trav'ling days are done.

HORATIUS BONAR.

## No. 209. Must Jesus bear. C. M.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,  
 And all the world go free?  
 No, there's a cross for every one,  
 And there's a cross for me.



# No. 211

# Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

(WOODWORTH. L. M.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout, With many a con-flict, many a doubt,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!  
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!  
 Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need in Thee I find,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
- 5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe.  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

- 2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God,  
All the vain things that charm me most  
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,  
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;  
Then I am dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS.

## No. 212. When I survey. L. M.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

## No. 213. Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS.

(DUKE STREET. L. M.)

JOHN HATTON.

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-ces - sive journeys run,  
 2. To Him shall end - less pray'r be made, And praises throng to crown His head:  
 3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
 His name, like sweet per - fume shall rise With ev - 'ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice.  
 And in-fant voi - ces shall pro - claim Their ear-ly bless-ings on His name.

- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns  
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

- 5 Let every creature rise, and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King:  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud acclaim.



# No. 214. Not all the Blood of Beasts.

ISAAC WATTS.

(BOYLSTON. S. M.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain,  
 2. But Christ, the heav'n - ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way;  
 3. My faith would lay her hand, On that dear head of Thine,  
 4. My soul looks back to see The bur - den Thou did'st bear;

Could give the guilt - y conscience peace, Or wash a - way the stain.  
 A sac - ri - fice of no - bler name, And rich - er blood than they.  
 While like a pen - i - tent I stand, And there con - fess my sin.  
 While hang - ing on the curs - ed tree, And knows her guilt was there.

# No. 215. Lord, Bless and Pity Us.

1 Lord, bless and pity us,  
 Shine on us with Thy face;  
 That th'earth Thy way, and nations all  
 May know Thy saving grace.

2 Let Thy people praise Thee, Lord!  
 Let people all Thee praise!  
 Oh, let the nations all be glad,  
 In songs their voices raise!

3 Thou'lt justly people judge,  
 On earth rule nations all:  
 Let people praise Thee, Lord! let them  
 Praise Thee, both great and small!

4 The earth her fruit shall yield,  
 Our God shall blessing send;  
 God shall us bless: men shall Him fear,  
 Unto earth's utmost end.

PSALM 67.

# No. 216. Blest be the Tie.

JOHN FAWCETT.

(DENNIS. S. M.)

H. G. NÄGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ - ian love;  
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;  
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;  
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, — Our com - forts and our cares.  
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.  
 But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

# No. 217. How firm A Foundation.

G. KEITH.

(PORTUGUESE HYMN, 11s.)

M. PORTOGALLO.



1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in His  
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will  
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall  
4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not—I will not de-



ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say, than to you He has said,—To you, who for  
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Upheld by My  
not ov-er-flow; For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless, And sancti-fy  
sert to His foes; That soul—tho' all hell should en-deavor to shake, I'll nev-er—no

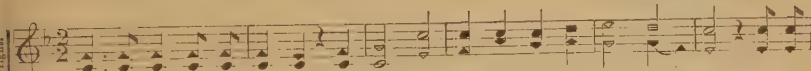


ref-uge to Je-sus hath fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus hath fled?  
gra-cious, om-ni-po-tent hand, Up-held by My gra-cious, om-ni-po-tent hand,  
to thee thy deepest dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress,  
nev-er—no nev-er for-sake! I'll nev-er—no nev-er—no nev-er for-sake!"



# No. 218. Glory be to the Father.

H. W. GREATORIX.



Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it



was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end: A-men, A-men.

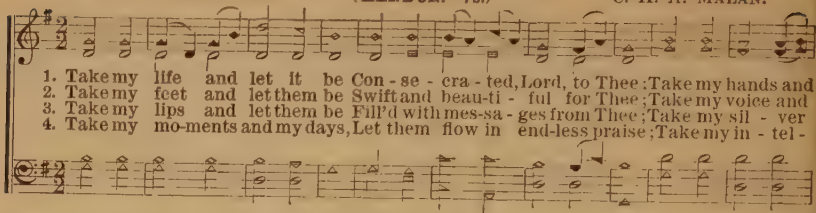


# No. 219. Take my Life and let it Be.

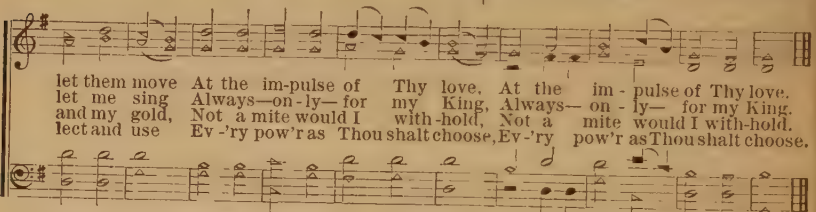
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

(HENDON, 7s.)

C. H. A. MALAN.



1. Take my life and let it be Con-se-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee; Take my voice and
3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with mes-sa-ges from Thee; Take my sil-ver
4. Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise; Take my in-ter-



let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love. At the im-pulse of Thy love.  
let me sing Always—on-ly—for my King, Always—on-ly—for my King.  
and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.  
lect and use Ev-ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev-ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

- 5 Take my will and make it Thine,  
It shall be no longer mine;  
Take my heart, it is Thine own,  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

- 6 Take my love, my God, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure-store;  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee.

- 2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn  
Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,  
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;  
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
In remorse for guilt who mourn;—

## No. 220. Come, said Jesus.

- 1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my paths your choice;  
I will guide you to your home,  
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

- 4 Hither come! for here is found  
Balm that flows for every wound,  
Peace that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

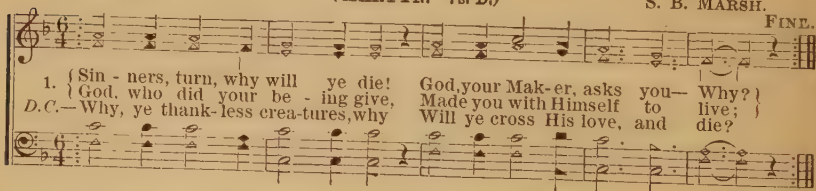
ANN L. BARBAULD.

## No. 221. Sinners, Turn.

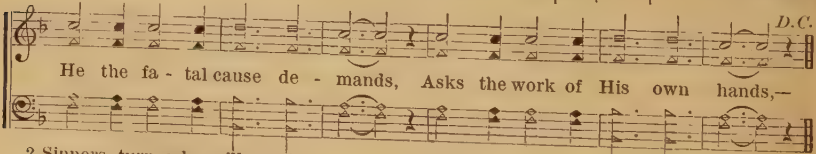
C. WESLEY.

(MARTYN, 7s. D.)

S. B. MARSH.



1. { Sin - ners, turn, why will ye die!  
God, who did your be - ing give, God, your Mak-er, asks you— Why? }  
D.C.— Why, ye thank-less crea-tures, why Made you with Himself to live; }  
Will ye cross His love, and die?



He the fa - tal cause de - mands, Asks the work of His own hands,—

- 2 Sinners, turn, why will you die?  
God, your Saviour, asks you—Why?  
He who did your souls retrieve,  
Died Himself that ye might live.  
Will ye let Him die in vain?  
Crucify your Lord again?  
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

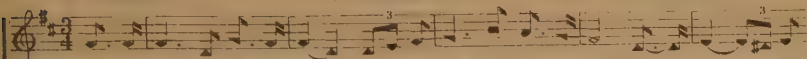
- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
God, the Spirit, asks you—Why?  
He, who all your lives hath strove,  
Urged you to embrace His love:  
Will ye not His grace receive?  
Will ye still refuse to live?  
Why, ye long-sought sinners! why,  
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

# No. 222. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

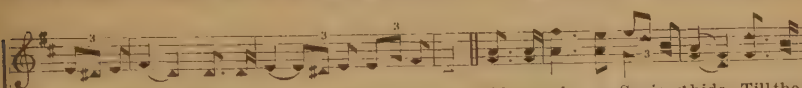
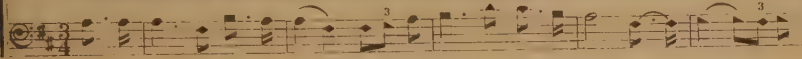
C. WESLEY.

(REFUGE. 7s. D.)

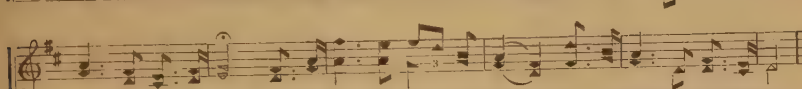
Jos. P. HOLBROOK, by per.



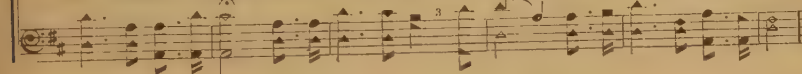
1. Je-sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the near - er
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fall - en,
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—Grace to cover all my sin: Let the heal - ing



wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, oh my Saviour hide, Till the  
not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me: All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my  
cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind: Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am  
streams about; Make me, keep me, pure within, Thou of life the Fountain art, Freely



storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last.  
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.  
all unrighteousness: Vile, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.  
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

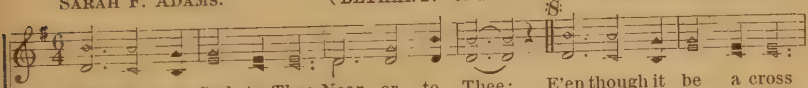


# No. 223. Nearer, my God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

(BETHANY. 6. 4.)

LOWELL MASON.

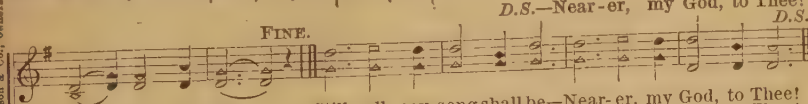


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee. Near - er to Thee; E'en though it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs,
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,

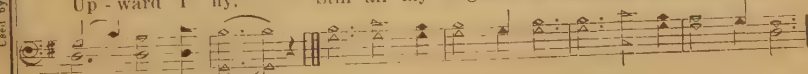


D.S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee!

FINE.



That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be—Near - er, my God, to Thee!  
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee!  
In mer - cy given: An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee!  
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee!  
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Near - er, my God, to Thee!



Near - er to Thee!



# No. 224. Work, for the Night is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours;  
Work, while the dew is sparkling, (*Omit. . . . .*) Work, 'mid springing

*D.C.*—Work, for the night is com - ing, (*Omit. . . . .*) When man's work is

**FINE.**

*cres.*

*D.C.*

flow'rs; Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;  
done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon,  
Give every flying minute,  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies,  
Work till the last beam fadeth.  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work while the the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.

# No. 225. There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. There is a foun - tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;

And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains,

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

**FINE.**

*D.S.*

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

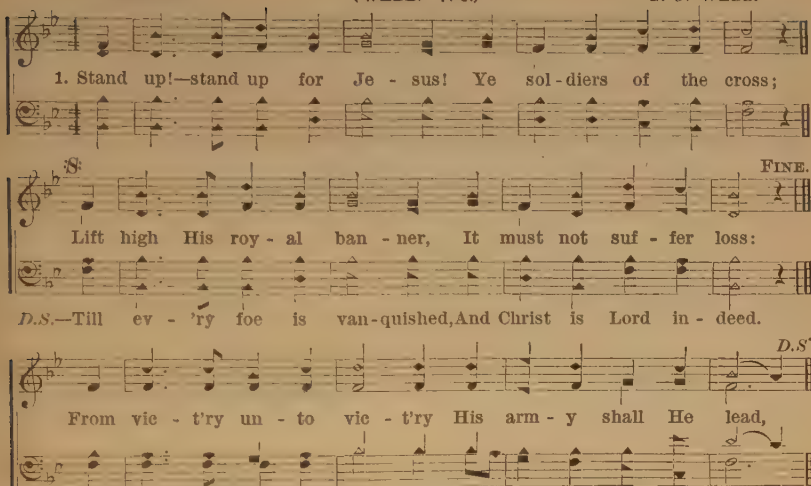


# No. 226. Stand up for Jesus.

G. DUFFIELD.

(WEBB. 7. 6.)

G. J. WEBB.



1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;  
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:  
*D.S.*—Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.  
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead, *D.S.*

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this His glorious day:  
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"  
Against unnumbered foes;  
Let courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you—  
Ye dare not trust your own:  
Put on the gospel armor,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day, the noise of battle,  
The next, the victor's song:  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally!

3 Blest river of salvation!  
Pursue thine onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay:  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home:  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

S. F. SMITH.

## No. 228. Sometimes a Light Surprises.

1 Sometimes a light surprises  
The Christian while he sings;  
It is the Lord who rises  
With healing in His wings;  
When comforts are declining,  
He grants the soul again  
A season of clear shining,  
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new:  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
Let the unknown to-morrow  
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,  
But He will bring us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe His people too:  
Beneath the spreading heavens,  
No creature but is fed;  
And He who feeds the ravens,  
Will give His children bread,

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,  
Their wanted fruit should bear,  
Though all the fields should wither,  
Nor flocks, nor herds be there;  
Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice,  
For while in Him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

W. COWPER.

## No. 227. The Morning Light. 7s. 6s.

1 The morning light is breaking;  
The darkness disappears!  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.

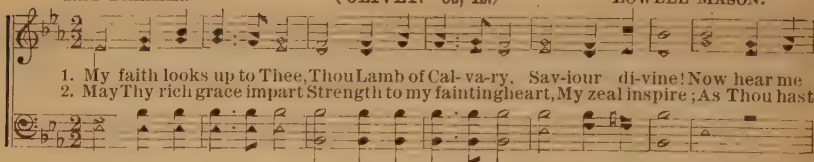
2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing—  
A nation in a day.

# No. 229. My Faith Looks up to Thee.

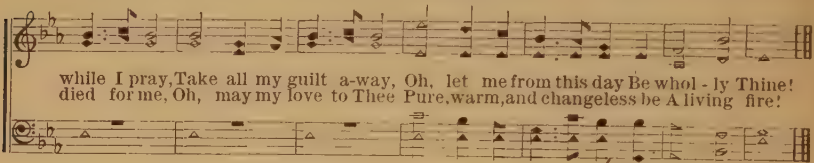
RAY PALMER.

(OLIVET. 6s, 4s.)

LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-vary, Sav-iour di-vine! Now hear me  
2. May Thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As Thou hast



while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!  
died for me, Oh, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

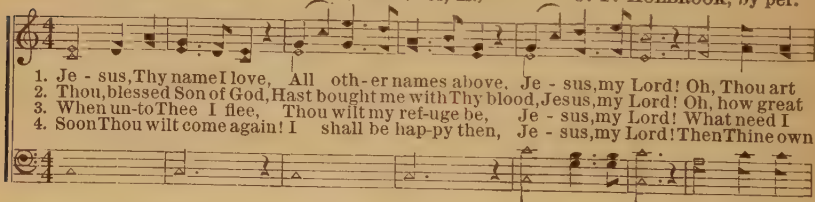
4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour! then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
Oh, bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul!

# No. 230. Jesus, Thy Name I Love.

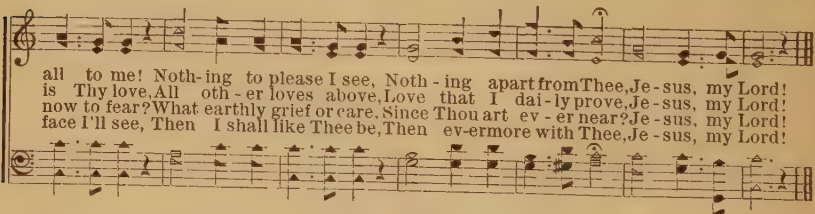
J. G. DECK.

(LYTE, 6s, 4s.)

J. P. HOLBROOK, by per.



1. Je - sus, Thy name I love, All oth-er names above, Je - sus, my Lord! Oh, Thou art  
2. Thou, blessed Son of God, Hast bought me with Thy blood, Jesus, my Lord! Oh, how great  
3. When un-to Thee I flee, Thou wilt my ref-uge be, Je - sus, my Lord! What need I  
4. Soon Thou wilt come again! I shall be hap-py then, Je - sus, my Lord! Then Thine own



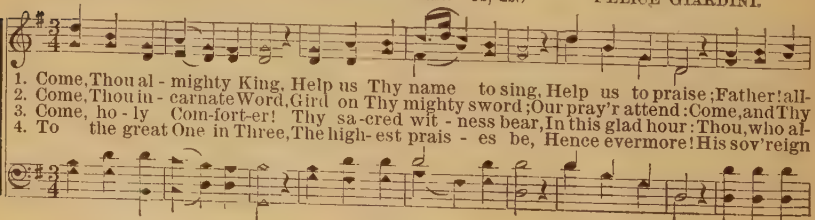
all to me! Noth-ing to please I see, Noth-ing apart from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!  
is Thy love, All oth-er loves above, Love that I dai-ly prove, Je - sus, my Lord!  
now to fear? What earthly grief or care, Since Thou art ev-er near? Je - sus, my Lord!  
face I'll see, Then I shall like Thee be, Then ev-er more with Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

# No. 231. Come, Thou Almighty King.

C. WESLEY.

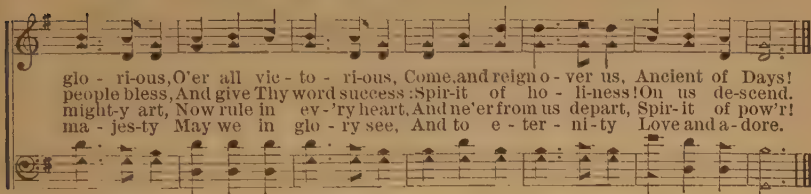
(ITALIAN HYMN, 6s, 4s.)

FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Come, Thou al-mighty King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father! all-  
2. Come, Thou in-carnate Word, Gird on Thy mighty sword; Our pray'r attend: Come, and Thy  
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er! Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou, who al-  
4. To the great One in Three, The high-est prais-es be, Hence evermore! His sov'reign

# Come, Thou Almighty King.—Concluded.



glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, Ancient of Days!  
people bless, And give Thy word success: Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.  
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart. And ne'er from us depart, Spir - it of pow'r!  
ma - jes - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

## No. 232. Sound, sound the Truth.

- 1 Sound, sound the truth abroad,  
Bear ye the word of God  
Through the wide world:  
Tell what our Lord has done,  
Tell how the day is won,  
And from His lofty throne  
Satan is hurled.
- 2 Speed on the wings of love,  
Jesus, who reigns above,  
Bids us to fly;  
They who His message bear  
Should neither doubt nor fear,  
He will their friend appear,  
He will be nigh.
- 3 Ye, who forsaking all,  
At your loved Master's call,  
Comforts resign;  
Soon will your work be done;  
Soon will the prize be won;  
Brighter than yonder sun  
Then shall ye shine.

T. KELLY.

Pass through those gates of gold,  
And reign in light!

- 2 Victor o'er death and hell!  
Cherubic legions swell  
Thy radiant train:  
Praises all heaven inspire;  
Each angel sweeps his lyre,  
And waves his wings of fire,—  
Thou Lamb once slain!
- 3 Enter, incarnate God!—  
No feet but Thine have trod  
The serpent down;  
Blow the full trumpets, blow!  
Wider yon portals throw!  
Saviour triumphant—go,  
And take Thy crown!
- 4 Lion of Judah—Hail!  
And let Thy name prevail  
From age to age;  
Lord of the rolling years!  
Claim for Thine own the spheres,  
For Thou hast bought with tears  
Thy heritage.
- 5 And then was heard afar  
Star answering to star—  
"Lo! these have come,  
Followers of Him who gave  
His life their lives to save;  
And now their palms they wave,  
Brought safely home."

M. BRIDGES.

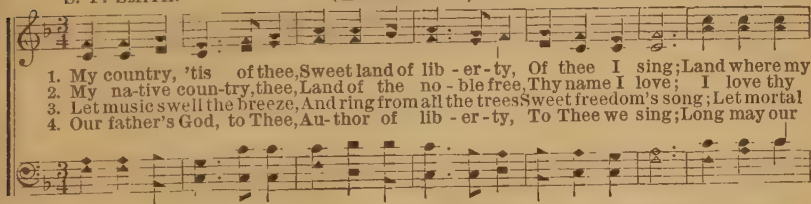
## No. 233. Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise.

- 1 Rise, glorious Conqueror, rise  
Into Thy native skies,—  
Assume Thy right;  
And where in many a fold  
The clouds are backward rolled—

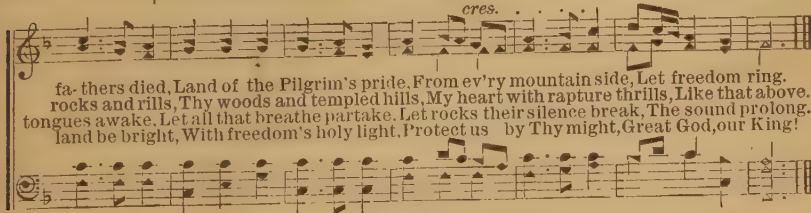
## No. 234. My Country, 'tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH.

(AMERICA. 6s, 4s.)



1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal
4. Our father's God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our



fa - thers died, Land of the Pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.  
tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.  
land be bright, With freedom's holy light. Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

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